

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

THE GAMESTER, BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

MICROCOSMUS, BY THOMAS NABBES.

THE MUSES LOOKING-GLASS, BY THOMAS
RANDOLPH.

THE CITY MATCH, BY JASPER MAINE.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON, BY WILLIAM
HABINGTON.

OLD P L A Y S.

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THE CURSE OF ABERNETHY, BY WILLIAM

HARRINGTON.

T H E
G A M E S T E R.

Vol. IX.

B

DRAMATIS

G. A. M. E. S. T. E. R.

DRAWN BY

1887

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

HAZARD, *the Gamester.*

WILDING, *a rake.*

DELAMORE, *in love with Leonora.*

BEAUMONT, *in love with Violante.*

ACRELESS,

LITTLESTOCK, } *gamesters.*

SELLAWAY,

BARNACLE, *an old cit.*

His Nephew, *a young cit.*

SIR RICHARD HURRY.

WOMEN.

MRS. WILDING, *Wilding's wife.*

PENELOPE, *her cousin.*

LEONORA, *(Sir Richard Hurry's daughter) in love with Delamore.*

VIOLANTE, *in love with Beaumont.*

Page, Dwindle, Servants, Officers, Drawers, Fidler, Surgeon, Lord, Knight, and Country-gentleman.

T H E
G A M E S T E R *.

A C T I.

Enter Master Wilding and Mistress Penelope.

Wilding.

WHAT need you be so coy now?

Penelope.

Pray collect

Yourself; remember what you are, and whose.
You have a virtuous gentlewoman: think
Upon your faith to her.

Wilding.

Think of a fiddle-stick!

While you put me in the mind of what I am,
You quite forget yourself. My wife I allow
Your kinswoman far off; to whom, a widow,
Your father left you, with a handsome fortune;

* Langbaine observes, that "the intrigue between Wilding and his kinswoman, his wife and Hazard, is borrowed from *Ducento Novelle del Signor Celio Maleppini, seconda parte, Nov. 96.* The same story is in "*Q. Margaret's Nooth, Day 1, Novel 8,* though managed to greater advantage by our poet."—In the year 1711, an alteration of this play was brought on the stage at Drury Lane, by Mr. Charles Johnson, under the title of *The Wife's Relief; or, the Husband's Cure.* This was favourably received, and used to be frequently represented, even until very lately. A better alteration, with the original title, was produced at the same theatre, by Mr. Garrick, in the year 1758; and continues to be performed there with universal applause.

Which,

Which, by her marriage, I have in possession,
 And you too : therefore, as you hope to be
 in due time worth a husband, think upon't.
 I can deserve respect ; then wisely use me.
 As you would keep me.

Penelope.

This is but a trial
 Of my strength ; for I know you have more charity,
 (Should I consent) than shipwreck your own honour.
 But take heed, sir, how you proceed to jest
 With frailty, lest, too much disordering
 Your good thoughts, you forget, and, by degrees,
 Lose your own innocence.

Wilding.

I jest ? you'd have me swear ; and yet you should not
 think it such a wonder to love. Come, shake off this frost ;
 it spoils thee : your nature should be soft and flexible.
 Perhaps thou think'st I do not love thee heartily. I know
 not how to give thee better testimony, than by offering
 myself to thee. If my wife die, as ten to one she's not
 immortal, we may couple t'other way.

Penelope.

What argument is this to assure the truth of your affec-
 tion to me, that break your vows to her ?

Wilding.

Oh ! great argument, and you observe. She was a wi-
 dow when I married her : thou art a young maid, and
 handsome.

Penelope.

Can you be so ungrateful, to punish whom you should
 reward ? Remember, sir, she brought you that wealth
 you have ; took you from nothing——

Wilding.

There's reason then for nothing I should love her.
 Hang her estate ! I was held a proper man ; and in that
 point deserv'd her, an' she had millions. An' I were free
 again, I would not draw i' th' team of marriage for ten
 subsidies ; not to command a province.

Penelope.

Yet you said, were your wife dead, you'd marry me.

B 3

Wilding.

Wilding.

Only thee, and no body else.

Penelope.

'Twere dangerous to have many.

Wilding.

To have one, is little less than madness. Come, wo't promise ?

Enter Mrs. Wilding.

Penelope.

What ?

Wilding.

A'course you know my meaning.

Mrs. Wilding.

I do not like this whispering ; why with her
So close in parly ?

Wilding.

Wo't thou do this feat for me ?
'Tis finish'd in a pair of minutes.

Penelope.

Yes, upon one condition.

Wilding.

What condition ?

Penelope.

That your wife give consent ; you shall then command
me.

Wilding.

I'll undertake to go a pilgrimage
To Jerusalem, and return, sooner. Wou'd
I did not love thee, love thee infinitely :
That's all ; 'two'not do—My wife ! I hope [*Exit Penelope.*]
She has not eaves-dropp'd us. What pity 'tis
She cannot find the way to heav'n ! I should not
Trouble her in haste. These wives will have no conscience,
But stick to us everlastingly ! Now, lady,
How did your monkey rest last night ? you look
As you had not done your prayers yet ; I won't disturb you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Pray, sir, stay ; let me but know
Some reason why you use me thus unkindly.

THE GAMESTER.

7

If I have been guilty of offence, I am not
Past hope, but with the knowledge of my error
'Tis possible I may amend and please you.

Wilding.

I do not like you.

Mrs. Wilding.

You did marry me.

Wilding.

Yes, I did marry you ; here's too much record for't.
I would there were a parson to unmarry us !
If any of our clergy had that faculty,
He might repair the old, and build as many
New abbeys through the kingdom, in a twelvemonth.
Shall I speak truth ? I never much affected thee :
I married thee for thy soul's sake, not thy body,
And shall as soon get children on't : and yet
I do not hate thee. Witness, I dare kiss ;
Hold thee by the hand, and sleep in the same house ;
And in thy bed sometimes something has been done.

Mrs. Wilding.

Within the memory of man ; but —
What, sir ?

Wilding.

You have a scurvy quality, wife ; I told you on't.

Mrs. Wilding.

Once more ; and I'll correct it.

Wilding.

You are given to be jealous. I cannot
Ramble abroad in gentlemen's company
Whole days, lie out a nights, but you suspect
I am wanton. 'Tis ill done ; it becomes no modest
Woman that loves her husband, to be jealous,
Whate'er she sees or hears. Mend, mend this fault :
You do not know how it may work upon me.
Some wife will bid her husband's leverets welcome ;
Keep house together, and provide clean sheets,
And cullises to fortify ; you ne'er did it :
Know her own chamber, and not come forth
'Till she be sent for ; if her husband kiss her
Sometimes, allow her clothes and other trinkets,

B 4

Suffer

THE GAMESTER.

Suffer her carve at table ; she is satisfy'd ;
 And none o' th' parish talk, she carries it
 So handsomely. These morals I have read
 Before now, but you put them not in practise ;
 Nor, for aught I perceive, have disposition to't :
 Therefore I'll take my course.

Mrs. Wilding.

To shew I can
 Be obedient to my griefs ; from this time, fir,
 I wo't not urge with one unwelcome syllable
 How much I am neglected ; I'll conceal it
 Too from the world : your shame must needs be mine.
 I see you do not love me ; where your heart
 Hath plac'd a worthier thought, let it dwell ever :
 Freely pursue your pleasures ; I will have
 No passion that shall mutiny ; you are,
 And shall be lord of me still.

Wilding.

I like this, if it be no disguise.

Mrs. Wilding.

Do not suspect me ;
 I would swear by a kiss, if you vouchsafe it :
 You shall not keep a servant, that shall be more humble.

Wilding.

And obedient to my will ?

Mrs. Wilding.

In all things.

Wilding.

But if I bring home a mistress —

Mrs. Wilding.

I'll call her sister.

Wilding.

What if there be one
 Already, that does please me ? will you not
 Repine, and look awry upon's, when we
 Make much of one another ?

Mrs. Wilding.

So you will but sometimes smile on me too, I'll endeavour.

Wilding.

Well said ; this may do good upon me : as

I find

THE GAMESTER.

I find you prompt in this, I may consider
Other matters : to tell you true, I love
Your kinswoman.

Mrs. Wilding.

How !

Wilding.

I' th' way you wot on ; but
I find her cold and peevish. How she may
Be brought about, I know not. 'Twould shew well,
And be a precedent for other wives,
If you would put your help to't.

Mrs. Wilding.

Goodness blefs me !

Wilding.

One woman with another can do more,
In such a cause, than twenty men. I do not
Wander, you see, out of the blood ; this will
Be a way to justify your obedience.

Mrs. Wilding.

You shew a tyrant now ; and, stead of framing
My soul to patience, murder both.

[Exit.

Wilding.

I have gone too far a' conscience ; this may
Spoil all : and, now I think upon't, I was
A coxcomb to discover any party.
I must deny't again ; and carry things
More closely. — How now, Will ?

Enter Hazard.

Hazard.

How now, Will ? is that all ?
Look up, and ask me a question like a man.
What, melancholy ?

Wilding.

No, no ; a toy, a trifle.

Hazard.

That should be, a woman ; who is't thou art thinking on ?
I have been of your counsel —

Wilding.

I was thinking — o' my wife !

Hazard.

Hazard.

I met her fad.

Wilding.

I cannot blame her ;
 We have had a dialogue : come, thou know'st my bosom.

Hazard.

When do'st mean to lie with her ?

Wilding.

I know not ; but I have offer'd fair conditions :
 She is very confident, I do not doat
 Upon her beauty ; I have told her, firrah,
 I love her kinswoman.

Hazard.

Y' are not so mad ?

Wilding.

The world's deceiv'd in her ; she'll give me leave
 To ramble where I list ; and feed upon
 What best delights my appetite.

Hazard.

He that has
 An ambition to be strangled in his sleep,
 May tell his wife he loves another woman.

Wilding.

But I was not content with this. Because
 The other wench was somewhat obstinate,
 I must needs urge my wife to mollify
 And mould her for my purpose.

Hazard.

And she consented too ?

Wilding.

No, 'twould not do :
 This went against her stomach, and we parted.

Hazard.

Next time you see her, look to be presented
 With your mistress' nose for this. Do't think a woman
 Can be so patient, to know her rival
 I' th' same roof, and leave her eyes to see thee
 Again ? I am sorry for thee.

Wilding.

I am confident

She

She dare not : but for all that, would I had
Been less particular.

Hazard.

Come, I love thee well ;
But not thy wit, to carry things no handsomer :
You must unravel again, and make your wife
Believe you did but try her.
How now ! what's the news here ?

Enter Officers with Delamore wounded.

1st Officer.

Quickly to a surgeon ! bear him gently.

Hazard.

What's the business ?

2d Officer.

Nothing, sir, but a gentleman is kill'd ; and we are
Carrying him to a surgeon.

Wilding.

'Tis Jack Delamore ; he is not dead. Ha, who hurt him ?

2d Officer.

Master Beaumont : we cannot stay, sir.

Wilding.

Why, they were friends.

2d Officer.

But wine made them fall out ; some say, about
Their mistresses.

[Exeunt.]

Wilding.

I did expect a woman at one end on't.
What miserable fools are men, to kill
One another for these cockatrices !

Hazard.

I am sorry for poor Beaumont.

Wilding.

It would be long ere any mistress would
Be so desperate for her servant ; this is valour,
High and mighty valour.

Hazard.

Men must preserve
Their honours, man ; thou dost not know their quarrel.

¹ — cockatrices.] See note 41 to *The Antiquary*, vol. 10. p. 87.

Wilding.

Wilding.

Thou art held a piece of a kill-cow too; look to't, before the sessions take an order w' ye. Is't not a great deal safer now, to skirmish with a petticoat, and touze a handsome wench in private, than be valiant in the streets, and kiss the gallows for't? Hang, hang this foolery! Let gentlemen rather live, and pay their taylors, than let their clothes enrich the hangman's wardrobe.

Hazard.

But skirmishing, as you call it, with the petticoat, Is by some held a way to this preferment:
Your wenches ha' been sticklers², and some men Dropt in their quarrel.

Wilding.

Let them be such coxcombs,
They cannot die too soon. Cannot I have
A lady of pleasure, but to please her humour
I must be engag'd to fight and kill men for her,
Because her health's refus'd; another's nose,
Or teeth preferr'd? substantial grounds for murder!
We spend our blood too much another way:
Consumption take me, if I fight for one of 'em!
I will drink single beer³ first; and live honest.
Gentlemen are come to a fine pass! Do not you
Think but 'tis possible, I may fight for all this?

Hazard.

There may be causes, that have women in 'em:
But I confess no polecats, or lewd strumpets,
Tho' I do use the trick o' th' flesh, shall drive
Me to the surgeon: I had a mother —

Wilding.

And I have a wife; would thou had'st her!

Hazard.

No, no; she is well as she is:
There may be honour to defend these.

² — *sticklers.*] A *stickler* was a sidesman to a fencer; so called because he carried a *stick*, wherewith to part the combatants. See note 72 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10. p. 272.

³ — *single beer.*] i. e. small beer.

Wilding.

Sometimes.

Hazard.

But there's a mischief greater than all these ;
A base and sordid provocation
Us'd among gentlemen. They cannot quarrel
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight,
Son of a whore ! Dead mothers must be torn
Out of their graves, or living have their names
Poison'd by a prodigious breath : it were
A brave and noble law, to make his tongue
Be cut for't ; it would save much blood i' th' year,
That might be spent more honourably.

Wilding.

The lye grew a dull provocation ; this has quicken'd us.
But leave this common-place, thou can'st not help it ; let's
talk of something else. Stay, is not this Beaumont ?

Enter Beaumont and Officers.

Hazard.

Apprehended ! alas, poor gentleman ! How now, Ned ?

Beaumont.

As you see, gentlemen ; call'd to my account.

Wilding.

We heard a piece of the misfortune : but
Be not dejected ; he may live.

Beaumont.

I fear it.

Pray lead me where you please. Alas Violante !

This news will wound thee too !

[*Exit.*

Wilding.

I'll with him, and know the story.

[*Exit.*

Hazard.

'Twill but trouble me ;

I can do him no service, beside that,

I am engag'd to meet old master Barnacle.

Enter Acreless, Littlestock, and Sellarway.

Whither, whither, gentlemen, with your swords drawn ?

Acreless.

Doe'st not see a gentleman led to prison ?

We

We'll rescue him from the officers : come join with us ;
We shall draw more to the cause,

Hazard.

You do not mean
This rashness ; hide your swords, be advised better ;
D'ye know his fact ?

Littlestock.

He has slain a gentleman.

Sellaway.

They say he is not dead ; the wound's not mortal

Hazard.

And will you make one past cure ?

Acreless.

How do'st mean ?

Hazard.

Upon yourselves : cool your hot bloods a little.
No mutiny, my countrymen ! remember,
If he recover that is hurt, the other
Will come off well enough without your valour.
Breathe, breathe a while ! you may, if you have a mind to't,
Instead of rescuing, betray a gentleman
And yourselves too, to a danger.

Littlestock.

He says right.

Hazard.

'Tis scurvy wearing hemp, if you 'scape killing.
There be more butchers, than sell flesh ; and citizens
Have no mercy in their clubs, especially
When gentlemen have so little wit, to bring
Their heads to th' knocking down. 'Tis a revenge
They owe you for their wives. Oh, take heed mainly
Of these left-handed halberdiers !

Acreless.

Confound 'em !

Hazard.

How many will you kill, with your bird-spit ?
You have more legs and arms at home, which makes
You valiant. I'll not pare my nails to-day ;
And yet I love my friend, as the best on you :
You know I dare fight too ; but in this cause

You

You must needs pardon me. I believe the stoutest,
That now would seem all fire and sword, will go
With as ill will to hanging, as another ;
And will become it as scurvily : take your courses.

Sellaway.

I think, 'tis better —

Hazard.

O' th' two, to go to the tavern ; and be drunk
In your own defence : a wench is not so dangerous ;
Nor the disease that waits upon her.

Acreless.

What if the gentleman that's hurt should die ?
Then there's no hope for t'other.

Hazard.

Lefs for you ;
You would be guilty of his murder too,
And snatch him from the law. Why, you may do't ;
'Tis pity but the government should thank you ;
And, if you 'scape the halter for't, it may be
Another man, in time, may cut your throat :
And there's one for another, paid in the blood.
Come, be yourselves : these are not acts of gentlemen ;
Where shame, not honour, must reward your daring.
Tho' we be wild, it follows not we should
Be mad out-right.

Littlestock.

I was ever of his mind.

Acreless.

Come, let's to the tavern.

Hazard.

I am for that coast ; now I think upon't,
I'll meet you at the new rendezvous within
This half hour. I expect a gentleman
That has engaged my promise ; I'll come t' ye
Ere you be half drunk.

Sellaway.

Do not fail. [*Exeunt Sellaway, Littlestock, and Acreless.*]

Hazard.

Drink sack, and think not on't. — What should be
The business, that old Barnacle has desired

My

My conference ? 'tis not to lend me money sure.
He's here.

Enter Master Barnacle.

Barnacle.

Master Hazard !

Hazard.

I was coming to you, fir.

Barnacle.

I am fortunate to prevent so great a trouble.
There is a business, fir, wherein I must desire your favour.

Hazard.

Mine ? command it, fir.

Barnacle.

Nay, I'll be thankful too ; I know you are
A gentleman.

Hazard.

That should incline you to think
I am not mercenary.

Barnacle.

I beseech you, fir,
Mistake me not ; rewards are due to virtues,
And honour must be cherish'd.

Hazard.

What's your purpose ?
Pray clear my understanding.

Barnacle.

To be plain, fir,
You have a name i' th' town for a brave fellow.

Hazard.

How, fir, you do not come to jeer me ?

Barnacle.

Patience, I mean you have the opinion *
Of a valiant gentleman ; one that dares
Fight, and maintain your honour against odds.

* — opinion.] i. e. the reputation. So again

“ — my nephew

“ Is raw, and wants opinion, &c.”

The

And

The sword-men do acknowledge you; the bailiffs observe their distance; all the swaggering puffs strike their top-sails. I have heard 'em in the streets say, There goes daring Hazard; a man careless of wounds; and, tho' he have not had the luck to kill so many as another, dares fight with all them that have.

Hazard.

You have heard this?

Barnacle.

And more, and more; mistake not, do not all this while account you in The list of those are called the blades, that roar in brothels, and break windows; fright the streets At midnight, worse than constables; and sometimes Set upon innocent bell-men, to beget Discourse for a week's diet; that swear, damme's, To pay their debts; and march like walking armories, With poniard, pistol, rapier, and baton, As they would murder all the king's liege people, And blow down streets: no, I repute you valiant Indeed, and honour'd; and come now, without More ceremony, to desire your favour; Which, as you are a gentleman, I hope You'll not deny me.

Hazard.

Though your language Be something strange, yet because I think you dare not Intend me an abuse, I not question it. Pray to the point; I do not think you're come To have me be your second.

And in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Thierry and Theodoret*. vol. 10. p. 169. edit. 1778.

"What opinion will the managing

"Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention

"Tickles with apprehension on't!"

The Two noble Kinsmen, vol. 10. p. 74.

"Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion!"

Macbeth, A. 1. S. 7.

"He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought

"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

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VOL. IX.

C

Barnacle.

Barnacle.

I am no fighter ;
Tho' I have seen a fence-school in my days,
And crack'd a cudgel ; yet I come about
A fighting business.

Hazard.

You would have me beat somebody for you.

Barnacle.

Not so, noble Hazard : yet
I come to entreat a valiant courtesy,
Which I am willing to requite in money ;
I have brought gold to give you payment, sir ;
'Tis a thing you may easily consent to,
And 'twill oblige me ever.

Hazard.

Be particular.

Barnacle.

Then thus ; you are not ignorant I have a nephew, sir.

Hazard.

You have so.

Barnacle.

One that's like
To be my heir ; the only of my name
That's left : and one that may in time be made
A pretty fellow.

Hazard.

Very well ; proceed.

Barnacle.

You know, or you imagine, that I have
A pretty estate too.

Hazard.

Y' are held a main rich man, sir ;
In money able to weigh down an alderman.

Barnacle.

I have more than I shall spend : now I come close ;
I would have this nephew of mine converse with gentle-
men.

Hazard.

And he does so.

Barnacle.

Barnacle.

I'll not pinch him in's allowance ;
The university had almost spoil'd him.

Hazard.

With what ?

Barnacle.

With modesty ; a thing, you know,
Not here in fashion : but that's almost cur'd,
would allow him to be drunk.

Hazard.

You may, sir.

Barnacle.

Or any thing to speak him a fine gentleman.

Hazard.

With your favour, sir, let me be bold a little
To interrupt you ; Were not you a citizen ?

Barnacle.

'Tis confests'd, sir.

Hazard.

It being a thriving way,
A walk wherein you might direct your nephew ;
Why d' ye not breed him so ?

Barnacle.

I apprehend ;

And thus I satisfy you : We that had

Our breeding from a trade ; cits as you call us ;

Tho' we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are

Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen :

In three generations they return again ;

We for our children purchase land ; they brave it

In th' country ; beget children, and they sell,

Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices.

There is a whirl in fate. The courtiers make

Us cuckolds ; mark, we wriggle into their

States ; poverty makes their children citizens ;

Our sons cuckold them. A circular justice !

The world turns round. But, once more, to the purpose.

Hazard.

To your nephew.

C 2

Barnacle.

Barnacle.

This nephew of mine I do love dearly;
He is all my care: I would be loath to lose him;
And to preserve him both in life and honour,
I come to you.

Hazard.

Now you come to me, indeed, fir.

Barnacle.

What shall I give you, fir, to let him ——

Hazard.

What?

Barnacle.

Pray, be not angry!

Hazard.

By no means.

Barnacle.

There is no such security i' th' world;
I'll pay for't heartily.

Hazard.

For what?

Barnacle.

What shall I give you troth, and let him ——

Hazard,

What?

Barnacle.

Beat you, fir?

Hazard.

How?

Barnacle.

Nay do not, fir, mistake me: for altho'
I name it coarsely; I desire it should be
With your consent, no otherwise. My nephew
Is raw, and wants opinion; and the talk
Of such a thing, to beat a gentleman
That all the town's afraid of, would be worth,
In's credit, heaven knows what! Alas, you cannot
Blame a kind uncle, to desire all means
To get his nephew fame, and keep him safe;
And this were such a way! ——

Hazard.

Hazard.

To have me beaten ?

Barnacle.

Y' are i' th' right ; but do not misconceive me.
Under your favour, my intention is not
He should much hurt you : if you please to let him
Quarrel, or so, at tavern, or where else
You shall think fit ; and throw a pottle-pot —

Hazard.

At my head ?

Barnacle.

Yes ; or say it be a quart, still under your correction ;
Only that some of your acquaintance and
Gentlemen may take notice, that he dares
Affront you, and come off with honour handsomely.
Look, here's a hundred pieces ! tell 'em i' th' ordinary ;
Th' are weight upon my credit : play 'em not
Against light gold. This is the prologue to
My thanks, beside my nephew shall in private
Acknowledge himself beholden.

Hazard.

A hundred pieces ! I want money.

Barnacle.

Right.

Hazard.

You give me this to let your nephew beat me ?

Barnacle.

Pray, take me with ye : I do not mean he should
By beating, hurt you dangerously. You may
Contrive the quarrel, so that he may draw
Some blood ; or knock you o'er the pate, and so forth ;
And come off bravely : this is all.

Hazard.

Well, sir ;

You do not mean, you say, he should endanger
My life or limbs ; all you desire, if I
Mistake not, is to get your nephew credit :
That being flesh'd, he may walk securely ; and be held
Valiant by gaining honour upon me.

C 3

Barnacle.

Barnacle.

You understand me right.

Hazard.

I'll put it up.

Pray send your nephew to me : we'll agree.

*Barnacle.*Agree, sir? you must quarrel, and he must beat you ;
Else, 'tis no bargain.*Hazard.*

Not before

We have concluded how things shall be carry'd,

Barnacle.

I must desire your secrefry, and——

Hazard.

Here's my hand.

Barnacle.

And there's my money.

Hazard.

Your nephew shall be a blade.

*Barnacle.*Why there's ten pieces more, 'cause you come off
So freely. I'll send him to you.*Hazard.*Do so. Why this, if the dice favour me, may bring all
My lands again. Be sure you send him ; but
No words ! for your nephew's credit.*Barnacle.*

Mum—I thank you heartily.

[Exit.]

*Hazard.*Be there such things i' th' world? I'll first to the
tavern :There I am staid for : gentlemen, I come.
I'll be beat every day for such a sum.

[Exit.]

A C T

A C T II.

*Enter Mistress Wilding and the Page.**Mrs. Wilding.*

WHERE is your master, boy?

Page.

I know not, mistress.

Mrs. Wilding.

Come nearer, firrah. You are of your master's
 Counsel sometimes: come, be true in what
 I shall desire, and I shall find a time
 For your reward.

Page.

How d' ye mean, mistress?

We pages meet rewards of several natures.
 This great man gives us gold; that lady, gloves;
 T'other, silk stockings, roses, garters: but
 The lady and mistress whom we serve in ordinary,
 Reserves another bounty for our closeness.

Mrs. Wilding.

I see you can be a wag; but be just to me, and secret.

Page.

As your physician, or your looking-glass;
 That in your absence cannot be corrupted
 To betray your complexion.

Mrs. Wilding.

What private mistresses does master Wilding visit?

Page.

Who, my master?

Alas, forsooth, d' ye think he lets me know?

Mrs. Wilding.

Nay, nay, dissemble not.

Page.

I hire a coach

Sometimes, or so; but ride always i' th' boot:

I look at nobody but the passengers.

I do not sit i' th' same box at plays with him.

C 4

I wait

I wait at tavern, I confess, and so forth ;
 And when he has supp'd, we must have time to eat too :
 And what should I trouble my conscience
 With being too officious till I am called for ?
 'Tis true, he waits upon the ladies home ;
 But 'tis so dark, I know not where they dwell :
 And the next day we have new ones ; 'las, mere strangers
 To me ; and I should be unmannerly
 To catechize 'em If now and then there be
 Any superfluous cast waiting-woman,
 There be so many serving-men about her,
 I cannot come to ask a question ;
 And how should I know any thing ?

Mrs. Wilding.

I see you are old enough for vice.

Page.

Alas, forsooth,
 You know 'tis ill to do a thing that's wicked ;
 But 'twere a double sin to talk on't too,
 If I were guilty : beside, forsooth, I know
 You would ne'er trust me again, if I should tell you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Thou art deceiv'd ; it shall endear thee more.

Page.

I must beseech you
 To be excus'd. My master is my master :
 My feet are at your service, not my tongue.
 I would not forfeit my recognizance,
 And shame the tribe. Pages and midwives are
 Sworn to be close.

Mrs. Wilding.

Hence, thou old in villainy !
 But 'tis in vain to chide. Leave me, and bid
 Mistress Penelope come hither.

Page.

Yes, forsooth.

Mrs. Wilding.

I know not which way to begin : to me
 He has betray'd he loves her. She is present.

Enter

Enter Penelope.

Penelope.

Will you be sad still, cousin ? Why d' ye grieve ?
Be kinder to yourself. Trust me, I weep,
When I am alone, for you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Sorrow and I
Are taking leave, I hope ; and these are only
Some drops after the cloud has wept his violence.
Were one thing finish'd, I should ne'er be sad more ;
And I cannot despair to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.

Penelope.

My love ! 'tis justice you command my service :
I would I were so happy.

Mrs. Wilding.

Make me so,
By your consent to my desire.

Penelope.

Pray name it.

Mrs. Wilding.

I only ask your love ; pray give it me.

Penelope.

My love ! why do you mock my poor heart, which
Pours all it has upon you ? Y' are possess'd of that already.

Mrs. Wilding.

You examine not
The extent of my request ; for when you have
Given what I ask, your love, you must no more
Direct it as you please : the power's in me
How to dispose it.

Penelope.

And you shall for ever :
I have no passion that shall not know
Obedience to you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Your love, by gift
Made mine, I give my husband. Do you love him ?

Penelope.

I always did.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wilding.

But in a nearer way :
Love him as I do, with a resolution
To give yourself to him, if he desire it.

Penelope.

I understand you not ; or if you do
Suspect I cherish any lawless flame——

Mrs. Wilding.

Thou art too innocent : be less, and do
An act to endear us both. I know he loves thee ;
Meet it, dear cuz ; 'tis all I beg of thee.
I know you think it a most strange request ;
But it will make me fortunate.

Penelope.

Grief, I fear,
Hath made her wild.—D'ye know what you desire ?

Mrs. Wilding.

Yes, that you love my husband. Modesty
Will not allow me to discourse my wish
In every circumstance : but think how desperate
My wound is, that would have so strange a cure.
He'll love me then ; and, trust me, I'll not study
Revenge, as other wives perhaps would do,
But thank thee : and indeed, an act like this,
So full of love, with so much loss and shame too,
For mine and his sake, will deserve all duty.

Penelope.

I have no patience to hear more ; and could I
Let in a thought that you meant this in earnest,
I should forget I knew you : but you cannot
Be fall'n from so much goodness. I confess
I have no confidence in your husband's virtue :
He has attempted me ; but shall hope sooner
To leave a stain upon the sun, than bribe
Me to so foul a guilt. I have no life
Without my innocence ; and you cannot make
Yourself more miserable than to wish it from me.
Oh, do not lose the merit of your faith
And truth to him, tho' he forget himself,

thinking to relieve yourself thus sinfully.
 Be sure you do but try me all this while.

Mrs. Wilding.

And I have found thee pure : be still preserv'd so,
 That he will straggle farther——

Penelope.

Cherish hope ;
 He rather will come back : your tears and prayers
 Cannot be lost.

Mrs. Wilding.

I charge thee by thy love,
 Not to be rul'd by me. I'll not be so wicked
 To tempt thee in a thought shall blemish thee ;
 But, as thou would'st desire my peace, and his
 Conversion, if his wantonness last with him,
 Appear more tractable ; allow him so much
 Favour, in smile or language, that he may not
 Think it impossible to prevail at last.

Penelope.

This may engage him farther, and myself
 To a dishonour.

Mrs. Wilding.

It shall work our happiness,
 As I will manage things ; 'tis but to seem.
 Look will cost thee nothing, nor a syllable,
 To make his hopes more pleasing. On my life,
 Thou shalt be safe both in thy fame and person.
 Will you do this for my sake ?

Penelope.

I'll refuse no danger, if I suffer not in honour,
 To do you any service.

Mrs. Wilding.

I have cast it
 Already in my brain ; but do not yet
 Enquire my purpose. As his folly leads
 Him to pursue you, let me know ; and I'll
 By fair degrees acquaint you with my plot ;
 Which, built on no foul ends, is like to prosper.
 And see how aptly he presents himself !

Pr'ythee

Pr'ythee seem kind, and leave the rest to me.
He shall not see me.

[Exit

Enter Mr. Wilding.

Wilding.

How now, cuz. Was that
My wife went off?

Penelope.

Yes, sir.

Wilding.

Let her go. What said she to thee?

Penelope.

Nothing.

Wilding.

Thou art troubled!

Penelope.

Pray, to your knowledge, sir, wherein have I
Done injury to you or her?

Wilding.

Has she abus'd thee?
I'll go kick her.

Penelope.

By no means, sir. I steal away your heart,
And meet at stol'n embraces?

Wilding.

Does she twit thee? I'll kick her like a football,
Say but the word.

Penelope.

By no means think upon't; I have forgiven her.
You sha'not, sir, so much as frown upon her:
Pray do not, as you love me; we may study
A more convenient revenge.

Wilding.

How's this?
I pr'ythee, if she has been peremptory,
Which was none of our articles, let me instruct thee
How we shall be reveng'd.

Penelope.

Sir, I acknowledge
The growth and expectation of my fortune

[Exit] In your love ; and, tho' I would not wrong her—
 and yet, to have my innocence accus'd,
 able to pervert it. Sir, your pardon :
 have been passionate. Pray love your wife.

Wilding.

No, no, I'll love thee ; indeed, indeed, I will.
 she jealous ?

Penelope.

You know she has no cause.

Wilding.

Let us be wise, and give her cause. Shall's, cuz ?

Wilding.

Sir, if I be a trouble to your house,
 our breath shall soon discharge me. I had thought
 the tie of blood might have gain'd some respect.

Wilding.

Discharge thee the house ? I'll discharge her,
 and all her generation, thee excepted ;
 and thou shalt do't thyself : by this, thou shalt.
 la, she kisses with more freedom ! This is better [*Aside.*
 than if my wife had pleaded for me. Pen,
 thou shalt be mistress. Woo't ? Come, thou shalt.
 he's fit for drudgery.

Penelope.

Oh, do not say so.

Wilding.

Then I wo't not ; but I love thee for thy spirit,
 Cause thou woo't be reveng'd. Punish her jealousy,
 the right way : when 'tis done, I do not care
 to tell her : it may kick up her heels too,
 another way.

Penelope.

Tell her what ? You make me blush.

Wilding.

No, no, I'll tell nobody, by this hand.
 stay, I have a diamond will become this finger ;
 Wear it, and let my wife stare out her eyes upon't.

Penelope.

I wo't not take't on such conditions.

Wilding.

Wilding.

Take it on any.—She is come about.

[*Aside.*]*Enter Page.**Page.*

Sir, master Hazard desires your company at tavern. He says there are none but gentlemen of your acquaintance; Mr. Acreless, Mr. Littlestock, and Mr. Sellaway, the three gamesters.

Wilding.

He must excuse me.

Penelope.

As you love me, go, sir.
Have no suspicion that I wish your absence :
I'll wear your gift, and study to be thankful.

[*Exit.*]*Wilding.*

Well, there's no great hurt in all this yet :
The tide's not strong against me. No talk now
Of wife's consent : I'll not remove my siege.
She'll study to be thankful. She's mine own,
As sure as I were in her maidenhead.
Now to the tavern, boy, and drink to the purpose.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hazard, Acreless, Littlestock, Sellaway,
as in a tavern. Drawers.*

Hazard.

More wine ! Is not this better, gentlemen,
Than spitting constables ? You would have fought now,
And had your brain-pans open'd.

Acreless.

Right noble Hazard,
Here's to thee.

Hazard.

Let it come, boy ; fill it me steeple high :
I am in a vein of mirth, and I ha' cause,
As you shall see in due time, gentlemen.
Mr. Littlestock, thou art dreaming o' th' dice.

Sellaway.

He's melancholy.

Littlestock.

Littlestock.

Who, I?

Hazard.

I'll play the farrier then, and drench thee for the ful-
 ns. A health to all our mistresses: we have had 'em
 gle; let's shuffle 'em now together.
 r. Acreles.

Enter Fidler.

Fidler.

Will you please, gentlemen, to have a song?

Hazard.

You have not wash'd to-day. Go, get clean manners.
 [Flinging a glass of wine in his face.]
 ou rascal, we have no wenches.

Fidler.

I see nobody, fir; you have wash'd my eyes out.

Hazard.

It is not necessary thou should'st have any.
 ll me again.

Acreles.

This fellow would ha' t'other cup.

Fidler.

I have had a cup too much already, gentlemen. [Exit.

Hazard.

Let it go round; and then, in hope you may
 ook double, I'll shew you a fight. I wonder
 ck Wilding stays.

Enter Mr. Wilding and Page.

e's come i'th' nick.

Wilding.

Save, save you, gallants. May a man come i' th' rear?

Hazard.

Give him his garnish.

Wilding.

Y' are not prisoners for the reckoning, I hope.

Hazard.

For the reck'ning! Now y' are all together, gentlemen,
 l shew you a wonder; but come not too near;

Keep

Keep out o' th' circle, whatsoever you think on't.
 This is a hundred pound! Nay, not so close:
 These pictures do shew best at distance, gentlemen.
 You see it. Presto ——— [putting it up again.]

Wilding.

Nay, let's see't again.

Hazard.

Like to your cunning juggler, I ne'er shew
 My trick but once: You may hear more hereafter.
 What think you of this, Mr. Acreless, Mr. Littlestock,
 And Mr. Sellaway?

Acreless.

We do not believe 'tis gold.

Hazard.

Perish then
 In your infidelity.

Wilding.

Let me but touch it.

Hazard.

It will endure, take my word for't. Why, look you,
 For your satisfactions; no gloves off:
 You have devices to defalk; — preserve
 Your talons, and your talents, till you meet
 With more convenient gamesters.

Littlestock.

How cam'st by it?

Wilding.

Thou'dst little or none this morning.

Hazard.

I have bought it, gentlemen; and you in a mist
 Shall see what I paid for it. Thou hast not drank yet:
 Ne'er fear the reck'ning, man.—More wine, you varlets!
 And call your mistress, your scolopendra^s:
 If we like her complexion, we may dine here.

Wilding.

But hark thee, hark thee, Will; did'st win it?

^s *Scolopendra.*] The *scolopendra* is a venomous serpent. It was common formerly to call mistresses, cockatrices, &c. S.

Figures of the *Scolopendra Agnatica Scutata*, are in *Halsted's History of Kent*, vol. i. p. 166.

Hazard.

Hazard.

No ; but I may lose it ere I go to bed.
Dost think't shall musty ? What's a hundred pound ?

Sellaway.

A miracle ! But they are ceas'd with me.

Accelefs.

And me too. Come, let's drink.

Wilding.

No matter how it came, Will : I congratulate
Thy fortune, and will quit thee now
With good news of myself. My cuz, I told thee on,
Is wheel'd about : she has took a ring o' me.
We kiss'd and talk'd, time out o' mind.

Hazard.

I know it :
My almanack says 'tis a good day to woo in ;
Confirm'd by Erra Pater, that honest Jew too,
I'll pledge thee.

*Enter Drawer.**Drawer.*

Mr. Hazard, there are two gentlemen below
Enquire for you.

Hazard.

For me ?

Drawer.

One's somewhat ancient ; I heard him call
The t'other nephew.

Hazard.

Say I come to 'em presently.
Gentlemen, I do caution you before,
To be fair condition'd. One of them, the nephew,
Is of a fiery constitution,
And sensible of any affront. Let this
Character prepare him for you.

Wilding.

Bring him not hither.

Hazard.

There is a necessity in't. I would not for

VOL. IX.

D

A hundred

A hundred pound but entertain him, now
He knows I am here.

[Exit.

*Enter Master Hazard again, with Barnacle,
his Nephew, and Dwindle.*

Wilding.

This is old Barnacle.

Acrelefts.

One that is to fine for alderman.

Littlestock.

And that's his nephew : I have been in's company.

Sellaway.

Is this the youth Hazard prepar'd us for ?
How busy they are !

Hazard.

You could not wish better opportunity :
These are all gentlemen of quality.
I'll call him cousin, if it please you,
To endear him to their acquaintance.

Barnacle.

I'll not be a witness of your passages myself ; these will
report as much as I desire. Sir, if you be beaten, I am
satisfied.

Nephew.

But d' ye hear, uncle ; are you sure you have made
Your bargain wisely ? They may cut my throat
When you are gone ; and what are you the wiser ?
Dwindle, be you close to me.

Hazard.

I warrant you, we shall do things with discretion,
If he has but grace to look and talk courageously.

Barnacle.

He may be valiant for aught I know :
Howsoever, this will be a secure way
To have him thought so, if he beat you soundly.

Nephew.

I do not like the company ;
But I have drank wine too, and that's the best on't :
We may quarrel on even terms. Look to
Thy basket-hilt, Dwindle, and have a stool ready.

Dwindle.

Dwindle.

I will give your worship a stool.

Hazard.

As I am a gentleman, be confident,
I'll wait on you down, fir.

Barnacle.

By no means ; let him beat you to purpose, fir.

Nephew.

'Bye, uncle.

[*Exit Barnacle.*

Hazard.

Come, fir. Pray, gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome ;
A spark that will deserve your knowledge.

Wilding.

His kinsman ! you are welcome.

Acreless.

He has power to command your welcome.

Littlestock.

If I mistake not, I have had the happiness
To ha' been in your company afore now.

Nephew.

Mine, fir ?—D' ye hear, what if I quarrell'd

[*Aside to Hazard.*

With him first ? 'twill prepare me the better.

Hazard.

Do as you please ; that's without my conditions.

Nephew.

I'll but give him now and then a touch ; I'll close
Well enough, I warrant you.—You been in my
Company, fir ?

Littlestock.

Yes, and at the tavern.

Nephew.

I paid the reck'ning then.

Littlestock.

You came into our room——

Nephew.

Tell me of coming into your room !
I'll come again. You are a superfluous gentleman.

Wilding.

How's this ?

Hazard.

Let him alone.

Littlestock.

Sir, remember yourself.

Nephew.

I'll remember what I please : I'll forget what I remember. Tell me of a reck'ning ! what is't ? I'll pay't : no man shall make an afs of me, farther than I list myself. I care not a fiddle-stick for any man's thund'ring. He that affronts me is the son of a worm, and his father a whore. I care not a straw, nor a broken point, for you. If any man dare drink to me, I wo'not go behind the door to pledge him.

Acreless.

Why, here's to you, sir.

Nephew.

Why there's to you, sir.

Twit me with coming into a room ! I could find in my heart to throw a pottle-pot,——I name nobody. I will kick any man down stairs, that cannot behave himself like a gentleman. None but a slave would offer to pay a reck'ning before me. Where's the drawer ? There's a piece at all adventures. He that is my friend, I care not a rush : if any man be my enemy, he is an idle companion, and I honour him with all my heart.

Wilding.

This is a precious humour. Is he us'd to these mistakes ?

Littlestock.

Your kinsman gives him privilege.

Nephew.

I desire no man's privilege. It skills not ⁶ whether I be kin to any man living.

Hazard.

Nay, nay, cousin ; pray let me persuade you.

Nephew.

You persuade me ! for what acquaintance ? Mind your business, and speak with your taylor.

⁶ *It skills not.*] See note 49 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. 2, p. 144.

Hazard.

Hazard.

An' you be thus rude——

Nephew.

Rude, fir! what then, fir?—— Hold me, Dwindle.

Dwindle.

Are you ready to have a stool, fir?

*Wilding.*Nay, nay, Will, we bear with him for your fake:
He is your kinsman.*Hazard.*

I am calm again.

Cousin, I am sorry any person here
Hath given you offence.*Nephew.*Perhaps, fir, you
Have given me offence. I do not fear you.
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my days.*Hazard.*

And may again——

*Wilding.*Be knock'd! A pex upon him; I know not what to
make of him.*Hazard.*

Let me speak a word in private, fir.

Nephew.

I can be as private as you, fir.

Hazard.

Strike me a box o' th' ear presently.

Nephew.

There's my hand on't.

Wilding.

Nay, nay, gentlemen——

Acreefs.

Mr. Wilding——

*Nephew.*Let him call me to account: the reck'ning's paid.
Come, Dwindle.

[Exit.]

*Sellaway.*I did not think the fool durst ha' done this.
'Tis a strange youth.

D 3

Hazard.

Hazard.

You shall hear more to-morrow.

Drawer.

All's paid, and you are welcome, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leonora, Violante.

Leonora.

Why should not we two live together, being
So equal in our passions? Oh, Violante,
Our knowledge grew from children, and our loves
Ally us in our natures.

Violante.

'Tis my wish
To dwell with thee. I never knew that woman
In whom I took more pleasure to converse with.

Leonora.

But I have a father; and, rememb'ring him,
A sorrow steals upon me, to betray
My hopes of blessing; for, altho' he loves me,
And dearly, as he says, (for children must not
Dispute with fathers,) he affects not him
In whom I place all thoughts that can delight me:
He loves not Delamore; and what to me
Is all the world without him? I shall never,
I fear, have his consent to be made happy
In marriage: and this, altho' our thoughts
Reflect with equal honour on our lovers,
Makes the distinction, and concludes me miserable.
Thy will depends upon no rigid parent;
Thy path is strew'd with roses, while I climb
A ragged cliff, to meet whom I affect.

Violante.

Indeed, Leonora, I much pity thee.

Leonora.

I pr'ythee counsel me, how shall I wrestle
With my sad destiny, and yet preserve
My filial obedience? I must lose
A father or a husband.

Violante.

Would I knew

Which

Which way to bid thee steer; but, lesson'd by
My own affection, I would have thy mind
Constant to him thou lov'st. Time may correct
A father's harshness: and be confident,
If poor Violante have a power to serve thee,
She will forget her own heart ere prove false to thee.

Leonora.

Oh, my dear soul, I know't.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

Oh mistress!

Leonora.

What's the matter?

Violante.

This face betrays some miserable accident.

Leonora.

Speak, and assure us what disaster makes
Thy countenance so wild.

Servant.

A friend of yours——

Leonora.

Is sick, is dead! what more? and yet I have
So few, I can spare none.

Servant.

Is dead; since you appear so fortify'd.

Leonora.

Is my father living, and Delamore?

Servant.

Your father is in health; but——

Leonora.

Stay, as thou would'st preserve thy mistress in
The number of the living.

Violante.

How my fears increase!

Leonora.

Except Violante, whom I see
Enjoys her health, I have no friend but Delamore:
I hope he is not dead.

Servant.

Your Delamore is dead.

[*She faints.*
Violante.

Violante.

Friend ! Leonora !
'Twas indiscreetly done to open sorrow
So like a torrent. Leonora ! friend !

Leonora.

Why do'st thou call me from him ? Sure I was
Going to meet my Delamore.

Violante.

Give not such
Belief to this sad news, until you hear it
Confirm'd. Did'st see him dead ?

Servant.

I did not see him.

Violante.

Have comfort then ; this may
Be check'd again.

Leonora.

Would I could hope it.

Violante.

Have more courage, friend.
Did'st hear the circumstance ?

Servant.

He was slain, they say.

Violante.

Nay, then believe it not. He was so innocent,
He could provoke no angry sword against him.

Servant.

I wish your confidence were not deceiv'd.
The last part of my story will concern
Your faith and sorrow.

Violante.

Mine ! in her I share
Too much ; but pr'ythee, since thou hast not been
Slow to wound her, let me know my affliction.

Servant.

The general voice is, Mr. Beaumont slew him,
Your servant, lady.

Violante.

Tell the general voice

lyes. My Beaumont prove a murderer !
And of his friend ! He would not kill an enemy.

Servant.

All I can say in proof of this, I saw him
Guarded to prison. Pardon my relation.

Violante.

If thou believ'st thy eyes abus'd thee not,
Thou might'st, with one breath, spoken 'em both dead ;
For the survivor lives but to give up
His life with more shame. All my comfort is,
I shall not live to see it. Oh, Leonora,
Who is most wretched now ? Let thou and I,
The few days that we have to live, be friends,
And die in perfect charity. I must leave you
To manage your own grief : I have enough
To break my poor heart too.

[*Exit.*

Leonora.

What seas break in
Upon us ! I that could have died within
A gentle wave, now struggle for my life.
My father !

Enter Sir Richard Hurry.

Sir Richard.

What, it seems you heard the news :
Come, let your sorrows dry up ; you may see
What 'tis to be so rash. When you chuse next,
You'll consult me, I hope. Wipe, wipe your eyes,
Your tears are vain : I could say more.

Leonora.

What, sir ?

Sir Richard.

They are more than he deserv'd ; and yet 'tis better
Thou should'st bestow thy tears upon his funeral,
Than I sigh'd at thy marriage. Come, Heaven has
Been kind in this divorce ; preparing thus
Thy better fortune, and preserving mine.
I am sorry for the gentleman that kill'd him.

Leonora.

Leonora.

Oh murderer !

Sir Richard.

You are a fool, and know not
His provocation. In my youthful days
I was not patient, when affronts were offer'd me ;
Nothing more dear to gentlemen than honour.

Leonora.

Honour in murder !

Sir Richard.

This was otherwise :
In my own defence I would kill a family.
He shew'd his generous spirit ; all the town
Speak nobly of him, pity him, and pray for him ;
And, were he not desertful, by this time
The general vote had hang'd him.

Leonora.

Oh, my fate !

Sir Richard.

T'other a loose and inconsiderate man,
Lost in estate, and would ha' marry'd thee,
To ha' squeez'd mine ; 'tis better as it is.

Leonora.

Good sir, be charitable to the dead.

Sir Richard.

Be you first charitable to the living.
Speak well, and think so too ; you do not know
What benefit may follow ; and howe'er
Your womanish sorrow, for the present, may
So mist your eyes, they will hereafter open,
To see and thank my care.

Leonora.

Indeed your language,
Pardon my boldnets, sir, is dark and mystical.

Sir Richard.

You have your wit to apprehend, sometimes ;
But 'tis not passion must excuse your duty to me.

Leonora.

I hope —

Sir

Sir Richard.

Your hopes may fail you, if you do :
Be obedient hereafter, if you please,
And love my directions.

Leonora.

I'll not have
A thought shall disobey you ; and if ever
Love again —

Sir Richard.

If ever ! why, suppose
Should propound one to you, now i' th' heat
Of this misfortune, can your heart be obstinate
To me and your own good ?

Leonora.

This is too soon
A' conscience, sir ; before his blood be cold,
To whom I profess love, to like another !
The world would much condemn me.

Sir Richard.

Is the world
Or I to be prefer'd ? this makes the act
Of your obedience perfect ; and, because
I'll have assurance of what power I hold,
This minute I'll prefer one to your thoughts ;
Dispose your heart to love the gentleman
That now's in prison.

Leonora.

Whom d'ye mean, dear sir ?

Sir Richard.

He that kill'd Delamore, Mr. Beaumont.
Do not suspect I trifle : he is of
A noble house, of a fair expectation,
Handsome in every part —

Leonora.

Shall not he suffer
For the dark deed already done ?

Sir Richard.

Compose
Yourself to love him : I'll find a way how
To secure his life, and bring him freely off.

Leonora.

Oh consider ! ere you move too far,
 If having slain my comfort, for I must
 Give it no other name, call not your justice
 To my revenge ; yet let me not be forc'd
 To have a thought, so full of shame to women,
 That he should be my husband : 'tis a stain
 Time nor repentance can wash off. I know
 You cannot mean so cruelly ; beside
 I shall commit a sin, foul as his murder,
 Upon poor Violante, and rob her.
 Their hearts love hath seal'd up i' th' eye of Heaven :
 'Twere sacrilege to part them : she's my friend too,
 One that will rather die than injure me :
 And he will rather suffer, if he be
 Noble as you profess him, than consent to
 So foul a guilt.

Sir Richard.

Let me alone for that ;
 If he refuse this offer for his life,
 Why let him die : I'll put him to't. Consider,
 In this I shall behold thy naked soul :
 Be rul'd, and prosper ; disobey, and be
 Thrown from my care and blood. At better leisure
 I'll tell you more. [Exit]

Leonora.

Has Heaven no pity for me ?
 What killing language doth a father speak !
 Poor heart, prevent more grief, and quickly break. [Exit]

A C T III.

*Enter Master Wilding and Penelope.**Wilding.*

THIS humour does become thee ; I knew when
 Thou didst consider what was offer'd thee,
 Thy fullness would shake off. Now thou look'st

Fresher

refresher than morning ; in thy melancholy,
Thy clothes became thee not.

Penelope.

Y' are i' th' right ;
blam'd my taylor for't, but I find now,
The fault was in my countenance. Wou'd we had
some mufic ; I could dance now ; la, la, la, bra, &c.

Wilding.

Excellent ! an' ſhe be a bed but half ſo nimble,
ſhall have a fine time on't : how ſhe glides !
Thou wot not fail ?

Penelope.

This night —

Wilding.

At the hour of twelve.

Penelope.

But you muſt be as punctual i' th' conditions,
For my vow's ſake ; not ſpeak a ſyllable.

Wilding.

I'll rather cut my tongue out than offend thee ;
Kiffing is no language.

Penelope.

If it be not too loud.
We muſt not be ſeen together, to avoid
Suspicion ; I would not for a world my couſin
Should know on't.

Wilding.

She ſhall die in ignorance.

Penelope.

No piece of a candle.

Wilding.

The devil ſhall not ſee us
With his ſawcer eyes : and if he ſtumble in
The dark, there ſha'not be a ſtone i' th' chamber
To ſtrike out fire with's horns. All things ſhall be
So cloſe, no lightning ſhall peep in upon us.
Oh, how I long for midnight !

Penelope.

I have a ſcruple.

Wilding.

Wilding.

Oh, by no means, no scruples now.

Penelope.

When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soon
Grow cold in your affection and neglect me.

Wilding.

Why, hang me if I do, I'll love thee ever ;
I have cast already : to preserve thy honour,
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, cuz ;
Let me alone to find thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough ; we will love then too.

Penelope.

When I am married ?

Wilding.

Without fear, or wit ;
Cum privilegio : when thou hast a husband,
Dost think I will forsake thee, Penelope ? 'twere pity
O' my life, sweet. Oh, there is no pleasure
To those embraces ! I shall love thee better ;
And the assurance that thou hast two fathers
Before thou hast a child, will make thee spring
More active in my arms ; and I tell thee,
'Tis my ambition to make a cuckold ;
The only pleasure o' th' world : I wou'd not
Wish to enjoy thee now, but in the hope
Of t'other harvest, and to make thy husband
Hereafter cuckold ; that imagination
Sweetens the rest, and I do love it mainly, mainly.

Penelope.

'Tis double fin.

Wilding.

'Tis treble pleasure, wench.
But we lose time, and may endanger thus
My wife into a jealousy, if she see us.
Farewell, farewell, dear Penelope : at night, remember ;
I wo't not lose my sport for half the country. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Wilding.

Mrs. Wilding.

Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.

Penelope.

I have made work for somebody : you have put me
Upon a desperate service ; if you do not
Relieve me, I am finely served.

Mrs. Wilding.

All has succeeded to my wish : thy place
I will supply to night : if he observe
All the conditions, I may deceive
My husband into kindness ; and we both
Live to reward thee better. Oh, dear cuz !
Take heed by my example, upon whom
Thou placest thy affection.

Enter Hazard.

Penelope.

Master Hazard.

Hazard.

Save ye, mistress Wilding.

Mrs. Wilding.

You are welcome, sir.

Penelope.

He is a handsome gentleman.

Hazard.

Gone abroad ?

Mrs. Wilding.

I am not certain, I'll enquire.

[*Exit.*

Hazard.

Your servant.

Ha ! this is the frosty gentlewoman ! in good time ;

I care not if I cast away some words on her.

And yet she's so precise and over honest,

I had as good ne'er attempt her. Your name is

Penelope, I take it, lady.

Penelope.

If you take it,

I hope you'll give it me again.

Hazard.

What again ?

Penelope.

Penelope.

My name.

Hazard.

What should I do with it ?

No, no, keep thy name ;
Howe'er thou dost thy maidenhead.

Penelope.

Can you tell me
Of any honest man, that I may trust with it ?

Hazard.

I'll tell thee a hundred.

Penelope.

Take heed what you say, fir,
A hundred honest men ! Why if there were
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter ; but perhaps you live in the suburbs.

Hazard.

This wench will jeer me.

Penelope.

I hope you are not one, fir.

Hazard.

One of what ?

Penelope.

One of those honest men, you talk'd of so ;
One to whose trust a virgin might commit
A maidenhead, as you call it.

Hazard.

Yes, you may trust me ;
I have possess'd a hundred maidenheads.

Penelope.

How long ?

Hazard.

Nay, nay ; they are no commodities to keep.
No fault of ours : truth is, th' are not worth
Preserving ; some of your own sex acknowledge it ;
And yet, by your complexion, you have yours still ;
Away with't, and in time.

Penelope.

Why, you are modest.

Hazard.

Hazard.

Y' have hit me, lady : come, I give thee counsel ;
 And more, I'll help thee to a chapman too,
 Besides whate'er he pay's for't, shall be at charge
 To mould it of himself ; how light thou'lt be
 Without thy maidenhead ; does't not spoil thy sleep,
 And breed the night-mare ?

Penelope.

Who can help it ? you
 Gentlemen are such strange creatures, so unnatural,
 So infinitely chaste, so mortified
 With beef and barley-water ; such strange discipline
 And hair-cloth.

Hazard.

Who wears hair cloth, gentlewoman ?

Penelope.

Such severe ways to tame your flesh ; such friends
 To fridays, lent, and ember-weeks ; such enemies
 To sack and marrow-pyes, caudles and crabs,
 Fidlers and other warm restoratives,
 A handsome woman cannot reach your pity.
 We may e'en grow to our pillows ere you ll comfort us ;
 This was not wont.

Hazard.

Not wont to be, in my
 Remembrance, lady.

Penelope.

You are a handsome gentleman ;
 Why may not you drink wine sometimes, or eat
 Sturgeon, or forage in your lusty-pye
 Of artichoke ? or potato ? or why may not

Your

7 — *of artichoke.*] How much *potatoes* were held to be incentives to
 venery, may be seen in Mr. Collins's note to *Troilus and Cressida*, so often
 referred to. *Artichokes* were also supposed to possess the like qualities.
 Moffat, who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, says, " Artichokes
 " grew sometimes only in the isle of Sicily ; and since my remembrance
 " they were so dainty in England, that usually they were sold for
 " crowns a-piece : Now industry and skill hath made them so common,
 " that the poorest man is possessed of princes dainties, — Julius Capito-
 " lines, in the *Life of Pertinax* ; and Pliny likewise, in the 19th book
 " of his *Natural History*, reports *artichokes* to have been of such estima-
 Vol. IX. E " tion

Your learned physician dictate ambergrease^s,
 Or powders, and you obey him in your broths?
 Have you so strange antipathy to women?
 To what end will gentlemen come to,
 If this frost hold?

Hazard.

You are witty,
 But I suppose you have no cause of such
 Complaint; however some men do want heat,
 There is no general winter: I know a gentleman
 Can drink and eat, and bear you company
 A bed, for all your jeering: do not think
 'Tis I: thou shalt recant this profane talk
 And woo me for a kiss, ere I'll stoop to thee.
 Here's none but friends; if master Wilding ha' not
 Told you already, I will justify
 'Tis possible you may be got with child.

Penelope.

By whom?

Hazard.

By him; you are but cousins afar off;
 If you allow't, he need not travel far
 For other dispensation: What say to him?

Penelope.

Was this at his intreaty?

Hazard.

My own mere motion
 And good-will toward him, 'cause I know his mind.

Penelope.

You are a fine gentleman; where's your land?
 You may be knight o' th' shire in time; farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Hazard.

I know not what to make of her; she may be
 A tumbler, for all this: I'll to her again. [*Exit.*

"tion in Carthage and Corduba, that there were sold as many artichokes
 "in one year, as came to 6000 serfities, which maketh 30,000 l. ster-
 "ling. The first sprouts of artichoke-leaves, being sodden in good broth,
 "with butter, do not only nourish, but also mightily stir up lust of the
 "body both in men and women; the young heads of them, eaten raw with
 "pepper and salt, do the like, &c." *Health's Improvement*, by Moffat,
 1746. 12mo. p. 312.

^s — ambergrease.] See note 38 to *The Antiquary*, vol. x. p. 78.

Enter old Barnacle, and Leonora.

Barnacle.

Nay, nay, be comforted, and mistake me not ;
I did not mention Delamore to provoke
These tears : he's gone ; think on your living friends.

Leonora.

If you be one, good fir —

Barnacle.

Yes, I am one ;
And yet mistake me not, I do not come
A wooing for myself ; I am past tilting :
But for my nephew ; oh that nephew of mine !
I know Sir Richard Hurry, your wise father,
Will think well of him. Nay, nay, weeping still !

Leonora.

It is too soon to think of any other.

Barnacle.

Too soon to think of any other ! why,
What woman of discretion but is furnish'd
With a second husband, ere the first be coffin'd ?
He that stays till the funeral be past,
Is held a modest coxcomb ; and why should not
Maids be as early in their provision ?

Leonora.

I blush to think my father of his mind ;
Distressed Leonora ! Good fir, lose
No more breath ; I am resolved to die a virgin :
I know not what love is.

Barnacle.

And yet these tears
Are shed for one you lov'd.

Leonora.

He that was all
My treasure living, being lost, must needs
Be a great part of sorrow ; but my eyes,
Though they can never pay too many drops
To the sad memory of Delamore,
Shed not all these for him : there is another
That makes me weep.

Barnacle.

Another whom you love ?

Leonora.

Heaven knows, I never let into my heart
Affection to a second. I am so far
From loving him, I wish we may ne'er meet ;
I am not safe in my own bosom, while
I think upon him : it begets new springs
Within my eyes, which will in little time
Rise to a flood and drown me.

Barnacle.

I conceive
This is no friend of yours ; come, I'll relieve you.
Nay, and there be any man that troubles you,
If there be any you'd have talk'd withal,
I'll rid you of that care. He that shall offer
But to disturb you in a thought, d' y' mark me,
I'll take an order with him.

Leonora.

What will you do ?

Barnacle.

Do not mistake me neither ; I'll do nothing ;
But send my nephew ; he shall top him,
And top him ; and scourge him like a top too.
You know not how my nephew is improv'd
Since you last saw him. Valiant as Hercules,
He has knock'd the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzel del Phebo of the time, and all
The blades to reverence him. I'll say no more ;
Name but the man whom you do frown upon,
And let me send my nephew to him.

Leonora.

It sha'not need.
I have no enemy to engage his sword ;
My discontents flow from a nearer person ;
I grieve to say, my father.

Barnacle.

How ? your father !
Say but the word, and I will send my nephew
To him ; an he were ten fathers, he can mollify him
To please you, lady ; my nephew will never spare him.

Oh

Oh, had you seen him baffle a 'squire this morning !

Leonora.

Pray no more : You shall do me a noble office
To leave me to myself.

Enter Servant.

Servant.

Mistress Violante
Is come to visit you.

Leonora.

I wait upon her.
Your gentle pardon.

[*Exit.*

Barnacle.

Would my nephew had her.
She is Sir Richard's heir, and here he is.
Sir Richard !

Enter Sir Richard Hurry and Surgeon.

Hurry.

Oh, master Barnacle, I'll wait upon you.

Barnacle.

That's master Probe, the surgeon.

Hurry.

No more ; you know my meaning.

Probe.

Yes, sir.

Hurry.

Let him be bury'd.

Probe.

I understand you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Barnacle.

I have been discoursing
With your fair daughter.

Hurry.

Where is Leonora ?

Servant.

She's within, sir.

Hurry.

Bid her come hither.
Master Barnacle, I am something troubled
About a gentleman.

E 3

Barnacle.

Barnacle.

And I am glad I met with you :
If you be troubled with any gentleman,
I'll send my nephew to him.

Hurry.

To whom, or whither ?

Barnacle.

To any man alive ; I care not whither.

Hurry.

Send him to Jerusalem.

Barnacle.

That's something o' th' farthest ; I shall be
Unwilling he should travel out o' th' kingdom.

Enter Leonora, Violante aloof.

Sir Richard.

Leonora ! Nearer —

Barnacle.

Who is that ?
A pretty gentlewoman ! save you, mistress,
What is your name, I pray ?

Violante.

I am call'd Violante.

Barnacle.

Are you a maid ?

Violante.

I should be sorry else.

Barnacle.

D' y' know my nephew ?

Violante.

Not I, sir.

Barnacle.

Not my nephew ! how have you been bred ?
Why, he's the only gallant o' th' town ;
Please you, I'll send him to you.

Violante.

What to do, sir.

Barnacle.

He shall do any thing ; the town's afraid on him.

Violante.

Violante.

Oh ! pray keep him from me then.

Barnacle.

He'll hurt no women ; but for the men —

Violante.

There's one has hurt too much already.

Barnacle.

What is he ? I'll send my nephew to him, lady ;
If you have any occasion, never spare him.

Violante.

Not I, sir.

Sir Richard.

Look to't, and correct this humour ; [*To Leonora.*
I'll to him presently. Master Barnacle,
Let me intreat your company to a gentleman ;
I'll wait as much on you.

Barnacle.

You shall command me :
If't be any man you care not for,
We'll take my nephew along.

Sir Richard.

It sha'not need.

[*Ex. Sir Richard and Barnacle.*

Leonora.

Oh, Violante ! I
Must now require some fruit of all thy promises.

Violante.

You hold me not suspected.

Leonora.

Leonora

Cannot be so ingrateful ; but we have
Small limit for discourse : My father means
To visit Beaumont, now in prison ; thou
Wilt hear too soon the story, and without
Prevention, find thyself more miserable.
Oh Violante ! I will suffer with him,
Rather than injure thee. I pr'ythee go,
Visit thy friend, not mine ; and, as thou lov'st me,
As thou lov'st him, or thy own life, Violante,
Bid him be constant to thee : tell him what fame
Dwells upon noble lovers, that have seal'd

Faith to their mistresses in blood : What glory
Can perjur'd men expect, that lose their honour
'To save a poor breath ? Bid him be assur'd,
If for the hope of life his soul can be
So much corrupted to embrace a thought
That I shall ever love him —

Violante.

You, Leonora ?

Leonora.

Never, oh never ; tell him so : by virtue,
And the cold blood of my slain Delamore,
Altho' my father threaten death —

Violante.

Your father ?

Leonora.

Make haste, sweet Violante, to the prison ;
There thou shalt know all ; there thou shalt have proof
How much thou art belov'd ; and by my death,
If he prove false to thee, how much I love thee. [Exit.

Violante.

I am amaz'd ; and my soul much distracted
'Twixt grief and wonder. It grows late i' th' morning ;
I'll visit the sad prisoner : my heart trembles ;
More can but kill me too. I'm fit to die ;
And woes but hasten immortality. [Exit.

Enter Hazard and a box-keeper.

Hazard.

How now ? what gamesters ?

Box-keeper.

Little to any purpose yet ; but we
Expect deep play to-night.

Enter Wilding.

Wilding.

Will Hazard, I have been seeking thee this
Two hours ; and now I have found thee, avoid me !

Hazard.

Thou'rt not infectious ?

Wilding.

Wilding.

No, but I swell with imaginations,
 Like a tall ship bound for the Fortunate Islands⁹;
 Top and top-gallant¹⁰, my flags and my figaries
 Upon me with a lusty gale of wind,
 Able to rend my sails; I shall o'er-run
 And sink thy little bark of understanding
 In my career, boy.

Hazard.

Pray Heaven rather
 You do not spring a leak, and forfeit your
 Ballast, my confident man of war; I
 Have known as stout a ship been cast away
 In fight o' th' harbour.

Wilding.

The wench, the wench, boy!

Hazard.

The vessel you have been chasing —

Wilding.

Has struck fail;
 Is come in; and cries, aboard my new lord of
 The Mediterranean! We are agreed:
 This is the precious night, Will; twelve the hour,
 That I must take possession of all,
 Of all! there are some articles agreed on.

Enter a lord and Sellaway.

Who's this?

Hazard.

Oh, the gamesters now come in:
 That gay man is a lord, and with him Sellaway.

Wilding.

They are well coupled; a lord, and Sellaway.

⁹ — *Fortunate Islands.*] It is generally imagined that the Madeira, Canary, and Cape de Verd islands, with the adjacent coast of Africa, are those which the ancients confounded together under the name of *The Fortunote Islands*.

¹⁰ *Top and top-gallant, &c.*] These are terms which will be better understood by referring to the elevation of a ship, than by any explanation whatever. The reader who consults the plate prefixed to Falconer's poem, entitled, *THE SHIPWRECK*, 8vo, 1764, will see at one view what parts of a vessel these terms were intended to describe.

Hazard.

Hazard.

He wears good cloaths you see, and in the street
More look'd at than the pageants¹¹; he will talk little.

Wilding.

To purpose.

Hazard.

Right; he cannot walk
Out of his sinco-pace, and no man carries
Legs more in tune. He is danc'd now from his sempstrefs.

Wilding.

A man much bound to his taylor.

Hazard.

And his barber;
He has a notable head.

Wilding.

Of hair, thou mean'st.

Hazard.

Which is sometime hung in more bride-laces
Than well would furnish out two country-weddings.

Wilding.

Is he a scholar?

Hazard.

'Tis not necessary:
He is neither scholar, nor a courtier,
If report wrong him not.

Wilding.

Will he play's money freely?

Hazard.

With more pride than he wears embroidery.
'Tis his ambition to lose that: and
A wench maintains his swearing: let him pass.

Wilding.

What's next?

Enter a knight and Acrelefs.

Hazard.

A knight, and Acrelefs.

¹¹ — *pageants.*] Which used to be exhibited to publick view on the day the Lord Mayor was sworn into his office.

Wilding.

Wilding.

Good again, a knight and Acreless : What's his condition ?

Hazard.

A gamester both ways.

Wilding.

Where be his spurs ?

Hazard.

Hung in his mistress's petticoat ; for which he pawn'd
His knighthood too, till a good hand redeem'd it.
He will talk you nothing but postillions,
Embroideries for his coach, and Flanders mares ;
What several suits for the twelve days at Christmas ;
How many ladies doat upon his physiognomy :
That he is limited but a hundred pound
A month for diet ; which will scarce maintain him
In pheasant eggs and turkey. For his motion,
Now does his barge attend him, if he came
By water ; but if the dice chance to run counter,
He stays till twelve in anger ; devours smoak ;
And desperately will shoot the bridge at midnight,
Without a waterman.

Wilding.

The house fills apace :
What are these, ha ?

*Enter a country gentleman and Littlestock.**Hazard.*

A country gentleman, and Littlestock.

Wilding.

A country gentleman ? I have seen him, sure,
Appear in other shape. Is he a Christian ?

Hazard.

Why dost thou doubt him ?

Wilding.

'Cause I have met him with a turbant once,
If I mistake not ; but his linen was not
So handsome altogether as the Turks :
In quirpo with a crab-tree cudgel too,
Walking and canting broken Dutch for farthings.

Hazard.

Hazard.

The apparition of an angel once,
Brought him to this.

Wilding.

Dost call him country gentleman?

Hazard.

His generation is not known i' th' town.
You see what dice can do: now he's admir'd.

Wilding.

For what, I pr'ythee?

Hazard.

For talking nonsense. When he has lost his money,
You shall meet him going up and down the ordinary
To borrow money upon his head.

Wilding.

His head!

Will he go upon his head, or will he pawn it?

Hazard.

Pawn it, if any man will lend him money on't;
And says 'tis good security, because
He cannot be long without it: They shall have
The wit for the use too. He will talk desperately,
And swear he is the father of all the bulls
Since Adam. If all fail, he has a project;
To print his jests.

Wilding.

His bulls, you mean.

Hazard.

Y' are right;
And dedicate 'em to the gamesters. Yet he will
Seem wise sometimes; deliver his opinions
As on the bench. In beer, he utters sentences;
And after sack, philosophy.

Wilding.

Let's not be troubl'd with him. Who are these,
Young Barnacle?

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Will you endure him?

Hazard.

Hazard.

Yes, and the vinegar-bottle, his man, too : but now I think on't, he shall excuse me : I'll lose no time. If I win, I shall have less cause to repent : if I lose, by these hilts, I'll make him the cause, and beat him.

Enter Sellarway.

Are they at play ?

Sellarway.

Deep, deep gamesters.

Hazard.

Then luck with a hundred pieces.

Wilding.

I'll follow. How now, Frank ? What, in the name of folly, is he reading ?

Nephew.

Save you, gentlemen ! save you, noble gallants ! May a man lose any money ? I honour, sir, your shadow.

Sellarway.

This is another humour.

Nephew.

D'ye hear the news, gentlemen ?

Wilding.

What news, I pray ?

Nephew.

The new curranto.

Sellarway.

Good sir, impart.

Nephew.

Be there no more gentlemen to hear it here ? 'tis extraordinary fine news, in black and white, from Terra incognita.

Wilding.

Terra incognita ?

Nephew.

Ay, sir, the quintessence of the world : for our four parts, Europe, Asia, Africk, and America, are as the four elements ; and this, as the learned geographers say, is like Cælum, a fifth essence or quintessence of the world.

Wilding.

Wilding.

Pray, fir, what news from this quintessence ? It must
Needs be refin'd novelties.

Nephew.

From Sclavonia

Wilding.

'That's no part of Terra incognita ; we know that.

Nephew.

But you do not know that Sclavonia I mean : 'tis
Inhabited by a nation without a head.

Dwindle.

Without a head ? In what part are their eyes ?

Nephew.

Peace, Dwindle : a cursed kind of people, that have
neither law nor religion, but for their own purposes. Their
country is somewhat low, and open to the sea.

Sellaway.

Do they not fear drowning ?

Nephew.

They are safest in a tempest : if they be taken at any
time by their enemies and cast over-board, they turn other
creatures ; some rocks, some sharks, some crocodiles, and
so retain part of their former nature.

Wilding.

What do those that dwell a-shore ?

Nephew.

They follow their work, and make nets not only to
catch fish, but towns and provinces. The Jews are in-
nocent to 'em, and the devil a dunce ; of whose trade
they are.

Sellaway.

A dangerous generation.

Nephew.

In Perrwiggana, a fruitful country, the moon shines all
day, and the sun at night.

Sellaway.

That's strange :

He has a moral in't : have not we gentlemen, that sit up
all night a drinking, and go to bed when the sun rises ?

Nephew.

Nephew.

In this province, the king never comes out of his palace.

Wilding.

How does the court remove there?

Nephew.

When he does purpose to change the air, he has an elephant richly trapped, that carries the court upon his back into what part of the kingdom he pleases.

Wilding.

I have heard of elephants that have carried castles.

Nephew.

Snails, snails in comparifon : and, to increafe your wonder, this beaft does never drink.

Wilding.

I would be loth to keep him company.

Sellaway.

How then?

Nephew.

Eat, eat altogether ; and what ? nothing but men : and of what rank or condition ? none but great men, and the fatteft nobility ; but, like your good Monsieur, he cares for nothing but the head ; and, it is confidently reported, he has devour'd more within this three laft years, than the elephant we had in England eat penny-loaves in feven.

Dwindle.

The devil choak him ! Would he had London-bridge in his belly too.

Nephew.

The fubjects of the great duke of Lubberland have been lately in rebellion.

Wilding.

I am forry it will be inconvenient to hear out your cur-ranto : I am weary of a little money : when that's loft, I may be a fuitor for the reft of your news : and fo I commend me to all your friends in Lubberland. [Exit.

Nephew.

Dwindle, did'ft hear this ? Now could I be angry.

Dwindle.

Go to play then, fir : if you lofe your money, you may talk

talk roundly to 'em ; for they cannot be so uncivil, as not to give losers leave to speak.

Nephew.

But if I win——

Dwindle.

Why then you may be drunk to-night, and I'll hold the caster to you.

Enter Littlestock and Acreles.

Littlestock.

A curse upon these reeling dice ! That last in and in Was out of my way ten pieces. Can't lend me any Money ? How have the cards dealt with thee ?

Acreles.

Lost, lost ! Dice, I defy thee, If my knight recover not, I must be sober to-morrow.

Littlestock.

Oh, for a hundred, and all made now.

Enter Sellarway.

Sellarway.

Yonder's Hazard wins tyrannically, without Mercy ; he came in but with a hundred pieces.

Littlestock.

I'll get a fancy presently.

Acreles.

And how thrive the bones with his lordship ?

Sellarway.

His lordship's bones are not well set : they are maliciously bent against him : they will run him quite out of all.

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Nephew.

More money ! Dwindle, call my uncle ! I must have it, for my honour. Two hundred pieces more will serve my turn. In the mean time, I will play away my cloak, and some superfluous things about me.

Dwindle.

By that time you are come to your shirt, I shall be here.

Sellarway.

Sellaway.

He's blown up too.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hazard.

Hazard.

So so, the dice in two or three such nights will be out of my debt, and I may live to be a landlord again.

Sellaway.

You are Fortune's minion, master.

Hazard.

You wou'd seem to be no fool; because she doats not upon you. Gentlemen, I must take my chance: 'twas a lucky hundred pound, Jack Wilding!

Enter Wilding, gnawing a box.

What, eating the boxes?

Acreless.

Let us in again.

Wilding.

Chewing the cud a little. I have lost all my money, Will. Thou hast made a fortunate night on't. Wo't play no more?

Hazard.

'Tis the first time I had the grace to give off a winner. I wo't tempt the dice.

Wilding.

What hast won?

Hazard.

You do not hear me complain. I have not been so warm this ten weeks.

Enter Acreless.

Wilding.

'Tis frost in my breeches.

Acreless.

Master Hazard, I was afraid you had been gone: there's a fresh gamester come in, with his pockets full of gold: he dazzles the gamesters, and no man has stock to play with him.

VOL. IX.

F

Wilding.

Wilding.

What is he?

Acrelefs.

A merchant he seems. He may be worth your return.

Hazard.

Not for the Exchange, to-night, I am resolv'd.

Wilding.

Temptation! Now have I an infinite itch to this merchant's pieces.

Hazard.

If thou wo't have any money,
Speak before I launch out, and command it.

Wilding.

A hundred pieces.

Hazard.

Call to the master o' th' house by this token——thou
wo't venture again then?

Wilding.

They may prove as lucky as thine—But what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home, that expects me.

Hazard.

I had forgot too: you wo't play now?

Wilding.

'Tis now upon the time.

Hazard.

By any means go.

Wilding.

Hum! I ha' lost my money, and may recover a pretty wench. Which hand? Here covetousness, this lechery: money is the heavier. Will, do'st hear? I'll requite thy courtesy. Thou hast lent me a hundred pounds; I'll pay thee again; and thou shalt have for the use, the flesh-device at home that expects me. Thou shalt supply my place, Will.

Hazard.

You wo't lose this opportunity, and fool yourself?

Wilding.

I am resolv'd: Five hundred pieces! Say I'll come to him. [*Exit Acrelefs.*] You love the sport as well as I. To-morrow

to-morrow you shall thank me for't. Be secret; she'll never know thee, for our conditions are to—*[Whispering him.]*—neither light, nor—and she must needs conceive 'tis I.

Hazard.

Are you in earnest?

Wilding.

Have you wit to apprehend the courtesy?
Let me alone; the wench and I shall meet
Hereafter, and be merry: here's my key.
The merchant's money cools: away; be wise,
And keep conditions: touse her at thy pleasure,
There will be enough for me. Nay, no demurs;
You have not lost your stomach to this game?
Howe'er I speed to-night, we'll laugh to-morrow
How the poor wench was cozen'd.

Hazard.

But wou'dst ha' me go?

Wilding.

I wou'd ha' thee ride, boy. I must to the gamester.
Farewell. Remember not to speak a word; but
Kiss and embrace thy belly-full.

Hazard.

If I do not,
The punishment of an eunuch light upon me:

ACT IV.

Enter Hazard and Wilding.

Wilding.

HOW now, Will! thou look'st desperately this morning.
Did'st sleep well to-night?

Hazard.

Yes, 'tis very like
I went to sleep: but such a bedfellow!

F 2

Wilding.

Wilding.

What ails she ? was she dull ?

Hazard.

Do not enquire,
 But curse yourself till noon. I am charitable ;
 I do not bid thee hang thyself ; and yet
 I have cause to thank thee. I would not have lost
 The turn, for all the money I won last night, Jack.
 Such a delicious theft !

Wilding.

I think so.

Hazard.

I found it so, and dare make my affidavit.

Wilding.

Thou did'st not see her ?

Hazard.

Nor speak to her ; to what purpose ?
 She was so handsome i' th' dark (you know
 My meaning) 't had been pity any light
 Or voice should interrupt us.

Wilding.

Now do I
 Grow melancholy.

Hazard.

If thou do'st envy me,
 There is some reason for't. Thou do'st imagine
 I have had pleasure in my days ; but never,
 Never, so sweet a skirmish ! How like ivy
 She grew to my embraces ! not a kiss
 But had Elysium in't.

Wilding.

I was a rascal !

Hazard.

If thou did'st know but half so much as I,
 Or could'st imagine it, thou would'st acknowledge
 Thyself worse than a rascal on record.
 I have not words to express how soft, how bounteous,
 How every thing a man with full desires
 Could wish a lady. Do not question me

Farther; 'tis too much happiness to remember.
I am sorry I have said so much.

Wilding.

Was not I curs'd,
To lose my money, and such delicate sport?

Hazard.

But that I love thee well, should'st ne'er enjoy her.

Wilding.

Why?

Hazard.

I would almost cut thy throat.

Wilding.

You wou'd not.

Hazard.

But take her! and if thou part'st with her one night
more, for less than both the Indies, thou'lt lose by her:
she has paid me for my service; I ask nothing else.

Wilding.

If she be such a precious armful, Will,
I think you may be satisfied.

Hazard.

Take heed,
And understand thyself a little better:
I think you may be satisfied! with what?
A handsome wench! 'tis heresy; recant it:
I never shall be satisfied.

Wilding.

You do not purpose
A new encounter.

Hazard.

For thy sake,
'Tis possible I may not: I would have
My game kept for me. What I have done,
Was upon your entreaty: if you have
The like occasion hereafter, I
Should have a hard heart to deny thee, Jack.

Wilding.

Thou hast fir'd my blood! That I could call back time,
To be possess'd of what my indiscretion
Gave up to thy enjoying! but I am comforted:

F 3

She

She thinks 'twas I ; and we hereafter may
Be free in our delights.—Now, fir, the news
With you ?

Enter Page.

Page.

My mistress did command my diligence,
To find you out, and pray you come to speak with her,
Wilding.

When I am at leisure.

Page.

'Tis of consequence,
She says, and much concerns you.

Wilding.

Is Penelope with her ?

Page.

Not when she sent me forth.

Wilding.

Let her expect : wait you on me.

Hazard.

I spy my blust'ring gamester.

Wilding.

The younger ferret ?

Hazard.

I care not if I allow thee a fit of mirth ;
But your boy must be in the consort.

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Dwindle.

Pray, fir, do not behave yourself so furiously ;
Your breath is able to blow down a house, fir.

Nephew.

My uncle shall build it up again. Oh, Dwindle,
Thou do'st not know what honour 'tis to be
So boisterous : I would take the wall now
Of my lord mayor's giants !

Wilding.

Do as I bid you, firrah.

Page.

Alas, fir, he'll devour me !

Hazard.

Hazard.

He sha'not hurt thee.

Page.

Be at my back then pray, fir; now I think on't.
I have the beard here too, with which I frighted
Our maids last night.

Dwindle.

You know these gentlemen:

Nephew.

Hazard and Wilding, how is't? how is't, Bulchins¹²?
Wou'd ye had been with us; I ha' so maul'd a captain
O' th' train-band yonder.

Page.

Is not your name Barnacle?

*Hazard.*Ancient Petarre¹³.*Nephew.*

What's this?

Wilding.

The admiration of the town.

Nephew.

For what?

Wilding.

For valour.

Nephew.

This inch and a half?

Wilding.

There's the wonder; oh the spirit, the tall spirit
Within him! he has the soul of a giant.

Nephew.

He has but a dwarf's body; Ancient Petarre!

Page.

Sirrah, how dare you name a captain?

¹² — how is't, Bulchins?] A bulchin seems to be a young male calf.
So in the *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, by Dekker, Tucca says,
" — do'st roar, bulchin? do'st roar?"

Again, in *Marston's Dutch Curtezian*, A. 2. S. 1.

" I was at supper last night with a new-wean'd bulchin."

¹³ *Ancient Petarre.*] A name adopted to resemble that of Ancient
Pistol. A petar or petard is a kind of small mortar employed in forcing
open the gates of towns besieged.

S.

F 4

Thom

Thou tun of ignorance ! he shall eat my pistol,
And save me the discharge.

Nephew.

Tell me of a tun ? I'll drink twenty tuns to thy health.
Who shall hinder me, if I have a mind to't ? Your pistol's
a pepper-corn ; I will eat up an armory, if my stomach
serve, so long as I have money to pay for't ; an you were
as little again as you are. Fright me with your potguns !
my name's Barnacle, fir, call me what you please ; and
my man's name's Dwindle, an you go there too. Do not
think but I have seen fire-drakes afore now, tho' I never
talk'd on't ; and rockets too, tho' my man be a coxcomb
here ; and balls of fire, no dispraise to you : d'ye think to
thunder me with your pick-tooth by your side ?

Page.

Let my sword shew him but one flash of lightning,
To singe the hair of his head off !

Hazard.

Good Ancient Petarre.

Dwindle.

'Tis a very devil in *decimo sexto* : Peter d'ye call him ?

Page.

Thou dog-bolt, and cousin german to Cerberus.

Hazard.

Two heads once remov'd, he's somewhat like him.

Nephew.

I begin to think —

Dwindle.

And I begin to —

Page.

Again ?

Wilding.

He does but think.

Page.

He think ! is this a place for him to think in ?
Miniature, vanish immediately ; or I will shoot death
From my mustachioes, and kill thee like a porcupine.

Nephew.

Ancient Petarre, I know thy name, and I honour it ;
thou'rt one of the most vain-glorious pieces of fire-work
that

that ever water wet. I am a gentleman ; and, if I have said any thing to disgust thee, I can ask thee forgiveness, as well as the proudest vassal on 'em all. Extend thy paw, thou invincible epitome of Hercules ; and let thy servant kiss it.

Wilding.

Come, pray sir, be reconcil'd ; he submits.

Page.

I see thou hast something in thee of a soldier, to no purpose ; and I will cherish it. Thou art a rascal in thy understanding ; thou shalt excuse me, Turk, in honourable love : I remember thy great grand-father was hang'd for robbing a pedler-woman of six yards of inkle ; and thou may'st, (mauger the herald) in a right line, challenge the gallows by his copy. Mongrel, of Mongrel-hall, I am thy humble servant ; and will cut the throat of any man that says thou hast either wit or honesty more than is fit for a gentleman. Command my sword, my lungs, my life ; thou art a puff, a mulligrub, a metaphysical coxcomb, and I honour you with all my heart.

Nephew.

I thank you noble Ancient, and kind gentlemen : Come, Dwindle, we'll go roar somewhere else.

Wilding.

Was ever such an oaf ?

[*Exit.*

Hazard.

The boy did hit his humour excellently : Here, cherish thy wit.

Page.

Now shall I tell my mistress, you'll come to her ?

Wilding.

How officious you are for your mistress, firrah ! What said she I came not home all night ?

Page.

Nothing to me ; but my eyes ne'er beheld Her look more pleasantly.

Hazard.

Now farewell, Jack ; I need not urge your secrecy Touching your mistress I have mounted for you : Only I'll caution you, look when you meet

That

That you perform your business handsomely,
 I ha' begun so well ; she may suspect else,
 And put thee out of service : if she do,
 You know your wages ; I shall laugh at thee,
 And heartily : so farewell, farewell Jack.

[Exit.

Wilding.

To say the truth, I have shewed myself a coxcomb.
 A pox a' play ! that made me double loser.
 For aught I know, she may admit me never
 To such a turn again ; and then I ha' punish'd
 Myself ingeniously.

*Enter Mistress Wilding, Penelope, and Mistress Leonora ;
 a servant waiting on them.*

My wife !

Page.

My mistress, sir.

Wilding.

Keep you at distance.
 She's as the boy reported, something more
 Pleasant than ordinary.

Mrs. Wilding.

'Tis he ! — good cousin,
 Pretend some business ; offer at some wares,
 Or ask the goldsmith what your diamond's worth ;
 Something to trifle time away ; while I
 Speak with my husband a few words.

Wilding.

She comes toward me.

Mrs. Wilding.

I can contain no longer.
 How d'ye, sweetheart ?

Wilding.

Well ; but a little melancholy.
 You look more sprightly, wife ; something has pleas'd
 you.

Mrs. Wilding.

It has indeed ; and if it be no stain
 To modesty, I would enquire how you
 Sped the last night.

Wilding.

Wilding.

I lost my money.

Mrs. Wilding.

I do not mean that game.

Wilding.

I am not betray'd, I hope ! I do not mean that game ?

Mrs. Wilding.

Y' are a fine gentleman !

Wilding.

'Tis so ; could she not keep her own counsel ? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wilding.

And have behav'd yourself most wittily,
And I may say most wrongfully : this will
Be much for your honour, when 'tis known.

Wilding.

What will be known ?

Mrs. Wilding.

Do you not blush ? oh fie !
Is there no modesty in man ?

Wilding.

What riddle

Have you got now ? — I wo' not yet seem conscious.

Mrs. Wilding.

'Tis time then to be plain ; it was a wonder
I could be so long silent : did you like
Your last night's lodging ?

Wilding.

Very, very well ;
I went not to bed all night.

Mrs. Wilding.

You did not lie with
Mistress Penelope, my kinswoman ?

Wilding.

Refuse me, if I did —

Mrs. Wilding.

You need not swear ;
But 'twas no fault of yours ; no fault, no virtue :
But 'tis no place to expostulate these actions.
In brief, know 'twas my plot ; for I observ'd
Which way your warm affection mov'd, and wrought

So

So with my honest cousin to supply
Her wanton place, that with some shame at last,
I might deceive your hard heart into kindness.

Wilding.

That, that again, sweet wife ; and be a little
Serious : Was it your plot to excuse your cousin,
And be the bedfellow ?

Mrs. Wilding.

Heaven knows, 'tis truth.

Wilding.

I am fitted, fitted with a pair of horns
Of my own making !

Mrs. Wilding.

Thank, and think upon
That providence, that would not have you lost
In such a forest of loose thoughts ; and be
Yourself again ; I am your hand-maid still ;
And have learn'd so much piety, to conceal
Whatever should dishonour you.

Wilding.

It buds,
It buds already : I shall turn stark mad,
Horn mad !

Mrs. Wilding.

What ails you ? are you vex'd because
Your wantonness thriv'd so well ?

Wilding.

Well, with a vengeance.

Mrs. Wilding.

I did expect your thanks.

Wilding.

Yes, I do thank you, thank you heartily ;
Most infinitely thank you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Doth this merit
No other payment but your scorn ? then know,
Bad man, 'tis in my power to be reveng'd ;
And what I had a resolution
Should sleep in silent darkness, now shall look
Day in the face ; I'll publish to the world

How

How I am wrong'd, and with what stubbornness
 You have despis'd the cure of your own fame ;
 Nor shall my cousin suffer in her honour.
 I stoop as low as earth to shew my duty ;
 But, too much trampil'd on, I rise to tell
 The world, I am a woman.

Wilding.

No, no ; hark you,
 I do not mock you. I am taken with
 The conceit. What a fine thing I have made myself !
 Ne'er speak on't, thy device shall take ; I'll love thee,
 And kiss thee for't ; thou'lt paid me handsomely :
 An admirable plot, and follow'd cunningly.
 I'll see thee anon again ; and lie with thee
 To-night, without a stratagem. The gentlewomen
 Expect thee ; keep all close ; dear wife, no sentences.
 I am trick'd and trim'd at my own charges rarely !
 I'll seek out somebody again. [Exit.

Mrs. Wilding.

I have presum'd too much upon your patience ;
 I have discover'd, and I hope 'twill take.

Penelope.

I wish it may.

Mrs. Wilding.

You are sad still, Leonora.
 Remove these thoughts : come, I'll wait on you now
 To the Exchange : some toys may there strike off
 Their sad remembrance.

Leonora.

I attend you.

Mrs. Wilding.

Farewel.

[Exit.

Enter Beaumont and his keeper.

Keeper.

The gentleman, that was yesterday to speak with you,
 Is come again to visit you.

Beaumont.

Sir Richard Hurry ?

Keeper.

Keeper.

The same, fir.

Beaumont.

You may admit him ; men of his quality
 Do seldom court affliction ; this, I must
 Allow, is a most noble gratitude
 For those good offices my father did him.

*Enter Sir Richard Hurry.**Hurry.*

Sir, the respects I owe you, make me again
 Solicitor for your safety ; and altho',
 On the first proposition, it appear
 Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,
 Which might dispose you to the slow embrace
 Of what I tender'd ; yet again brought to you,
 After a time, to examine and consider
 What most concerns you, I am confident
 You will accept, and thank me.

Beaumont.

Noble fir,
 You do express so rare a bounty, men
 Will slowly imitate : I am not so
 Lost in my wild misfortune, but my reason
 Will guide me to acknowledge, and pay back
 My service and myself, for so much charity
 As you have pleas'd to shew me.

*Enter Violante.**Violante.*

Here's for thy pains : they are the same ; make good
 Thy word, and place me where I may unseen
 Hear their discourse.

Keeper.

This way.

Beaumont.

But, with your pardon,
 I would desire to hear again how much
 I shall be oblig'd, that, knowing the extent

Of

Of your desert, I may pay back a duty
That may, in every circumstance, become
My fortune and the benefit.

Hurry.

Then thus :
You are a prisoner ;
That alone is misery ;
But your's the greater, in that, guilt of blood,
Not sums that may be recompenc'd, detain you.
I'll not dispute the circumstance : Delamore
Slain by your hand.

Beaumont.

I have confest ;
The first jury having found it murder.

Hurry.

His blood calls to the law for justice ; and you cannot,
Left to yourself, and looking on the fact,
Expect with any comfort what must follow.
Yet I, in pity of your sufferings,
In pity of your youth, which would be else
Untimely blasted, offer to remove
Your sorrows, make you free and right again,
With clear satisfaction to the law.

Beaumont.

Good fir,
Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not,
Howe'er your will and charity may be active
In my distress to save me, that you can
Assure my life and freedom ; since, in causes
Of such high nature, laws must have their course,
Whose stream as it were wickedness to pollute,
It were vanity for any private man
To think he could resist. I speak not this,
To have you imagine I despise my life,
But to express my fears, your will does flatter you
'Bove what your power can reach.

Hurry.

For that, I urge not
My being a commissioner alone
To do you service. I have friends in court,

And

And great ones, when the rigour of the law
 Hath sentenc'd you, to mediate your pardon :
 Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
 Where provocation, and not malice, makes
 Guilty, to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
 Sometimes to execution. I am so far
 From doubting your discharge, that I dare forfeit
 My life, if I secure not yours from any
 Danger for this offence.

Beaumont.

You speak all comfort !
 Which way can I deserve this ?

Hurry.

That I'll shew you : —
 I had an obligation to your father ;
 Whose love, when all my fortunes were i' th' ebb,
 And desperately, reliev'd me with large sums ;
 By whose careful manage I arriv'd at what
 I am : and I should be a rebel to
 Nature and goodness, not to love the son
 Of such a friend, by his misfortune made
 Ripe for my gratitude.

Beaumont.

You speak your bounty ;
 But teach not all this while how to deserve it.

Hurry.

'Tis done, by your acceptance of my daughter
 To be your bride.

Beaumont.

To be my bride ! Pray tell me,
 Is she deform'd, or wanton ? What vice has she ?

Hurry.

Vice, sir ! she will deserve as good a husband :
 She is handsome, though I say't, and shall be rich too.

Beaumont.

She is too good, if she be fair or virtuous.
 Pardon, I know she is both : but you amaze me.
 I did expect conditions of danger :
 A good wife is a blessing above health.
 You teach me to deserve my life first from you,
 By offering a happiness beyond it.

Hurry.

Hurry.

If you find love to accept, 'tis the reward
I look for. Leonora shall obey,
Or quit a father.

Beaumont.

Ha! goodness defend!
I know you do but mock me, and upbraid
My act, that kill'd her servant. Wound me still;
I have deserv'd her curse. I see her weep,
And every tear accuse me.

Hurry.

May I never
Thrive in my prayers to Heaven, if what I offer
I wish not heartily confirm'd.

Beaumont.

I now
Suspect you are not Leonora's father.
'Twere better you dissembled, than made her
So past all hope of being cur'd again.
I marry Leonora! Can her soul
Think on so foul a rape? She cannot, sure.

Hurry.

She shall: I command.

Beaumont.

By virtue, but
She sha'not; nor would I, to grasp an empire,
Tempt her to so much stain. Let her tell down
Her virgin tears on Delamore's cold marble,
Sigh to his dust, and call revenge upon
His head, whose anger sent him to those shades,
From whence she ne'er must see him. This will justify
She lov'd the dead. It were impiety
One smile should bless her murderer: and, howe'er
You are pleas'd to compliment with my affliction,
I know she cannot find one thought within her
So foul, to look upon me.

Hurry.

Let it rest
On that. Will you consent, and timely make
Provision for your safety?

VOL. IX.

G

Beaumont.

Beaumont.

For my life,
 You mean, now on the chance. Then I may live,
 You are confident ; and think it not impossible
 Your daughter may affect. There's at once
 Two blessings : are they not ? and mighty ones,
 Considering what I am, how low, how lost
 To th' common air——

Hurry.

Now you are wife.

Beaumont.

But if
 Your daughter would confirm this, and propound
 Herself my victory——

Hurry.

What then ?

Beaumont.

I should condemn her, and despise the conquest.
 These things may bribe an atheist, not a lover :
 But you perhaps are ignorant I have given
 My faith away irrevocably. 'Tis
 The wealth of Violante, and I wo't not
 Basely steal back a thought ; and yet, I thank you,
 I am not so inhuman.

Hurry.

Will you not prefer
 Your life to honour and religion ?

Beaumont.

For shame, be silent. Could you make me lord
 Of my own destiny, and that Leonora
 Had empires for her dower, and courted me
 With all the flatteries of life, to quit
 My vows to Violante, I would fly
 Upon her bosom to meet death.

Hurry.

And death
 You must expect, which will take off this bravery.

Beaumont.

THE GAMESTER.

13

Beaumont.

And I will kiss it; kiss it like a bride¹⁴.

Hurry.

So resolute!

Beaumont.

And, if I cannot live

My Violante's, I will die her sacrifice.

Good sir, no more: you do not well to trouble

The quiet of a prisoner thus, that cannot

Be a too careful steward of those minutes

Left him to make his peace. Tempt me no farther.

The earth is not so fix'd as my resolves,

Rather to die, than in one thought transplant

My love from Violante.

Hurry.

Be undone!

And this contempt shall hasten the divorce

Of soul and love. Die, and be soon forgotten.

[*Exit.*

Enter Violante.

Beaumont.

My Violante! if there can be any joy

Neighbour to so much grief, I'll pour it out

To pay thy bounteous visit: if my eyes

Admit no fellowship in weeping, 'tis

Because my heart, which saw thee first, would bid

Thee welcome thither, scorning to acknowledge

There can be any thing but joy where thou art.

Violante.

But sadness, my dear Beaumont, while there is

A cause that makes thee prisoner. I must weep,

And empty many springs. My eyes are now

No prophets of thy sorrow, but the witness;

And when I think of death, that waits upon thee,

I wither to a ghost.

¹⁴ And I will kiss it; kiss it like a bride.] Imitated from *Shakespeare's Measure for Measure*. A. 3. S. 1.

"I will encounter darkness as a bride,

"And hug it in my arms."

Beaumont.

Why, Violante,
We must all die. — Restrain these weeping fountains,
Keep 'em till I am dead ; dispense 'em then
Upon my grave, and I shall grow again ;
And, in the sweet disguise of a fair garden,
Salute the spring that gave me green and odour.
Why should not love transform us ?

Violante.

Be not lost
In these imaginations.

Beaumont.

Or perhaps
Thou hast ambition : she whose love made up
A wonder to the world, beside the pledge
Of duty to her lord, fam'd Artemisia¹⁵,
Shall be no more in story for her tomb ;
For on the earth that weighs my body down,
When I am dead, thy tears, by the cold breath
Of heaven congeal'd to Beaumont's memory,
Shall raise a monument of pearl, to out-do
The great Mausolus' sepulchre.

Violante.

No more
Of this vain language, if you have any pity
On the poor Violante.

Beaumont.

I ha' done ;
And yet now I am going to a long silence,
Allow my sorrow to take leave, Violante.

Violante.

It shall be so : — be valiant, my heart.
Beaumont, I come not to take leave of thee.

Beaumont.

Perhaps you'll see me again.

¹⁵ *Artemisia.*] Artemisia the wife of Mausolus, king of Caria, who, on the death of her husband, erected a tomb to his memory, which was called *Mausoleum* from his name, and is numbered among the seven wonders of the world.

Violante.

Violante.

Again, and often.

Thy stars are gentle to thee ; many days
 And years are yet between thee and that time
 That threatens loss of breath. See, I can thus
 Disperse the clouds fate heavy on my brow,
 And wipe the moisture hence : 'tis day again :
 Take beams into thy eye, and let them sink
 Upon thy better fortune. Live, live happily.

Beaumont.

Is Delamore alive ?

Violante.

Dead, and interr'd.

Beaumont.

From what can this hope rise ?

Violante.

From thyself, Beaumont,
 If thou wilt save thyself. I have heard all ;
 And, by the duty of my love, am bound
 To chide your resolution : can you be
 So merciless to yourself to refuse life,
 When it is offer'd with the best advantage
 In Leonora's love ? a price, that should
 Buy you from all the world. Be counsell'd, sir :
 Oh, do not lose yourself in a vain passion
 For thought of me ! I cancel all your vows,
 And give you back your heart ; be free again.
 If you will promise me to live and love——

Beaumont.

Leonora ?

Violante.

That best of womankind ; a mine of sweetness.

Beaumont.

But can you leave me then ?

Violante.

I justify
 Thy choice of me in that ; that, to preserve thee,
 Dare give thee back again. Be Leonora's ;
 For being mine, th' art lost to all the world.
 Better a thousand times thou be made her's,

Than we both lose. I'll pawn my faith she'll love thee.
 I'll be content to hear my Beaumont's well,
 And visit thee sometimes, like a glad sister,
 And never beg a kiss: but if I weep
 At any time, when we are together,
 Do not believe 'tis sorrow makes my eyes
 So wet, but joy to see my Beaumont living.
 As it is now, to hope —

Beaumont.

If thou do'st mean thus,
 Thou do'st the more inflame me to be constant.
 Be not a miracle, and I may be tempted
 To love my life above thee; by this kiss —
 Oh, give me but another in my death,
 It will restore me! By this innocent hand,
 White as I wish my soul, I wo't not leave thee
 For the world's kingdom.

Violante.

But you must, unless
 You change for Leonora. Think of that;
 Think, ere you be too rash.

Beaumont.

I'll think of thee;
 And honour to be read I lov'd Violante,
 But never could deserve her. Live thou happy,
 And by thy virtue teach a nearer way
 To heaven. We may meet yonder! Do not make me
 More miserable than I am, by adding perjury
 To my bloody sin. The memory of thee
 Will, at my execution, advance
 My spirit to a pitch, that men shall think
 I have chang'd my cause for martyrdom.

Violante.

Then here,
 As of a dying man, I take my leave:
 Farewell, unhappy Beaumont! I'll pray for thee.

Beaumont.

'Tis possible I may live yet, and be thine.

Violante.

These tears embalm thee!

If in this world again we never meet,
My life is buried in thy winding-sheet.

Beaumont.

This exceeds all my sorrow !

A C T V.

Enter Wilding.

Wilding.

I Am justly punish'd now for all my tricks,
And pride o' th' flesh ! I had ambition
To make men cuckolds ; now the devil has paid me,
Paid me i' th' same coin ; and I'll compare
My forehead with the broadest of my neighbours ;
But, ere it spreads too monstrous, I must have
Some plot upon this Hazard. He supposes
He has enjoy'd Penelope, and my trick's
To drive the opinion home, to get him marry her,
And make her satisfaction. The wench
Has oft commended him ; he may be won to't.
I never meant to part with all her portion :
Perhaps he'll thank me for the moiety ;
And this dispos'd on, she's conjur'd to silence.
It must be so.

Enter Hazard.

Hazard.

Jack Wilding, how is't, man ?
How goes the plough at home ? what says the lady
Guinever ¹⁶, that was humbled in your absence ?
You have the credit with her, all the glory
Of my night's work : does she not hide her eyes,

¹⁶ *lady Guinever.*] Guinever was the wife of king Arthur, a lady who is by no means celebrated from her chastity. See the ballad of *the Boy and the Mantle*. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. p. 338.

And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman !
 Turn a one side, or drop a handkerchief,
 And stoop, and take occasion to leer
 And laugh upon thee ?

Wilding.

Nothing less : I know not
 What thou'ast done to her, but she's very sad.

Hazard.

Sad ! I'll be hang'd then.

Wilding.

Thou must imagine,
 I did the best to comfort her.

Hazard.

She's melancholy
 For my absence, man : I'll keep her company
 Again to-night.

Wilding.

She thinks 'twas I enjoy'd her.

Hazard.

Let her think whom she will, so we may couple.

Wilding.

And nothing now but sighs, and cries I have
 Undone her.

Hazard.

She's a fool, I hurt her not ;
 She cried not out, I am sure ; and for my body
 I defy the college of physicians ;
 Let a jury of virgins search me.

Wilding.

To be plain,
 Although she has no thought but I was her bed-fellow,
 You are the only argument of her sadness.

Hazard.

How can that be ?

Wilding.

When I had merrily
 Excus'd what had been done, she fetch'd a sigh,
 And with some tears reveal'd her love to you ;
 That she had lov'd you long, but by this act
 Of mine, d'y' mark, she was become unworthy

THE GAMESTER.

39

To hope for so good a fortune. I cannot tell,
But she is strangely passionate.

Hazard.

For me?

Wilding.

For you : but thou art soft and tender-hearted,
And in that confidence I did forbear
To tell her who had done the deed.

Hazard.

You did so :

'Twas wisely done. Now I collect myself,
She has sometimes smil'd upon me.

Wilding.

Nay, believe it,
She is taken with thee, above all the world.

Hazard.

And yet she was content you should——
'Bove all the world.

Wilding.

But 'twas your better fate
To be the man ; it was her destiny
To have the right performance : thou art a gentleman,
And can'st not but consider the poor gentlewoman.

Hazard.

What would'st ha' me do ?

Wilding.

Make her amends, and marry her.

Hazard.

Marry a strumpet ?

Wilding.

You had first possession,
And th'adst been married earlier, could'st but had
Her maidenhead ; besides, no body knows
But we ourselves.

Hazard.

Be not abus'd, I had
No maidenhead.

Wilding.

My greater torment. Come, come, thou art modest ;
Heaven knows she may be desperate.

Hazard.

Hazard.

A fair riddance ;
 We have enough o' th' tribe : I am sorry I cannot
 Furnish her expedition with a pair
 Of my own garters.

Wilding.

I——of Athens grown ;
 I know thou art more charitable : she may prove
 A happy wife. What woman but has frailty ?

Hazard.

Let her make the best on't : set up shop
 I' th' Strand, or Westminster ; she may have custom,
 And come to speak most learnedly i' th' nose.
 Bid her keep quarter with the constable
 And justice's clerk, and she in time may purchase.

Wilding.

She has a portion will maintain her like
 A gentlewoman, and your wife.

Hazard.

Where is't ?

Wilding.

In my possession ; and I had rather thou
 Should'st have it than another.

Hazard.

Thank you heartily :
 A single life has single care ; pray keep it.

Wilding.

Come, thou shalt know I love thee : thou shalt have
 More, by a thousand pound, than I resolv'd
 To part with, 'cause I wou'd call thee cousin too.
 A brace of thousands, Will, she has to her portion :
 I hop'd to put her off with half the sum ;
 That's truth : some younger brother would ha' thank'd me,
 And given my quietus¹⁷. Tush, 'tis frequent
 With men that are so trusted. Is't a match ?

¹⁷ *Quietus*] is a word used by the Clerk of the Pipe and Auditors of the Exchequer, in their acquittances or discharges given to accountants ; usually concluding with *abinde recessit quietus* ; which is called a *quietus est*.—See also note to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.

Hazard.

Hazard.

Two thousand pound will make a maidenhead
That's crooked, straight again.

Wilding.

Th'art in the right ;
Or for the better sound, as the grammarians
Say, I will call it twenty hundred pound.
By'r lady, a pretty stock : enough, an' need be,
To buy up half the maidenheads in a county.

Hazard.

Here's my hand ; I'll consider on't no farther.
Is she prepar'd ?

Wilding.

Leave that to me.

Hazard.

No more.

Wilding.

I'll instantly about it.

Hazard.

[*Exit.*

Ha, ha:

The project moves better than I expected.
What pains he takes out of his ignorance !

Enter Barnacle.

Barnacle.

Oh ! fir, I am glad I ha' found you.

Hazard.

I was not lost.

Barnacle.

My nephew, fir, my nephew !

Hazard.

What of him ?

Barnacle.

He's undone, he's undone ! you have undone him !

Hazard.

What's the matter ?

Barnacle.

You have made him, fir, so valiant, I am afraid
He's not long-liv'd : he quarrels now with every body ;
And roars and domineers, and shakes the pent-houses.

A woman

A woman that sold pudding-pies, but took
 The wall on him, and he trips up her heels;
 And down fell all; the kennel ran pure white-pot.
 What shall I do? I fear he will be kill'd.
 I take a little privilege myself,
 Because I threaten to disinheret him;
 But nobody else dares talk, or meddle with him.
 Is there no way to take him down again,
 And make him coward?

Hazard.

There are ways to tame him.

Barnacle.

Now I wish heartily you had beaten him
 For the hundred pound.

Hazard.

That may be done yet.

Barnacle.

Is't not too late? But do you think 'twill humble him?
 I expect, every minute he's abroad,
 To hear he has kill'd somebody, or receive him
 Brought home with half his brains, or but one leg.
 Good fir!

Hazard.

What wou'd you have me do?

Barnacle.

I'll pay you for't,
 If you will beat him soundly, fir, and leave him
 But as you found him; for if he continue
 A blade, and be not kill'd, he won't 'scape
 The gallows long; and 'tis not for my honour
 He should be hang'd.

Hazard.

I shall deserve as much
 To allay this metal, as I did to quicken it.

Barnacle.

Nay, 'tis my meaning to content you, fir;
 And I shall take it as a favour too,
 If for the same price you made him valiant,
 You will unblade him. Here's the money, fir,
 As weighty gold as t'other; 'cause you should not

Lay

Lay it on lightly : break no limb, and bruise him
Three quarters dead, I care not : he may live
Many a fair day after it.

Hazard.

You shew
An uncle's love in this : trust me to cure
His valour.

Barnacle.

He's here : do but observe,

Enter Nephew.

And beat him, sir, accordingly.

Nephew.

How now, uncle ?

Barnacle.

Thou art no nephew of mine, th'art a rascal !
I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman ;
Pay for your dice and drinkings : I shall have
The surgeons bills brought shortly home to me ;
Be troubled to bail thee from the sessions ;
And afterwards make friends to the recorder
For a reprieve : Yes, I will see thee hang'd first.

Nephew.

And be at the charge to paint the gallows too.
If I have a mind, the waits shall play before me,
And I'll be hang'd in state three stories high, uncle :
But first I'll cut your throat.

Barnacle.

Bless me ! defend me !

Enter Acreless, Selloway, Littlestock.

Acreless.

How now, what's the matter ?

Selloway.

Master Barnacle !

Barnacle.

There's an ungracious bird of mine own nest
Will murder me.

Littlestock.

He wo'not sure ?

Hazard.

Hazard.

Put up,
And ask your uncle presently forgiveness;
Or I will huff thee.

Nephew.

Huff me? I will put up
At thy intreaty.

Hazard.

Gentlemen, you remember
This noble gallant.

Accelefs.

Cousin of yours, I take it.

Hazard.

Cousin to a killing; in your company
Lent me a box o' th' ear.

Nephew.

No, no, I gave it;
I gave it freely; keep it, never think on't;
I can make bold with thee another time.
Wou'd't had been twenty.

Hazard.

One's too much to keep.
I am a gamester, and remember'd always
To pay the box: there's first your principal,
Take that for the use.

Nephew.

Use? wou'd th'adst given it my uncle.

Hazard.

They have cost him already two hundred pounds,
And upwards, shotten herring, thing of noise!

Nephew.

Oh, for my man Dwindle
And his basket-hilt now! My uncle shall rue this.

Hazard.

Down presently, and before these gentlemen
Desire his pardon.

Nephew.

How! desire his pardon?

Hazard.

Then let this go round.

Nephew.

Nephew.
I will ask his pardon. I beseech you, uncle —

Hazard.
And swear.

Nephew.
And do swear.

Hazard.
To be obedient ; never more to quarrel.

Nephew.
Why, look you, gentlemen, I hope, I hope you are
persuaded,
By being kick'd so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.

Barnacle.
I suspect him still.

Nephew.
For more assurance, do you kick me too.
[*Barnacle kicks him.*]

Am not I patient and obedient now ?
Will you have any more, gentlemen, before I rise ?

Hazard.
If ever he prove rebellious, in act
Or language, let me know it.

Nephew.
Will you not give
Me leave to roar abroad, a little, for
My credit ?

Barnacle.
Never, firrah ; now I'll tame you.
I thank you, gentlemen ; command me, for
This courtesy.

Nephew.
'Tis possible I may,
With less noise, grow more valiant hereafter :
Till then, I am in all your debts.

Barnacle.
Be rul'd,
And be my nephew again : this was my love,
My love, dear nephew.

Nephew.

Nephew.

If your love consist
In kicking, uncle, let me love you again.

Barnacle.

Follow me, firrah.

Acreefs.

Then his uncle paid for't ?

Hazard.

Heartily, heartily.

Littlestock.

I thought there was some trick.

Hazard.

And whither are you going, gentlemen ?

Sellaway.

We are going to visit Beaumont in the prison.

Hazard.

'Tis charity ; but that I have deep engagements,
I'd wait upon you ; but commend my service to him :
I'll visit him ere night. You saw not Wilding ?

Acreefs, Littlestock, Sellaway.

We saw his wife and kinswoman enter
Sir Richard Hurry's half an hour ago.

Hazard.

His kinswoman ? I thank you,
You have sav'd me travail : Farewel, gentlemen,
Farewel.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Leonora and Violante, Mistress Wilding
and Penelope.*

Leonora.

My father has some design, and bade me send for thee.

Mrs. Wilding.

Y' are both too sad : come, we must divert
This melancholy.

Violante.

I beseech your pardon ;
But is my Beaumont sent for ?

Leonora.

Yes, we are
Too private.

Violante.

Violante.

I much fear Leonora now ;
 She looks not sad enough : although I could
 Resign my interest freely to preserve him,
 I would not willingly be present when
 They interchange hearts ; she will shew too much
 A tyrant, if she be not satisfied
 With what was mine, but I must be moited
 To be their triumph.

*Enter Hazard.**Mrs. Wilding.*

Master Hazard !

Hazard.

All things
 Succeed beyond your thought. Pray give me a little
 Opportunity with your kinswoman.

Leonora.

We'll withdraw.

*[Exeunt Mistress Wilding, Leonora, Violante.]**Hazard.*

I know not how to woo her now——Sweet lady !

Penelope.

Your pleasure, sir ?

Hazard.

Pray let me ask you a question.
 If you had lost your way, and met one,
 A traveller like myself, that knew the coast
 O' th' country, would you thank him to direct you ?

Penelope.

That common manners would instruct.

Hazard.

I think so.

But there are many ways to the wood : and which
 Would you desire ; the nearest path and safest,
 Or that which leads about ?

Penelope.

Without all question,
 The nearest and the safest.

Hazard.

Can you love then ?

VOL. IX.

H

Penelope.

Penelope.

I were a devil else.

Hazard.

And can you love a man?

Penelope.

A man! what else, sir?

Hazard.

Y' are so far on your way. Now love but me,
Y' are at your journey's end. What say you to me?

Penelope.

Nothing, sir.

Hazard.

That's no answer; you must say something.

Penelope.

I hope you'll not compel me.

Hazard.

D'y' hear, lady?

Setting this foolery aside, I know
You cannot chuse but love me.

Penelope.

Why?

Hazard.

I have been told so.

Penelope.

You are easy of belief:

I think I should be best acquainted with
My own thoughts, and I dare not be so desperate
To conclude.

Hazard.

Come, you lye: I could have given't
In smother phrase: y' are a dissembling gentlewoman.
I know your heart: you have lov'd me a great while.
What should I play the fool for? If you remember,
I urg'd some wild discourse in the behalf
Of your lewd kinsman; 'twas a trial of thee.
That humour made me love thee; and since that,
Thy virtue.

Penelope.

Indeed, sir:

Hazard.
Indeed, sir ! Why I have been contracted to thee.

Penelope.
How long ?

Hazard.
This half hour : know thy portion, and shall have it.
Penelope.

Strange !

Hazard.
Nay, I'll have thee too.

Penelope.
You will ?

Hazard.
I cannot help it ; thy kind cousin will have it so.
'Tis his own plot, to make thee amends : Is't not
Good mirth ? but 'tis not love to thee, or me,
But to have me possess he is no cuckold.
I see through his device, thou art much beholden to him.
He meant to have put thee off with half thy portion ;
But that, if things come out, we should keep counsel.
Say, is't a match ? I have two thousand pound too,
I thank the dice. Let's put our stocks together,
Children will follow——He is here already.

Enter Wilding.

Wilding.
So close ! I am glad on't ; this prepares Will Hazard
And my young cousin.——A word, Penelope.

Hazard.
Now will he make all sure.

Wilding.
You us'd me coarsely ;
But I have forgot it. What discourse have you
With this gentleman ?

Penelope.
He would seem to be a suitor.

Wilding.
Entertain him, d'y' hear ; you may do worse,
Be rul'd. 'Twas in my thought to move it.
Does he not talk strangely ?

Penelope.

Of what ?

Wilding.

Of nothing ; let me counsel you
To love him ; call him husband.

Penelope.

I resolve
Never to marry without your consent.

Enter Acreless, Littlestock, Sellarway.

Hazard.

Gentlemen, welcome.

Penelope.

If you bestow me, sir, I will be confident
I am not lost : I must confess I love him.

Wilding.

* No more then ; lose no time. — Kind gentlemen,
Y^e are come most seasonably to be the witnesses
Of my consent ; I have examin'd both
Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kinswoman :
No sooner shall the church pronounce you married,
But challenge what is hers.

Hazard.

Two thousand pound.

Wilding.

I do confess it is her portion.
You sha'not stay to talk ; nay, gentlemen,
Pray see the business finish'd.

Acreless, Littlestock, Sellarway.

We attend you.

*[Exeunt Hazard, Penelope, Acreless,
Littlestock, Sellarway.]*

Wilding.

So, so ; this will confirm him in the opinion,
Penelope was the creature he enjoy'd,
And keep off all suspicion of my wife ;
Who is still honest, in the imagination
That only I embrac'd her : all's secure,
And my brow's smooth again, Who can deride me,
But I myself ? Ha, that's too much, I know it ;
And, spight of these tricks, am a Cornelius.

Cannot

Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant ?
 Why then I ha' done nothing : yes, advanc'd
 The man, that grafted shame upon my forehead :
 Vexation ! parted with two thousand pound,
 And am no less a cuckold than before :
 Was I predestin'd to this shame and mockery ?
 Where were my brains ? yet why am I impatient ?
 Unless betray'd, he cannot reach the knowledge ;
 And then no matter — yes, I am curst again ;
 My torment multiplies ; how can he think
 He play'd the wanton with Penelope,
 When he finds her a maid ? that ruins all :
 I wou'd she had been strumpeted ; he knows
 My wife's virginity too well. I am lost,
 And must be desperate—kill him ? no, my wife.
 Not so good — death is over black and horrid ;
 And I am grown ridiculous to myself.
 I must do something.

Enter Sir Richard Hurry.

Hurry.

Master Wilding, welcome ;
 Y' have been a great stranger.

Wilding.

Do you know me ?

Hurry.

Know you !

Wilding.

They say, I am much alter'd o' late.

Hurry.

There is some alteration in your forehead.

Wilding.

My forehead ?

Hurry.

'Tis not smooth enough, you're troubled ;
 Your wife's within.

Wilding.

She loves your daughter, sir.

Hurry.

When saw you master Beaumont ?

H 3

Wilding.

Wilding.

Not to-day.

Hurry.

I have sent for him ; pray stay and witness
His farther examination. I propounded
A way to do him good, but he is obstinate.

Wilding.

Would I could change condition with him !
He is not troubled now with being a cuckold !
You shall command.

[*Afide,*

Enter Mistress Wilding and a servant.

Hurry.

Your husband, lady.

Wilding.

Wife, you are a whore !
You shall know more hereafter ;
I must go live i' th' forest.

Mrs. Wilding.

And I i' th' common.

Wilding.

She'll turn prostitute.

Hurry.

Attend him hither. Master Beaumont's come,
Nay, you shall favour me so much, here's the gentleman

Enter Master Beaumont with officers.

Already.

Beaumont.

Sir, your pleasure ? By your command I am brought hi-
ther ;

I hope you have no more to charge me with
Than freely I have confest,

Hurry.

Yes,

Beaumont.

I must answer,
You can have but my life to satisfy ;
Pray speak my accusation.

Hurry.

Besides the offence known and examin'd,

You

You are guilty
Of that which all good natures do abhor.

Beaumont.

You have a privilege ; but do not make me,
Good sir, to appear monstrous : who are my
Accusers ?

Hurry.

I am one.

Beaumont.

And my judge too ?
I have small hope to plead then : but proceed,
And name my trespass.

Hurry.

That which includes all
That man should hate, ingratitude.

Beaumont.

You have
Preferr'd a large indictment, and are the first
That ever charg'd me with't : it is a stain
My soul held most at distance. But descend
To some particular : this offence doth rise
Or fall in the degree or reference
To persons sin'd against : to whom have I
Been so ingrateful ?

Hurry.

Ingrate, as high as murder.

Beaumont.

To whom ?

Hurry.

Thyself ; to whom that life thou ought'st to cherish,
Thou hast undone.

Beaumont.

I am not so uncharitable,
Howe'er you please to urge it : but I know
Why you conclude so. Let me, sir, be honest
To Heaven and my own heart ; and then, if life
Will follow, it shall be welcome.

Hurry.

Still perverse ?
Stand forth, my Leonora — look upon her.

H 4

Beaumont.

Beaumont.

I see a comely frame, which cannot be
Without as fair a mind.

Hurry.

With her I make,
Once more, a tender of my wealth and thy
Enlargement.

Wilding.

How can you discharge him, sir?

Hurry.

Take you no care for that ; it shall be secur'd,
If he accept : 'tis the last time of asking ;
Answer to purpose now.

Beaumont.

There shall need none,
Sir, to forbid this marriage but myself :
My resolution, but warm before,
Is now a flame. I honour this fair virgin,
And am too poor to thank your love ; but must not
Buy life with so much shame : I am Violante's,
My last breath shall confirm it.

Wilding.

Beaumont, think on't
A little better ; be not mad : if this be possible,
Embrace her instantly.

Beaumont.

She does not look
With any countenance of love upon me.
See, she does weep,

Wilding.

She'll love thee afterwards ;
An' she do not, she can but cuckold thee :
There be more i' th' parish, man.

Hurry.

Since you are so peremptory,
So peremptory : here receive your sentence ;
Live, and love happily.

Violante.

My dearest Beaumont !

Wilding.

Wilding.

To what purpose is this ? he must be hang'd
For Delamore.

Hurry.

Here's one can clear the danger.

Wilding.

The surgeon ! Did not you say he was dead ?

Surgeon.

I did, to serve his ends, which you see noble :
Delamore is past danger, but wants strength
To come abroad.

Leonora.

You give me another life.

Hurry.

I see Heaven has decreed him for thy husband,
And shalt have my consent too.

Leonora.

Now you bless me !

Hurry.

I wish'd to call thee son ; pardon my trial.
Joy ever in your bosoms !

Beaumont.

I feel a blessing
That only can be thought : silence, my tongue,
And let our hearts discourse.

*Enter Hazard, Penelope, Acreless, Littlestock,
and Sellaway.*

Hazard.

Your leave, gentlefolks : who wishes joy,
And a bundle of boys the first night ?

Hurry.

Married ?

Penelope.

Fast as the priest could tie us.

Acreless, Sellaway, Littlestock.

We are witnesses.

Hazard.

Cousin, two thousand pound ! and, lady, now
I must thank you for this, among the rest.
'Tis time to clear all.

Wilding.

Wilding.

I'll be divorc'd now :
Wife, y' are a whore.

Hazard.

Ho, there, no bug-words. Come,
We must tell something in your ear : be merry ;
You are no cuckold, make no noise. I know
That's it offends your stomach.

Wilding.

Ha !

Hazard.

I touch'd nor her, nor this, with one rude action :
We'll talk the circumstance when you come home :
Your wife expected you, but when I came
She had prepar'd light, and her cousin here,
To have made you blush, and chide you into honesty ;
Seeing their chaste simplicity, I was won
To silence, which brought on my better fortune.

Wilding.

Can this be real ?

Mrs. Wilding.

By my hopes of peace
I' the other world, you have no injury :
My plot was only to betray you to
Love and repentance.

Penelope.

Be not troubled, sir ;
I am a witness of my cousin's truth ;
And hope you'll make all prosper, in renewing
Your faith to her.

Hazard.

Be wife, and no more words :
Thou hast a treasure in thy wife ; make much on her.
For any act of mine, she is as chaste
As when she was new-born. Love, love her, Jack.

Wilding.

I am ashamed : pray give me all forgiveness.
I see my follies — heaven invites me gently
To thy chaste bed. — Be thou again my dearest :
Thy virtue shall instruct me. Joy to all.

Here

Here be more. — Delamore is living,
And Leonora mark'd to enjoy him :
Violante is possess'd of Beaumont too.

Hazard.

These be Love's miracles : a spring-tide flow
In every bosom.

Harry.

This day let me feast you :
Anon we'll visit Delamore.

Leonora.

My soul
Longs to salute him.

Hazard.

Here all follies die ;
May never gamester have worse fate than I.

EDITION.

THE

G A M E S T E R.

As it was presented by Her MAJESTIES Servants,

At the PRIVATE HOUSE in DRURY LANE.

WRITTEN BY

JAMES SHIRLEY.

L O N D O N :

Printed by JOHN NORTON, for ANDREW CROOKE
and WILLIAM COOKE. 1637.

4to.

MICROCOSMUS.

MICROSCOPIUM

THOMAS NABBES, is an author, concerning whom scarce any thing is recorded. Langbaine ranks him as a third-rate poet, and observes, that he is intitled to one degree of merit, at least, that of not availing himself of any preceding writer, in the plots of his plays. This claim to originality is also made by the author himself, in his Prologue to the comedy of *Covent Garden*, in these words :

“ He justifies, that ’tis no borrow’d strain
 “ From the invention of another’s brain ;
 “ Nor did he steal the fancy,” &c.

He appears to have been patronized by Sir John Suckling ; and, it may be presumed, was either born or resided in the county of Worcester, from some poems published by him, concerning circumstances arising in that part of the kingdom.

Wood informs us, that Mr. Nabbes made a continuation of Knolles’s *History of the Turks*, from the year 1628, to 1637 ; collected from the dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, Knight, ambassador at Constantinople, and others : and Coxeter seems to be of opinion, that he was buried in the Temple church, under the organ, on the inner side.

The following is a list of his dramatick works :

1. “ *Microcosmus* : a Morall Maske. Presented with
 “ generall liking, at the Private House in Salisbury-
 “ Court ; and heere set down according to the intention
 “ of the authour.” 4to. 1637.
2. “ *Hannibal and Scipio* : an Historicall Tragedy.
 “ Acted in the yeare 1635, by the Queenes Majesties
 “ servants, at their Private House in Drury Lane.” 4to.
 1637.
3. “ *Covent Garden* : a pleasant Comedie. Acted in
 “ the

“ the yeare 1632, by the Queenes Majesties servants,”
4to. 1638.

4. “ The Springs Glorie : vindicating Love by Temperance, against the Tenent, *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. Moralized in a Maske. With other Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and Epithalamiums of the Author’s.”
4to. 1638.

Amongst these poems, is

5. “ A Presentation, intended for the Prince his Highnesse on his birth-day, the 29 of May, 1638, annually celebrated ”

6. “ Totenham Court : a pleasant Comedy. Acted at the Private House in Salisbury Court.” 4to. 1639.

7. “ The Unfortunate Mother : a Tragedie. Never acted, but set downe according to the intention of the author.” 4to. 1640.

8. “ The Bride : a Comedie. Acted in the yeere 1638, at the Private House in Drury Lane, by their Majesties servants.” 4to. 1649.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NATURE, a fair woman in a white robe, wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, stars, &c.; on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with stars.

JANUS, a man with two faces, signifying Providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes, as he is *deus anni*: on his head a crown. He is Nature's husband.

FIRE, a fierce-countenanc'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleams of fire: his hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.

AIR, a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers-colour'd clouds; his hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant or silvan.

WATER, a woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves: her hair a sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge bound about with waves. Her creature a syren.

EARTH, a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers: her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.

LOVE, a Cupid in a flame-colour'd habit; bow and quiver, a crown of flaming hearts, &c.

PHYSANDER, a perfect grown man, in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white lillies and roses mix'd.
His name *ἐπὶ τοῖς φούραις καὶ τῷ ἄνδρῳ*.

CHOLER, a fencer: his clothes red.

BLOOD, a dancer, in a watchet-colour'd suit*.

PHLEGM, a physician, an old man; his doublet white and black; trunk-hose.

* A watchet-colour'd suit.] i. e. Pale blue.

S.

Barret, in his *Alvarie*, explains it *Scutulatus color*. Pallad. It is mentioned in *Green's Quip* for an upstart Courtier, 1592.

"His camerard, that bare him company, was a jollie light tim-ber'd Jacke a Napes, in a sute of watchet taffata."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

"A watchet sattin doublet all so torne."

MELANCHOLY, a musician ; his complexion, hair, and clothes, black ; a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.

BELLANIMA, a lovely woman, in a long white robe ; on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soul.

BONUS GENIUS, an angel, in a like white robe ; wings and wreath white.

MALUS GENIUS, a devil, in a black robe ; hair, wreath, and wings, black.

The five Senses. SEEING, a chambermaid ; HEARING, the usher of the hall ; SMELLING, a huntsman or gardener ; TASTING, a cook ; TOUCHING, a gentleman-usher.

SENSUALITY, a wanton woman, richly habited, but lasciviously dress'd, &c.

TEMPERANCE, a lovely woman, of a modest countenance : her garments plain, but decent, &c.

A PHILOSOPHER,
AN EREMIT, } all properly habited.
A PLOUGHMAN,
A SHEPHERD,

Three Furies, as they are commonly fancied.

FEAR, the crier of the court, with a tipstaff.

CONSCIENCE, the judge of the court.

HOPE and DESPAIR, an advocate and a lawyer.

The other Three Virtues, as they are frequently express'd by painters.

The Heroes, in bright antique habits, &c.

The Front of a workmanship, proper to the fancy of the rest, adorn'd with brass figures of angels and devils, with several inscriptions : the title in an escutcheon, supported by an angel and a devil. Within the arch a continuing perspective of ruins, which is drawn still before the other scenes, whilst they are varied.

THE INSCRIPTIONS.

*Hinc gloria.
Appetitus boni.*

*Hinc pœna.
Appetitus mali.*

MICROCOSMUS.

M I C R O C O S M U S.

A C T I.

*After a confused noise, and musick out of tune, Nature enters
as amaz'd at it.*

Nature.

WHAT horror wakes me ! and disturbs the peace
I fate inthron'd in ? shall dissention ruin
Eternal acts ? Hath the great Deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference ?
Cease mutiny, or be your own destructions.
Accurs'd confusion, that neglects the form
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve ye :
That in distinguish'd order ye might shew
The glory of my work ; each in his sphere
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are useless. Their deaf wills
Persist to act their own and my sad ills,

Enter Janus.

Janus.

Where's my delight ! whence is this sad dejection ?
How amaz'd Nature stands ! Have our embraces
Brought forth a race of elemental forms
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now
Neglect their teeming ? I would be a grandfather,
And see my issue multiply.

I 2

Nature.

Nature.

O husband !

Our union hath been vain ; our offspring proves
A rebel to our peace, and Nature's laws.
Light Fire descends to Earth, beneath whose weight
He groans to be deliver'd, till with struggling
He lifts Earth up ; in whose repression, Air
Contracts his forces to extinguish Fire.
Again, Fire from this mutinous assault
Doubles his strength ; when strait ambitious Water,
Climbing his seat, consumes herself in flames.
Thus Fire, Air, Water, Earth, each would be all,
And are made neither ; but a confus'd mass,
And indigested chaos.

Janus.

Am I Janus,
(The figure of Eternal Providence)
And shall this disobedience 'scape the stroke
Of my severest correction ? Fire, I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramids skip upward.
I'll chain Earth to her centre. Air had best
Confine himself to his three regions,
Or else I'll disinherit him. If Water
Exceed her bounds —

*To them the four elements, with their several ενδωτοι οργανοι,
(which Paracelsus calleth homines spirituales) playing on
antique instruments out of tune.*

Nature.

See ; the dissentious come,
Maz'd in the errors of their own confusion :
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. Now my griefs
Press down the organs of my utterance,
And choak words in their passage ! Speak, good Janus.

Janus.

Ye disobedient children of that love
That join'd us to produce ye —

Fire.

Stop, good father,

Our wills are deaf to counsel.

Air.

Or to threats.

Set both your brows with wrinkles, and put on
Th' austereſt anger, we'll be aw'd by none
But our own wills.

Water.

I'll quench my brother's flames,
Or burn myſelf into him. My cold moiſture
Shall not be ty'd t' embrace as cold a ſiſter,
And not aſcend above them.

Earth.

I'll be active
As Air or Fire; eſe with my ponderous weight
I'll preſs their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inverſion bury them within me,
Till earthquakes ſhatter all, and final ruin
Dilate their paſſage.

Fire.

Are we not one birth?
Why then ſhould there be a precedency,
And not an equal power of all firſt qualities?
Be not you partial parents, we'll obey
The government of Nature.

Air.

Otherwiſe
With our own ſtrength we'll proſecute this war
Till ruin ſtops it.

Janus.

Stubborn boys, I'll yoke ye
In ſuch a bondage. —

Nature.

Gentle huſband, try
Perſuaſion's ſtrength: perhaps 'twill better work
Upon the temper of their fiercer Nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile ye:
That in your peace I may preſerve the order
Of my intended work. Should Fire forſake
His lofty manſion, and infect his flames
With groſſer weight, it would benumb his aſtiveness,

And make his motion dull. Were my pure Air
 Pent in his sister's entrails, her foul veins
 Would soon infect him. What creation meant
 In your diversities, your rash ambitions
 Must not pervert. Since Providence hath made ye
 The means for many ends, dispute not them,
 Nor your own thought-defects : each is supply'd
 With a perfection, and an equal worth
 Distinguish'd in proportion ; but the excellence
 Of your own attributes cannot appear,
 Whilst you disturb the distribution
 Of them to other forms, which, from your mixtures
 Must enter different bodies of the first,
 Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
 Vapours and exhalations, meteors, vegetables,
 And minerals, animals, and lastly, man,
 Call'd so from concord, for he doth contain
 A harmony of parts, and in them figure
 His end of being. Let not then your wills
 Persist in this rebellious mutiny,
 And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
 And leave the reason of such acts to me.

Fire.

Vain oratory. Think you us so easy
 To be o'ercome by words ? swell high, my rage,
 And with licentious fury break the ties
 Of these too weak commands:

Air.

Let's on to fight,
 Whilst the yet discord of the untun'd spheres
 Adds courage, and delights our warlike ears.

*[The four elements and their creatures dance a confused dance to
 their own antique music : in which they seem to fight with
 one another ; and so go forth confusedly.]*

Nature.

What shall we do ? The universal fabrick
 Will be everted, if this war continue :
 Let's sue to Love ; his power may be prevailing.

*Enter Love.**Love.*

See, Love appears at thy request,
 Thou cause of motion and of rest.
 Thou greater Power's great substitute,
 Whose will and acts none must dispute.
 Thou that form'st the best of things
 From thought-impossibles, and brings
 Contrary matters to produce
 Another difference, than the use
 Of a mere quality in one,
 Can work unto perfection.
 Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
 To propagate a lasting stock;
 And multiply, that th' issue might
 Be little less than infinite.
 Thou mother of all that is found
 Within this universal round,
 What is thy will with Love?

Nature.

Oh, gentle Power,
 Thou that art Nature's soul, and the beginning
 Of every human thing; that giv'st them laws,
 And to thyself art law. Figure of peace;
 That to thy godhead's attribute annex'd
 The quiet order of the world's vast frame,
 To have its form and being from thy rule;
 Which must be now imperious, or its ruin
 Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
 Have rais'd rebellion, and disjointed quite
 The order of their fabrick. The pure heavens,
 Whose motion should be harmony, roll cross,
 And bend their axletree, till both the poles
 Do kiss each other's ends. Then rectify,
 Great Love, this dire confusion.

Love.

Strait I'll do it:
 Can Love deny if Nature woo it?
 The heavens first in tune I'll set;
 And from their musick soon beget

I ♯

A charm,

A charm, of power to make light Fire
 Skip to his sphere, and Earth retire .
 To her parch'd den. The subtle Air
 I'll calm from mists, and make it fair ;
 And Water, with her curl'd waves, sweep
 The bounded channels of the deep,
 That order may succeed, and things
 Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
 Move right, ye spheres, in concord sound,
 And with your music fill this round.

*Whilst the following song is singing, the first scene appears,
 being a sphere in which the four elements are figured, and
 about it they sit embracing one another.*

The S O N G.

*Hence confusion and dissention,
 Be no more new forms prevention,
 Crossing still
 A mother's will,
 And Nature's great intention.
 Concord is the soul of being ;
 Nothing's better than agreeing.*

C H O R U S.

*Then let embraces crown this time's beginning.
 Love's power is winning.
 And when he throws the darts that arm his hands,
 Who can resist his great commands ?*

Nature.

Nature must pay Love thanks for this great work
 Of reconciliation. May the peace
 Be lasting as yourselves, and no ambition
 Move a new war ; but from your loving mixtures
 New generation follow.

Love.

Spheres, again

Your

Your brazen trebles higher strain ;
And lusty moving sounds advance,
To make us active whilst we dance.

The DANCE.

*Now to the other work : our art
Shall make all perfect ere we part.*

[They return into the scene, and it closeth,

A C T II.

Phylander led in by Janus.

Janus.

COME forth, thou son of Earth, and view the day,
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.

Phylander.

What am I ? my imperfect sense is yet
Unapprehensive¹, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know myself.

Janus.

Look up, thou master-piece
Of nature's workmanship, thou little world ;
Thou that excell'st in form, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finish'd : that, when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Look downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the stars, and contemplate their beings,
Celestial causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue ; thou that hast speech
To be thy thought's interpreter, expect

¹ *Unapprehensive*] i. e. dull, not perceptive.

S.
A farther

A farther act of love to crown thy life,
By joining thee to an immortal wife. [Exit.

Physander.

Receive my thanks, great Power. I yet am 'maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, till their multitude
Choaks up the passage. Oh, ye Powers, that made me
To be a king, and to have sovereignty
Annex'd unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darkness!

Enter the four complexions.

Physander.

Ha! what are these?

Choler.

You may go look. Yet, if you ask me mildly, perhaps
I'll answer you.

Blood.

We are sent to be your servants.

Physander.

By whom?

Blood.

Our parents, the four elements.

Physander.

Your names?

Choler.

My name is Choler. I was begot by Fire on Nature's
cook-maid, in the time of a festival. I was dry-nurs'd by
a lean butter-wife, and bred up in Mars's fencing-school;
where I learn'd a mystery that consists in lying, distance
and direction; pace, space and place; time, motion and
action; progression, reversion and traversion; blows,
thrusts, falses, doubles, slips and wards; closings, gripes
and wrestlings; fights guardant, open, variable and close.
Then have we our stocata's, imbrocata's, mandrita's,
puinta's, and puinta's reversa's; our stramisons, passata's,
carricada's, amazza's and incartata's.

Physander.

And what's all this?

Choler.

Cobler.

Terms in our dialect to puzzle desperate ignorance.

Physander.

What's yours?

Blood.

My name is Blood. Air was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madam that kept a vaulting-school ⁽¹⁾ at the sign of Virgo. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hold, and fell down into my father's regions; where, had not he, kind man, stopt her about the middle, she had brake her neck against a rock of ice, that hung beneath her; and Blood had not been as he is, a dancer, sir.

Physander.

What art skill'd in?

Blood.

Garbs and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a lord; a back-fall for a lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But *pardonne moi, monsieur*, it do strain *a de back too much*. Here's a traverse for a nimble lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobbler, well underlay'd with pieces, to the government of a province, till over-much ambitious cutting wears him to his last. A turn above ground for a mercurial pick-pocket, and an easy passage to destruction for him that danceth after infected wantonness. *Cum multis aliis.*

Physander.

And what's your name?

Phlegm.

Phlegm mine, sir. Water was my mother, and she made me a physician. I was nurs'd by Apollo's herb-wife, that dwells at the sign of the Crab; and she taught me to go backwards.

Physander.

And what can you do?

Phlegm.

Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aurum palpabile* out of them: kill any one *cum privilegio artis*. I am Venus' midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveal but to my apothecary when we meet at

(1) *A vaulting-school.*] A cant term for a bawdy-house.

Libra, to share and settle our correspondence. Your physician will serve you at your death, sir.

Physander.

Now, your name?

Melancholy.

I am called Melancholy. I was begotten on the Earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness; who, breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would feign be in love; but having no other mistress, I am enforc'd to love mine own humour.

Physander.

All these are humours, and must be my servants. What a vast bounty have the Heavens given me! But I must labour to preserve them regular, And not exceeding their proportions

[*Blood skipping about, justles Choler.*

Of substance or of quality; for then They will be masters. Disagreeing!

Choler.

He hath stirr'd me, sir, and I will be angry.

Blood.

Then Phlegm must cool you.

Choler.

Phlegm's a fool.

Melancholy.

Or a physician?

Phlegm.

Choler, you must be taken down.

Choler.

I'll soon be up again. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odd number.

Physander.

Come, this agrees not with a servant's duty. You must subscribe to order. Phlegm shall be

^a *Choler. Phlegm's a fool.*

Melan. Or a physician.] Alluding to the proverb, that a man of forty is either a fool or a physician. See Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens's notes on Merry Wives of Windsor, A. 3. S. 4.

My

My substitute, to moderate these farrings.
 And if hereafter any one transgress
 But in the least dissention, that disturbs
 The quiet of my state, he shall correct it;
 Nor spare himself. For in a government
 Th' offence is greatest in the instrument
 That hath the power to punish; and in laws,
 The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.
 What admiration works upon my sense!
 I hear and see such objects, as would make
 Creation doubtful whether she were perfect
 Without these parts. Into what strange delights
 I'm hurried on the sudden! ha!

*[The second scene is here discover'd, being a perspective
 of clouds, the inmost glorious, where Bellanima sits
 betwixt Love and Nature; behind her the Bonus
 and Malus Genius.]*

Nature.

Look hither,
 Thou comfort of my love, that gave thee being
 To figure greater power. See, Love hath brought
 Thy wish; a spouse of's own immortal race,
 Clad in the glory of her innocence.
 Do not defile her; yet she's virgin white,
 And join'd unto thee, that thou may'st enjoy
 Knowledge and virtue, not thy sensual pleasures;
 For being link'd unto thee, she is made
 As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
 As thou of mortal griefs. Let her direct
 Thy powers of appetite: she'll shew thee heaven,
 And the reward of good; and, if thou miss
 The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
 To share thy ruin, and pervert the ends
 Of her eternity; which, if thou tread
 By her directions, she communicates,
 And makes thee like herself. She must be chang'd
 According to thy disposition.
 Then let my counsel be so deep impress'd,
 The prosecution of 't may make thee bless'd.

[White]

[*Whilst the following song is singing, they descend from the scene, and present Bellanima to Physander.*]

Love.

Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings³
Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernal Fire;
Whose heat shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dregs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense-deluded appetite,
To seek out other wantons led,
So Heaven at length shall crown thy head.

THE SONG.

*Descend, thou fairest of all creatures,
Grac'd with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine;
For thou art,
In every part,
Little less than divine.*

³ *Mount thy thoughts upon the wings, &c.*] In Milton's *Il Penseroso*, l. 51, are the following lines:

"But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
"Him that yon soars on golden wing,
"Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
"The cherub *Contemplation*."

Upon which Bishop Newton observes, "I cannot find out from whence Milton copied this description. It seems to be the imagery of some fanciful Italian, either allegorical poet or painter. Spenser has likewise given a description of *Contemplation*; but he describes him under the figure of a venerable old man; and I cannot but agree with Mr. Thyer, that there is more propriety in this, than in the gayer personage of Milton; which is more like a Cupid than any thing else."—The exact time when Milton produced his admirable poem, is not known. It was not published until the year 1645; but it is generally considered as one of those, which his retirement to Horton in Buckinghamshire, between the years 1632 and 1637, gave birth to. Nabbes's Masque was published in the last-mentioned year; and, as Milton's Poem did not appear until eight years afterwards, it may reasonably be conjectured, that he was indebted to his own countryman for the description, rather than, as Dr. Newton imagines, to some Italian poet or painter.

Take

*Take thy bride, and enjoy her ;
 But not with foul desires annoy her :
 For she is white,
 And hath no true delight
 But what is given
 From the desire of heaven.*

CHORUS.

*Now join, and each to other happy prove,
 That neither may
 Be led astray
 To seek a stranger love.*

[*Love and Nature return to the scene, and it closeth.*]

Phylander.

After my sacrifice of vows and thanks,
 Let me embrace with reverence. Oh, my life,
 And better soul ! joy hath possession taken
 Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
 To these delights.

Bellanima.

Do not abuse them then ;
 For my pure substance will admit no mixture
 With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
 Be so defil'd. Together with myself
 I must bestow on thee two different servants :
 The one is like myself, all innocence ;
 The other's clad in an infernal robe
 Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
 To loose desires, from her black invention,
 Forging aspersions on me, to divert
 Thy love ; which I so prize, my bliss or ruin
 Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
 Those accusations, deaf thy understanding
 To her suggestions, and inform thy reason
 Only from t'other, who best knows my passions,
 Powers, and habits. Thou wast made for me,
 To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Phylander.

And when I do forsake thee, or infect

My

My looser thoughts with any other object
 Than thy wish'd good, may I be made th' example
 Of imbecillity, the spoil of time,
 Mockery of fortune, image of inconstancy,
 The scale of envy and calamity;
 And this fair structure (now by these upheld)
 Be buried in its own and their sad ruins.

Choler.

I am angry at it. We shall have moral now instead of martial discipline. Challenges will be proclaim'd cowardise; and every white-liver'd, silk-skinn'd lady courtier, will answer a man's anger with, "if it were not for the law and conscience." If no body will provoke me, I'll quarrel with myself.

Pblegm.

Take heed, Choler, of a halter⁴.

Choler.

Phlegm, thou art a mountebank, and I will make thee quake.

Melancholy.

Not so hot, good Choler. I am partaking, and as discontented at this match as envy can make me. I could hatch a conspiracy to fever them, should cause posterity attribute all Matchiavillianism to Melancholy.

Blood.

Blood's prevented; and the expectation of so many children, begot on several mothers, that should doat on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of my back, is utterly frustrate. No lady of liberty must admire this passage, or that skipping, till her veins swell with my addition. I must no more run here and there to tickle her sense, and fright the green-sickness from her complexion.

Melancholy.

Shall it be a plot?

Choler.

Let's kill them presently.

⁴ Take heed, Choler, of a halter.] This is a play on the word Collar. See note on First Part of Henry 4th, A. 2. S. 4.

Pblegm.

But the means?

Phlegm.

Blood.

Why, is not Phlegm a physician?

Phylander.

Come, my kind servants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilst the spheres agree
To guide your measures with their harmony.

[*A dance, wherein the complexions express themselves in their differences; the two Genii always opposite in the figure, and the Malus Genius stealing many times to Phylander, whispers in his ear.*]

I am disturb'd within; a new desire
Whets appetite of pleasure in some change,
Such as may touch the sense without a scruple
Of wedlock's breach. Hence with these laws of con-
science,
That would set limits to what's infinite.
Two kisses more will cloy me; nought can relish
But variation.

Malus Genius.

Hearken then to me:
Leave this strict bride, that curbs licentious will,
And reins it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed
On several objects, else 'twill glut itself
Into a loathing.

Phylander.

I applaud thy counsel,
And am prepar'd to act it.

Bellanima.

Ha! Phylander!
So suddenly forgetful of thy vows,
Before full consummation of those rites
Crown bridegrooms happy?

Bonus Genius.

Be not thus misled
By her malicious envy. She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin; whose broad entrance,
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point

Of all the ills attend our misery
 Contracted into one. Though virtue's way
 Be hard, and strait to enter, yet the end
 Reacheth to heaven, where her fair hand bestows
 Wreaths of bright stars to crown deserving brows.

Phylander.

Whisper that still ; each accent's musical.
 The mere conceit of it makes me immortal.
 Hence ; thy converse is hateful. I'll not tie
 Desire to such embraces. I'll enjoy
 A mistress free and sportive, that can vary
 All shapes of dalliance, and present delight
 Each minute in a several fashion.
 Guide me, I'll follow.

Complexions.

And we will attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bellanima.

Wretched Bellanima, that in the instant
 Of thy expected comfort, should'st be thrown
 Below all misery ! O that lustful sense
 Should cause divorce betwixt us ! I am lost
 Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
 Must be partaking of his hated ills :
 Such is the fate of wedlock. His content
 In false delights, must be my punishment.

[*Exit with Bonus Genius.*]

A C T III.

Phylander richly habited, Malus Genius, the four complexions.

Phylander.

I'M bravely fitted : these are fitting ornaments.
 Come, my best prompter, with endeavour's wings
 Let's cut the air, and strain our motion,
 'Till we attain this bower of Sensuality.
 And let the repetition of her praise

Sweeten

Sweeten my painful longings. My desire
Feels many throes of travail, 'till deliver'd
Of its sweet issue.

Malus Genius.

You must suffer for't.
Pleasures whose means are easy, in the end
Do lose themselves. Things only are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some pains,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare yourself
To court it bravely. She's high-spirited,
And will not stoop to every common bait
That catcheth easy wantonness.

Physander.

What's the best ?

Choler.

A rough soldier's phrase ; a strong back, and a brawny
limb ; bait her with these, she'll bite home. If she be
coy, kick her in the breech, and cry farewell. After a
few dissembling tears, she'll yield with the greater appe-
tite. If she refus'd me, I'd kill her.

Blood.

Could you but dance, sir, and shew yourself active be-
fore her, it were impossible for her to hold out till the dis-
covery of one knave 'mongst many officers. Dancing is
the most taking. If a man rise well, his mistress cannot
chuse but fall.

Phlegm.

Court her with solid language, and such discourse as
may relish of aged experience. Express your thoughts
such, and your actions such, as she may conceive judg-
ment to be entail'd upon you. If she be virtuous, that
wins upon her soul ; and let your physician alone with her
body. If she be wanton, Phlegm can administer provoca-
tives.

Melancholy.

Might I advise you, sir, a passionate courtship were more
powerful. Let a sigh be the period of every amorous sen-
tence. Sing her some pathetic madrigal, full of cromatic

K 2

flats :

flats: 'twill sharpen her. I would have all lovers begin and end their prick-song⁵ with *lachrymæ*⁶, till they have wept themselves as dry as I am.

Phylander.

The air, methinks, begins upon a sudden
To be perfum'd, as if Arabian winds
Scatter'd their spices loosely on the face
Of some rich earth, fruitful with aromates.
Music breathes forth the soul of harmony.
How eagerly my senses catch these objects!

[*Music.*

Enter the five Senses.

But what are these?

Malus Genius.

Servants to Sensuality,
That wait her will, and with a diligence
Becoming duty do prepare her pleasures.
They're sent to entertain you.

Phylander.

What their names
And offices?

Seeing.

Seeing, mine, sir. I am my lady's chambermaid, and the daughter of a glass-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack'd. I have been often cemented together, but could never hold above a month. Through me,

⁵ *Prick-song.*] The difference between prick-song and plain-song, terms frequently used by contemporary writers, was, that the former was so called, in regard that the harmony was written or pricked down; whereas in the other, it rested in the will of the singer, and was really no more than a species of extempore musick. See Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. 2. p. 243.

⁶ *Lachrymæ.*] So in *Massinger's Picture*, A. 5. S. last.

" ——— Is your Theorbo

" Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voice,

" With which you chanted room for a lusty gallant,

" Turn'd to the note of *lacrymæ*?"

The Maid of Honour, A. 1. S. 1.

" Or with the hilts, thunder about your ears

" Such musick, as will make your worships dance

" To the doleful tune of *Lacrymæ*."

sir, you may see my lady's secrets; and mine own are at your service, when you shall command their revelation.

Hearing.

My name's Hearing. I am usher of the hall, and the trumpet that proclaims dinner ready, with gentlemen, and yeomen. When my lady removes to her city-privacy (for she keeps open house in the country) I am the foreman at her gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggars. If you love noise, sir, my wife and myself are at your service.

Physander.

Pray, sir, your name?

Smelling.

Mine is Smelling. I am my lady's huntsman, and keep some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse the freeness of her necessity's eruptions⁷. I play the gardener likewise, and attend her always when she goes to pluck a rose. My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfum'd her⁸, and she is now grown less common,

⁷ Some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse, &c.] So in the old black letter *Book of Huntynge*, &c. "Smal ladi popies that bare awai the fleas and divers smal fautes." S.

⁸ My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfum'd her.] In the year 1596, Sir John Harrington published a tract, intitled, "A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of AJAX. Written by MISACMOS, to his Friend and Cousin, Philo-stilpnos. London: printed by Richard Field." 8vo. This work, which the title-page points out the subject of, is executed with a considerable degree of humour, and is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers; as in *Shakspeare's Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5. S. 2. and the several writers quoted by Mr. Steevens, in his note on that passage. It is remarkable, that for writing this pamphlet, Sir John fell into disgrace with Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Robert Markham writing to him, two years after, in 1598; says, "Since your departure from hence, you have been spoke of, and withe no ill will, both by the nobles and the Queene herself. Your booke is almoste forgiven, and I may say forgotten; but not for its lacke of wit or satyr. Those whome you feared moste, are now bosoming themselves in the Queene's grace; and, tho' her Highnesse signified displeasure in outwarde sorte, yet she did like the marrow of your booke.—Your great enemye, Sir James, did once mention the Star Chamber; but your good esteem in better mindes, outdid his endeavors, and all is silent againe. The Queene is minded

common, than when her imperfections lay open. When you will use me, sir, you shall always have me under your nose.

Phylander.

And what's your's?

Tasting.

Tasting, mine, sir. I am my lady's cook, and king of the kitchen; where I rule the roast, command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My subjects being all soldiers, are daily encounter'd by most fierce stomachs, and never return but maim'd and dismember'd. Brawn, beef, and pork, are always muster'd in the van, and bring up veal, mutton, minc'd-pye, goose, turkey, duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly custards, born in the city, but bred up at court, that quake for fear; yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome, even by the women, with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of rabbits, pheasant, kid, partridge, quail, lark, plover, teal, tarts, &c. with a French troop of pulpatoons⁹, mackaroons, kickshaws, grand and excellent. The battle ended, I survey the field; and those whom I find untouched, I place in garrison in my larder; the rest endure a new and fierce assault by the valiant serving-men. I then repair my broken army, see their overthrow at supper, drink myself drunk, go to bed, and my that day's fury's over. I'll be your servant, sir, in spite of your teeth.

Phylander.

Now yours?

Touching.

Touching, mine. I am my lady's gentleman-usher, and kill spiders for her monkey. I am always her foreman

"to take you to her favour; but she sweareth, that she believes you will
 "make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again, on her and all the court.
 "She hath been heard to say, That merry poet, her godson, must not
 "come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies
 "sportes and frolicks. She did conceive much disquiet, on being tolde
 "you had armed a shafte at Leicester. I wishe you knew the author of
 "that ill deed, I wou'd not be in his best jerkin for a thousand markes."

Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. 2, p. 242.

⁹ *Pulpatoons.*] i. e. *Pulpamenta*, delicates.

S.

in

in publick, and sometimes in private ; which makes way for me to her favour in reversion, if she survive two or three defective husbands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of issue. Mean time a handful of eringoes, and a little tickling, weds me and the waiting-women in her closet with more vows and protestations than a wanting gallant makes when he borrows money. We will conduct my lady to her bower, where she prepares to entertain you. *[Exit.]*

Physander.

Methinks I am transform'd into a happiness
Cannot be figur'd. If, before enjoying,
The expectation can beget such bliss,
What will possession ?

Pblegm.

Shall I question you, sir cook ?

Tasting.

Questionless, a cook can answer a physician.

Pblegm.

What physical observations have you in your sauces,
and condiments ? Shall I instruct you ?

Tasting.

I thank you, sir. My method is to dress pheasant, partridge, and coney for lords, but their ladies many times make the sauce. The waiting-women are fed with wag-tails. I prepare tongues for lawyers ; most commonly woodcocks for aldermen's heirs ; and puddings for costive citizens ; whose wives must have flesh of a court-dressing, or their bellies will never be full. Your projectors feed upon calves brains, and your students upon innocent mutton.

Choler.

I hope, sir, our after-familiarity will be the often taking down of Choler's stomach. We should agree well : we both love fire.

Tasting.

And Choler shall not want his brawn, whilst cookery and winter feasts last. I must in and look to my roast, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully taste. *[Exit.]*

K 4

Physander.

Phylander.

I am inflam'd. My appetite begins
To burn with hot desires; and if protraction
Delay their satisfying, they'll consume
Themselves and me.

Malus Genius.

She comes; these sounds forerun her.

[*During the following song, the third scene is discovered, being a pleasant arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a magnifque building: in the midst thereof Sensuality fits.*]

THE SONG.

Flow, flow delight,
And pleasures swell to height;
Drown every eye with joyful tears,
And fill the ears
With sounds harmonious as the spheres,
Let every sense be ravish'd quite
With a large fulness of delight.

CHORUS.

Join, all ye instruments of pleasure,
And, from th' abundance of your treasure,
Chuse out one t' enrich this bower,
And make thee mistress of this paramour.

Phylander.

Elysium sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream'd of.

Sensuality.

Let mine eyes first gaze
Upon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces: I have yet
Convers'd with earthy shapes, the baser issue
Of that gross element; but here's a form
Mingled with fire, that moves the soul of sense,
And kindles passion in me. What was she
Durst aim to prepossess herself of him
My mouth can only challenge. Welcome, fir.

M I C R O C O S M U S.

133

If my expressions suit not entertainment
Of such a guest, creation must be blam'd,
That gave none other; for whate'er in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stor'd;
And shall be all exhausted to declare
How much I love you.

Phylander.

You enthronè me, lady,
In happiness, above the difference
Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect;
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheek, lip, immortalize me.

Sensuality.

Ope' my treasury,
And let it waste to emptiness. Will't please
Thine eyes? We'll mount a chariot made of diamonds,
Whose light's reflexion shall create a day
In the Cimmerian valleys. From some height
We will survey the earth, and, where weak beams
Cannot extend themselves, we'll have an optic
Shall show us in an instant all the hemisphere.
We'll see the fair Arcadian virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves. We'll count the beasts
Lurk in Hircania's dens; number the pines
That crown Lycæus¹⁰.

Phylander.

You are the only object
Mine eyes would gaze at.

Sensuality.

Would thine ears be blest
With pleasing sounds? The airy choristers
Shall strain their throats by art, and harmony
Call down the spheres to make her consort up.

Phylander.

Your words are only musick.

Sensuality.

For thy smell,
Saba shall be translated where thou goest,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers' skins

¹⁰ Lycæus.] A mountain in Arcadia.

Shall

Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor
Where thy foot treads.

Phylander.

This breath's perfume enough
To create a phoenix.

Sensuality.

Would'st delight thy taste?
Then Samian peacocks, and Ambracian kids;
Hens of Numidia, pheasants, phenicopters,
Tartesian lampreys, eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrine, Eleusinian plaife,
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine,
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yield from their grapes.

Phylander.

This kiss is more than nectar.

Sensuality.

Shalt sleep upon a bed of purest down,
Driven from white necks of Cayster's swans,
And Peneus' sparrows. With Assyrian silks
I'll clothe thy body.

Phylander.

But this touch is softer.
You ravish me with joys beyond expression.

Choler.

Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

Blood.

I am very joyful: this tickles me.

Pblegm.

And makes me young.

Melancholy.

And me merry.

Tasting.

Now, my licentiate murderer, what say you to a dish of
gluttony, will breed the gout in a lord before a beggar
can break his fast with it? Are not we cooks good instru-
ments? who, together with an hospital of sin, cause dis-
eases faster than you can cure them?

Sensuality.

Sensuality.

A livelier music ; come, sweet-heart, we'll dance,

A familiar country dance.

How doth my sweet-heart like it ?

I do not with an œconomic strictness

Observe my servants, and direct their actions :

Pleasure is free.

Enter Bellanima in mourning, Bonus Genius.

But what sad object's this ?

Bellanima.

I come to snatch a husband from thine arms,
Lascivious strumpet ! thou whose looser eyes
Bewitch'd his ill affection, and entic'd
His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense,
From my chaste love. Doth not Physander see
Ruin hid under every bait of pleasure
She lays to catch him ?

Sensuality.

Laugh at her, sweet-heart ;

Thou art secure in these embraces.

Bellanima.

Do not

Afflict me thus. Those false dissembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosom,
That never shall be warm with others' touch.
She's common, and will mix her lustful blood
Even with beasts.

Sensuality.

'Tis but her envy to me.

Bellanima.

Let not her Syren charms bewitch thee thus
Unto a shipwreck. Every smile of hers
Shadows a rock to split thee : in my arms
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clouds did guard thee.
Am I not fair ? shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively ? grow not colours on my cheeks,
Brighter than those that paint her rottenness ?
And will Physander leave me ? Did I not
Forsake th' ethereal palace of my father,
To be thine only ? and a whore to rival me !
Oh misery !

Physander.

Phylander.

Th' art barren of those pleasures
I here enjoy.

Bellanima.

What pleasures? gilded ones,
To mock thy sense; their inside's bitterness.
Return; with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these, as the great day-star
His pale cheek'd sister, or night's lesser beauties.
A thousand wing'd intelligences daily
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Inform thee of the world's new accidents.
Shalt from their scanning, frame by my advice,
Rules of prevention; shalt command all arts,
As hand-maids; shalt converse with Heaven and angels;
And after all, I'll bring thee to Elysium.
Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
Nor makes the mountains barren. There's no dog
To rage and scorch the harvest labourer;
Whilst the lascivious landlord wastes th' increase
In prodigal contrivements, how t' allay
The furious heat with artificial snows,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's always there,
And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air
Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales,
And breathes perfumes, no Persian aromats,
Pontic amomus, or Indian balsam
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebon wings; but day-light's always there,
And one blest season crowns th' eternal year.

Phylander.

I'll hear no more: nor can I be so credulous,
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fix'd.

Bellanima.

And I made miserable.

Sensuality.

Let's in to feast, and revel; and at night
Shalt be possess'd of a more full delight.

[*Exeunt.*

Bellanima,

Bellanima.

Thus doth chaste wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant,
Whisper some powerful counsel in his ear,
That may reclaim him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who till then must mourn.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T IV.

*Tasting ; the four complexions drunk, each having a bottle of
wine in his hand.*

Tasting.

THE other health, my boys.

Phlegm.

No more health, if you love me.

Tasting.

Indeed health agrees not with your profession.

Choler.

But we will have more health, and less health ; or I
will make a close stool-pan of your physician's noddle.

Tasting.

Good brother Choler, be pacified.

Choler.

I will not be pacified. He that denies health, let him
think himself dead ere he pronounce it. Choler's dry.

Melancholy.

So is Melancholy.

Blood.

Blood would be heated better.

Phlegm.

And Phlegm moistened.

Choler.

Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.

Tasting.

Nay, brother Choler, thou art so cross.

Melancholy.

And will she not return ? then may the sun

Stable

Stable his horses ever, and no day
Gild the black air with light ! If in mine eye
She be not plac'd, what object can delight it ?

Tasting.

Excellent amorist. Here's to thee, Melancholy.

Melancholy.

What do I see ? blush, gray-ey'd morn ¹¹, and spread
Thy purple shame upon the mountain tops :
Or pale thyself with envy, since here comes
A brighter Venus than the dull-ey'd star
That lights thee up.

Tasting.

Very fine ! Melancholy hath been some neglected courtier ; he's perfect in the flattery. If he mistake me for the idol of his passion, I'll abuse him.

Melancholy.

Oh let me kiss those pair of red-twin'd cherries,
That do distil nepenthe ¹².

Tasting.

Kiss, and spare not.
Bite not the cherry-stones and eat, I care not.

Melancholy.

Oh turn not from me ; let me smell the gums,
Which thy rich breath creates.

Tasting.

As for my gums, you'll find

¹¹ — *blush, gray-ey'd morn.*]

“ The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

“ Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.”

Romeo and Juliet. A. 2. S. 3.

¹² — *nepenthe.*] Spenser's description of this cordial is as follows :

Fairy Queen, B. 4. C. 3. St. 43.

“ *Nepenthe* is a drinck of soverayne grace ;

“ Devised by the Gods for to assuage

“ Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,

“ Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage :

“ Instead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age

“ It doth establish in the troubled mynd.

“ Few men, but such as sober are and sage,

“ Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assyn'd ;

“ But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.”

See also Milton's *Comus*, L. 672 ; and Homer's *Odyssey*, Pope's Translation, B. 4. L. 302, and his note.

Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blood.

This leg's not right.

Tasting.

I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blood.

Carry your toes wider.

Tasting.

Take heed that I foot not you.

Blood.

Now do your sinque pace ¹³ cleanly.

Tasting.

My sinque pace cleanly! A cook defies it.

Choler.

You lie too open. Guard yourself better, or I shall bang your coat.

Pblegm.

'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostafis ¹⁴ argues a very bad stomach.

Tasting.

Some soldier, perhaps, that wants his pay.

Pblegm.

This sediment betokens a great swelling in the belly.

Tasting.

'Tis some chamber-maid, sick of a midwife's timpany.

Pblegm.

'Twere good she chang'd air. Remove her into the country, and if she fall again into the green-sickness, she knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

Tasting.

'Tis a lover's that : or some miser's, that drank small-beer in the dog-days at his own charges.

Pblegm.

The owner of this hath an imposthume in his head, and 'tis near breaking.

¹³ *Sinque pace,*] or *cinque pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five.

¹⁴ *Hypostafis*] "in medicine, the sediment of the urine, or that thick heavy part of the urine which subsides, and settles at the bottom."

Chambers's Dictionary.

Tasting.

Tasting.

Perhaps 'tis a fencer's, or some shop-keeper's, whose wife sells under-hand by retail.

Phlegm.

Let him compound for his light wife, and he may be cur'd without the charity of an hospital.

Enter Physander sick.

Physander.

How on a sudden my delights are clouded !
As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish
That caus'd it more distasteful than th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses
Relish no objects. Colours do not take
My filmed eyes. Mine ears are deaf to sounds,
Though by a chorus of those lovely maids,
Which Jove begot on fair Mnemosyne,
Sung to Apollo's harp.

Tasting.

Is it thereabouts ? I'll play the state knave, and inform presently.

[*Exit.*]

Physander.

Sickness begins

To make this frame her mansion. Fevers burn it,
And shake the weak foundation : then a cold
Chills it again, as if a thousand winters,
Contracted into one, scatter'd their snow
With northern blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palfies disjoint the fabrick : loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Help me, good servants !

Phlegm.

We cannot help ourselves.

Choler.

Let's kill him, or he'll kill us.

Melancholy.

Phlegm, do thou choak him.

Blood.

I'll empty his veins.

Choler.

Choler.

I'll do it. Blood's not worthy the employment.

Blood.

Worthier than Choler,

Choler.

Thou liest in thy throat.

Blood.

Thou hast inflam'd me.

They fall together by the ears, and Physander weakly endeavouring to part them, is himself hurt, and they fly.

Physander.

Hold, I command you : how dare ye insult
Upon my weakness thus ? Oh, I am wounded.
Perfidious villains ! was this treachery
Your duties act ? What fury prompted ye
To such inhuman violence ? Will no hand
Of art or heaven, supply me with a balm ?
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
Ere they are fully gaz'd at. Why did Nature
Produce me for her darling, and not arm
My passive body with a proof 'gainst thunder ?

Enter Sensuality, the five Senses.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dreamt of heaven, when my waking sense
Possess'd delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure, as if she had been
My captive, and her spoils enrich'd the triumph ;
Help now to save me : or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great pain
My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosom, and I shall forget
That death hath any horror.

Sensuality.

This Physander !

I know him not. The bloody spectacle
Is too offensive : would it were remov'd.

Tasting.

Please you, I'll carry the calf into my slaughter-house.

VOL. IX.

L

But

But I fear he will hardly be dress'd for your ladyship's tooth : he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Physander.

Not know me, lady ! how am I transform'd !
The sand of many minutes hath not fallen
From time's grey glass, since you vouchsaf'd to call me
Lord of yourself and pleasures.

Sensuality.

Let me have

Another sweet-heart : one whose lusty heat
May warm my bosom. Gather all the flowers.
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way.
Translate my bower to Turia's rosy banks ;
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,
Make it continual spring. If the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
Breath'd by Etesian winds. The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Vary the object. Let delights be link'd :
So in a circled chain no end we see,
Pleasure is only my eternity.

[*Exeunt.*

Tasting.

Sick sir, farewell. By that time you are dead
I will have made you a candle.

[*Exit.*

Physander.

I sure have dream'd ; all past was but illusion.
Hold out, ye bloodless organs, until I
Have rail'd upon this strumpet, then I'll die.

Enter the two Genii severally.

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses !
That I could shoot the poison of a basilisk
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the air
With my last breath to kill her !

Malus Genius.

Ha, ha, he.

Physander.

Who's that can laugh at misery ?

Malus

Malus Genius.

'Tis I

That triumph in thy ruin. I contriv'd it,
And caus'd divorce betwixt thee and thy wife :
Whom now I will torment.

[*Exit.*

Phylander.

That wound is deeper
Than all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chaste wife for the loose embraces
Of Sensuality, a painted whore,
Common with beasts. Death, hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconcil'd to my Bellanima;
Then strike, and spare not.

Bonus Genius.

Fix'd in that resolution,
I'll bring her to thee.

[*Exit.*

Phylander.

That's my good Genius.
The horrors of a thousand nights made black
With pitchy tempests, and the moon's defect,
When she's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean wolves, and groans of dying mandrakes¹⁵,
Gather'd for charms; the screech-owl's fatal dirge,
And ghosts disturb'd by furies from their peace,
Are all within me.

Enter Bellanima, Bonus Genius.

Bonus Genius.

Wounded by the hands
Of his distemper'd servants, that are fled.

¹⁵ *Groans of dying mandrakes.*] It was a prevailing opinion formerly, that *mandrakes*, when dug out of the ground, sent forth a terrible sound. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 3.

"And shrieks like *mandrakes* torn out of the earth."

Several instances are also produced by Mr. *Steevens*, in his note on this passage; to which may be added the following:

The Wonderfull Yeare 1603.

"And to keepe such a poore wretch waking, he should heare no
"noise, but of toads croaking, screech-owles howling, *mandrakes* shriek-
"ing: were not this an infernall prison?"

Bellanima.

Look up, Physander ! I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict ; I share thy sufferings.
There's not an anguish, but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would Physander
Cut wedlock's gordian, and, with looser eyes,
Doat on a common wanton ? What is pleasure,
More than a lustful motion in the sense ?
The prosecution full of anxious fears,
The end repentance. Though content he call'd
The soul of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life :
Yet, if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Do but express
A detestation of thy former follies,
We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternal pleasures.

Physander.

Can Bellanima

Forgive the injuries that I have done her ?
She's milder than thou love, or pity's self.
Let me be banish'd ever to converse
With monsters in a desert : 'tis a punishment
Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
On the north-pole, where a continual winter
May bleach me to a statue ; or inhabit
The Acherusian fens, whose noisome air
May choak my nostrils with their poisonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.

Bellanima.

We'll live, Physander, and enjoy each other
In new delights : thou shalt be cur'd by Temperance.
She's the physician that doth moderate
Desire with reason, bridling appetite.

[*Here the fourth scene is suddenly discovered, being a rock, with a spring of water issuing out of it. At the foot thereof a cave ; where Temperance sits, betwixt a philosopher, an hermit, a plowman, and a shepherd. Behind the rock a landscape.*]

Yonder's

Yonder's her cave, whose plain, yet decent roof,
 Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
 No Tyrian purples cover her low couch,
 Nor are the carv'd supporters artists work,
 Bought at the wealth of provinces; she feeds not
 On costly viands, in her gluttony,
 Wasting the spoils of conquest. From a rock,
 That weeps a running crystal, she doth fill
 Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.

Phylander.

She cannot
 Heal my affliction: Mercy's self denies
 A time and means, and only black Despair
 Whispers th' approach of death.

Bonus Genius.

Remove that sin,
 And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
 When that alone may make amends for all.

Phylander.

Might I yet live to practise my resolve
 Of reformation, sooner should the day
 Leave to distinguish night; the sun should choak
 His breathless horses in the western main,
 And rise no more; the gray morn ushering in
 His light approach, than my relapse from thee,
 And goodness cause new miseries. Direct me,
 Ye heavenly ministers, inform my knowledge
 In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
 Whilst yet my sighs suck in th' unwilling air,
 That swells my wasted lungs. Though not in life,
 In death, I'll be Bellanima's.

Bellanima.

Phylander,
 Expire not yet; thy wounds are not so mortal.
 Help me to bear him yonder: gently raise
 His weaken'd body. What can we not endure,
 When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure?

Temperance.

What wretched piece of miserable riot

Is this, that needs the aid of Temperance ?
What caus'd his sickness ?

Bellanima.

Liberty in ills

To please his senses, which have surfeited,
With an excess : and, if your art supply not,
Death will divorce us. Pity then, sweet lady,
And, from your treasure of instructions,
Prescribe a powerful medicine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increase,
Less'ning his weaken'd powers. To a chaste wife,
Preserve, now 'tis reform'd, her husband's life.

Temperance.

Let the earth be his bed ; this rock his pillow ;
His curtains heaven ; the murmur of this water,
Instead of music, charm him into sleep :
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, consecrated juice
Of Pontic nuts, and Idumean palms,
Candy'd with Ebofian sugar ; lampreys guts,
Fetch'd from Carpathian freights, and such like wanton-
ness,

Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is, where 'tis barren,
Enforc'd by industry. Then pour this balsam
Into his wounds, and, whilst his senses rest
Free from their passive working, and endure
Partial privation of their means and objects,
His slumbers shall present what more's requir'd
To make him sound.

Bellanima.

My endless thanks, great Power,
Mother of other virtues. Whilst he sleeps,
My cares shall watch him. Oh thou death-like god,
That chain'st the senses captive, and do'st raise
Dreams out of humours, whose illusive shadows
Oft work on fancy to beget belief
Of prophecies ; let no black horrors mix
Their frightful presence, but with gentle shews,
(Yet such as are instructive) sweetly work

Upon

Upon what wakes within, whilst th' other cease ;
Then sleeps the figure of eternal peace.

[*They dance, every one in a proper garb, shewing their respect to Temperance, whilst Physander sleeps betwixt Bellanima and Bonus Genius, that seem to dress his wounds.*]

Physander.

I feel quick sense return, and every organ
Is active to perform its proper office :
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven
Wrought on me ?

Bellanima.

Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this thy life's restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou may'st preserve it to a length,
And end it happy.

Temperance.

What thy dreams presented,
Put strait in act, and with a constancy
Persevere in't. Rewards will only crown
The end of a well-prosecuted good.
Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labour, wait on temperance. In these
Desire is bounded: they instruct the mind's
And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ills.
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
Can never find a way to enter in.

Physander.

Let me digest my joys : I only now
Begin to live : the former was not perfect.

Bellanima.

We'll shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertain us.

Temperance.

I will meet you there ;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and me,
In the bright robes of immortality.

Physander.

My heart's too narrow to contain the joys

This reconciliation fills it with.
 Chain me again to misery, and make me
 Wretched beyond despair, when next I fall.
 Let this my resolution be enroll'd
 Amongst eternal acts, not to be cancell'd.
 Then man is happy, and his bliss is full
 When he's directed by his better soul.

[Exeunt.

[Temperance, with the rest of hers, being re-
 turn'd into the scene, it closeth.

A C T V.

Malus Genius, as discontented.

Malus Genius.

IT must not be; his glory is my shame.
 Mischief attempted, if it want success,
 Is the contriver's punishment: as darts
 Shot at resisting walls, in their return
 May light on him that did direct them. Malice
 Suggests a new attempt. I'll practise all
 That hell can teach me, but I'll work his fall.

*Enter Sensuality, the five Senses in torn and beggar-
 like habits.*

Who's here?

Sensuality.

Into what misery hath riot
 Brought my decay'd state? Whilst I had the means
 To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
 Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
 A mercenary prostitute; and since,
 By the gradation of a wanton life,
 I'm fall'n to this. Want, and a loathsome sickness,
 Make me reflect; nor can I but accuse myself
 At Conscience' bar; but not with penitence;

That's

That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custom hath confirm'd me in all ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

Malus Genius.

T' accuse Physander, thither will I go;
And if all fail, try what despair can do.

*Enter Physander, Bellanima, in their first habits, with books
in their hands; Bonus Genius, the four complexions.*

He's here.

Physander.

I shall not need your diligence.
Your treachery, altho' forgiv'n, hath made me
Watchful upon ye. I have gotten now
A careful guide to manage my affairs:
Retire: I do embrace thy fellowship,
Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil,
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason:
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities.
Pride in a marble portal gilded o'er;
Assyrian carpets; chairs of ivory;
The luxury of a stupendous house;
Garments perfum'd; gems valu'd not for use
But needless ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lie.

Bellanima.

She's a majestic ruler, and commands
Even with the terror of her awful brow.
As in a throng, sedition being rais'd ¹⁶,

¹⁶ *As in a throng, &c.*] This simile is translated from the first Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, v. 148.

" — veluti magno in populo, quum sæpe coorta est

" Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;

" Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:

" Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem

" Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:

" Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."

S.

Th' ignoble

Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,
 Firebrands and stones fly : fury shews them weapons ;
 Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdom,
 They strait are silent, and erect their ears,
 Whilst he with his sage counsel doth assuage
 Their mind's disorder, and appease their rage.
 So prudence, when rebellious appetites
 Have rais'd temptations, with their batteries
 Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
 And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,
 If their vain forces wisdom deign to break.

Phylander.

Temperance, to thee I owe my after-life ;
 Thou that command'st o'er pleasures, hating some,
 When thou dispens'st with others ; still directing
 All to a sound mean. Under thy low roof
 I'll eat and sleep, whilst grave philosophy
 Instructs my soul in justice. What is she ?

Bellanima.

A habit of the mind, by which just things
 Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures,
 Enjoying law and justice ; but the worst,
 If separated from them. 'Tis establish'd
 By fear of law, and by religion :
 Distributes due to all.

Phylander.

That is, reward
 To virtue, and to vice its punishment.
 The thought of it hath horror in't. I fell
 From height of goodness in forsaking thee,
 And must be punish'd. Why is it delay'd ?
 Inflict it strait ; protraction makes it greater.

Bellanima.

Phylander is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
 On thy past errors, but with sorrow's eyes,
 That may be guides to the prevention
 Of after-ills.

Phylander.

Distract me not with comforts.
 If justice hath no other instrument,

I must and will be just unto myself.
 When I have felt a torment that doth equal
 Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirm me,
 Bellanima is satisfy'd.

Bellanima.

She is,
 And can expect no greater. Think on fortitude.
 Be not dejected by a fear that's grounded
 On such a weak foundation. 'Tis not th' appetite
 Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant;
 But patient bearing of afflictions
 That are necessitated.

Phylander.

Can fortitude
 Be without justice? Justice, without fortitude,
 Is perfect in itself. When I am just,
 Valour is useful.

Malus Genius.

It begins to work;
 I'll prosecute the rest. What he intends
 For good, shall be inverted to my ends.

[Exit.

Phylander.

Dissuade me not, Bellanima; I cannot
 Think the dimensions of thy goodness such,
 That it may be extended to remit
 So great an ill without its satisfaction.
 Then will I challenge thy forgiveness due,
 When I have suffer'd punishment: I dare not
 Owe all unto thy gentleness.

Bellanima.

Resist
 This black temptation; thy ill Genius whisper'd it.

Phylander.

'Tis taught me here; justice instructs me in't.
 Yet, when I feel the lashes of their snakes
 Hell's judges do employ; when vultures gnaw
 My growing liver, and the restless wheel
 Hurries my rack'd limbs, (for these torments are
 Less than my fault deserves) I'll laugh at all,
 And with a scorn provoke the executioners,

Till

Till they are tir'd; and, whilst they take in breath,
 Contrive some yet unheard-of. Fortitude
 Shall teach me to bear all (their end being justice)
 With more delight, than when I did enjoy
 Pleasures with Sensuality.

Bonus Genius.

I'll try him.

Hell's malice sometimes doth pretend that good
 Which Heaven instructs, to make distinguishable
 Their several acts. But, like a ball that bounds
 According to the force with which 'twas thrown:
 So in affliction's violence, he that's wise,
 The more he's cast down will the higher rise. [Exit.

Bellanima.

Presume not yet, Physander; thou art weak;
 Fear, so pusillanimous, is better
 Than daring confidence.

Physander.

I will encounter
 With a whole host of deaths, though each were arm'd
 In all th' artillery that ever conquer'd
 Mortality; meet thunder, if but warn'd
 That it is coming, and be fix'd, unmov'd
 T' embrace the subtle fire, though one step
 Might guard me in a grove of magic bays,
 Wall'd with Hyena's skins. The apprehension
 Of horror shall not fright me, though presented
 In the most hideous shape conceit can paint.

Enter three Furies.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
 Sent to torment me? speak, and satisfy
 My growing fears, which, like an earthquake, when
 Pent air dilates itself with violence,
 Do shake my trembling heart.

1st Fury.

We are the daughters
 Of Night and Acheron; our number three,
 Answering those three effects that bear men ¹⁷ headlong

²³ *Men.*] Former editions read *then*.

Into

Into all wickedness. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosom, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, until it hurry thee
Unto some desperate act, and on thyself
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bellanima.

Now, Physander,
Where is this boasted valour? Fear's express'd
Even in thy silence. Terror of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Than th' ill itself: yet, where true fortitude
Guards the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth boldness. Chance may clear
Many of punishment, but none of fear.
Thou art not well instructed; go with me,
I'll teach thee how to shun them. [*Exeunt.*

2d Fury.

Hath he 'scap'd us?
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? then they must feed
Upon mine own.

Enter Malus Genius.

Malus Genius.

Now, my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successful?

3d Fury.

No, Reason guards him; frustrates our design,
And we must back to be our own tormentors. [*Ex. Furies.*

Malus Genius.

Will nothing prosper? lend me Erinnis' adders,
That from their poison my infected envy
May swell until it break, venting a sea
Of mischief to o'erwhelm him. One birth more
My malice labours with. If that miscarry,
I'll in contempt of Heaven, that guards his bride,
Eat mine own heart, and ne'er be satisfy'd.

Enter Fear.

The judge is entering.

Fear.

Fear.

Make way there for my lord Conscience : he is upon coming, and I was afraid the cushions had not been handsomely laid for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner ! it makes Fear have but a cold stomach. Bless me ! who's this ? one of the devil's she-lawyers ? Her case must needs have a black box.

Malus Genius.

I come t' accuse Physander. Why dost quake so ?

Fear.

You never knew Fear without an ague.

Malus Genius.

Fear often cures it.

Fear.

In the country, where wise physicians practise.

Malus Genius.

Is the court ready to sit ?

Fear.

Instantly. But pray how long have you been a sollicitrix ?

Malus Genius.

Never before.

Fear.

I fear'd as much, when you ask an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

Malus Genius.

What officer art thou ?

Fear.

No worse than the mouth of the court, that receives all in with, O yes.

Enter Conscience, Hope, Despair, Sensuality, the five Senses.

You see the power of that word ;
They are here. Stand by there.

Hope.

Hope must be still an advocate,
Conscience.

'Tis well.

Despair's a subtle pleader, and employ'd
Only by hell.

Despair.

Despair.

Be wing'd, and fetch him hither :
 Let me alone ; I'll have a plea shall shake
 His courage. [Exit Malus Genius.]

Conscience.

Fear, call a court.

Fear.

O yes, O yes, O yes : All wicked mortals, that have
 any business in the court of Conscience, let them come and
 accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall
 be judged by the proverb.

Conscience.

Lift to my charge. Conscience, the judge of actions,
 Is neither power, nor habit, but an act ;
 To wit, an application of that knowledge
 That shews the difference. Its Synteresis,
 Or purer part, is th' instigation
 Of will to good and honest things, and seats
 The mind in a rich throne of endless quiet ;
 When, being clogg'd with guilt of many ills,
 Those leaden weights compress it as it mounts,
 And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd
 Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrodes
 The part it hath infected, and tho' cur'd
 It leaves a fear. So, heal a wounded conscience,
 Repentance stays as the vestigium,
 Or mark impress'd, by which the past disease
 Is found to have been. There's no punishment
 Like that, to bear the witness in one's breast
 Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
 Beats it with silent stripes, guilty of blame,
 But being unstain'd, it laughs at lying fame.

Fear.

Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge : it may
 indoctrinate ye for justices, if there be not too much of
 conscience in it.

Conscience.

Hope is in opposition with Despair ;
 And like a zealous advocate i' th' cause
 Of his afflicted client, labours still

To

To overthrow the fallacies and quirks
 Despair is nimble in ; whilst Fear with trembling
 Expects the trial's issue. By these three,
 Men's acts inform'd of, scann'd and canvass'd be ;
 At length by Conscience censur'd, they are sent
 To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Fear.

Hem. Now enter that woman.

Conscience.

What are you ?

Sensuality.

A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been
 a lady of pleasure, and kept an open house where lords
 took me up at high rates, till my bare commons would no
 longer serve their high feeding.

Fear.

And the geese that graz'd on it would always be over
 roasted.

Sensuality.

I thence fell to inferior customers, and doated most on
 the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voice.
 Night-walking then supplied me, whilst I had any thing
 to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with
 a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the rever-
 sion of an alms-basket : and those which heretofore would
 hire me to sin, do now deny me the benefit of a spittle. I
 have not strength to climb and hang myself ; and having
 been so light all my life-time, 'tis impossible I should be
 drown'd.

Hope.

Hope yet, with grief, and mend.

Sensuality.

My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to
 repair this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with
 the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden
 days and coaching again. But now welcome a cart, or a
 Shrove-tuesday's tragedy¹⁸. Despair tells me there is a fire

¹⁸ *A Shrove-tuesday's tragedy.*] See note 43 on the 2d Part of *The*
Honest Whore, vol. 3. p. 461.

in hell, and why should I, that have convers'd with heats all my life-time, fear it?

Fear.

Stand by there. What are you?

Seeing.

My lady's ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly: the difference only, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman-usher. Hell I fear not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides, the whips of Furies are not half so terrible as a blue coat¹⁹, and the shrieks of tormented ghosts, nothing to the noise of hemp-hammers.

Conscience.

Proceed quickly with the rest.

Fear.

I would excuse myself; but I despair of being heard, now my lady's decay'd, and house-keeping broke up. I fear nothing so much as to be torn in pieces by the revengeful beggars.

Smelling.

That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided burial for many a scavenger's horse in my dogs bellies; but finding it troublesome and unfavoury, took an easier course, and converted the remains of dinner and supper, that should have fed the poor, into my dogs breakfast: for which I expect to be pursu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly 'scape it.

Fear.

Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow: shall I speak a word in thy behalf?

Tasting.

No: Fear's an ill orator; he'll be out. I have been the most notorious thief that ever robb'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchen-stuff,

¹⁹ *Blue coat.*] i. e. the dress of a beadle. Doll Tear-sheet, in 2d part of Henry IV. A. 5. S. 4. calls this officer, *blue-bottle* rogue. See note on this passage, vol. 5. p. 602. edit. 1778. S.

than would have victualled a Flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers ; gone on their scores, and paid them with horns : helping to undo my lady with the greatness of mine own credit. I have coney-catch'd many a poulterer's wife, and she hath pluck'd my feathers : what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve, licking my fingers and the half-cold dripping-pan. Since my lady's decay I am degraded from a cook, and I fear the devil himself will entertain me but for one of his black-guard ; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

Despair.

Stand by. You shall be sentenc'd presently.

Touching.

I was a spruce observer of formality ; wore good clothes at the second hand, and paid for them quarterly. Together with my lady's, my fortune fell, and of her gentleman-usher I became her apple-squire ²⁰, to hold the door, and keep centinel at taverns. I can play the bravo, where my affronting is upon sure advantage ; otherwise I can be kick'd with as much patience as a hungry fidler, where he expects the reversion of a gallant's oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the Succubi in hell, but other preferment I despair of.

Conscience.

Custom in ills that do affect the sense,
Makes reason useles, when it should direct
The ill's reforming. Men habituate
In any evil, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advice doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

Enter Malus Genius, Physander, Bellanima, Bonus Genius.

Malus Genius.

He's come. Now use your utmost skill in plea,
For fear our cause miscarry.

Conscience.

Who is this ?

Despair.

Here is his accuser that prefers the indictment.

²⁰ *Apple-squire.*] See note 4 to *The City Night-Cap*, vol. xi. p. 290.

Conscience.

Let it be read.

Fear.

Stand out, Physander.

Despair.

Thou art indicted by the name of Physander, lord of Microcosmus, for that, being wedded to the fair and chaste Bellanima, daughter and heir of immortal Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and been guilty of incontinence with a common whore, Sensuality.

Physander.

'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witness ;
I bear it in my conscience. Yet, reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past, doth restore frail man
To his first innocence. What mine hath been,
My earth-bed, wet with nightly tears, can witness ;
And sighs have made the trembling air retire,
Unwilling to be lodg'd in a sad breast
Already fill'd with zeal. If a perseverance,
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And join'd unto this sorrow, may prevail
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgiveness.

Despair.

But despair, methinks,
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternal justice will inflict :
And fear of deserv'd punishment should make thee
Tremble with horror.

Hope.

'Tis not so, false orator ;
Necessity may be a powerful strengthening
Of human frailty : and, as it acutes
Sloth often into diligence, despair
May be hope's cause. The temple-robber, to appease
Th' offended godhead, to the altar flies ;
Nor shames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes.
Let thy resolves be firm.

Physander.

As fate's decrees

M z

Enroll'd

Enroll'd in steel. Nor will I be secure
 In any confidence of mine own strength :
 For such security is oft the mother
 Of negligence, and that th' occasion
 Of unremedy'd ruin. From instructions
 Found here, we will consult our after-safeties.
 And, in all courses of my following life,
 I will be guided by my heavenly wife.

Conscience.

I'll then pronounce ye happy. Man's a ship
 Laden with riches. Tempests rage, and hell
 Sends pyrates out to rob him ; Heaven's eye guards him ;
 His soul's the pilot, who through various seas
 Of time and fortune brings him to the port
 Of endless quiet. Now dismiss the court. [Exit.

Malus Genius.

My malice burst me. I have toil'd in vain :
 And mine own torment is my only gain. [Exit.

Sensuality.

I'll with thee to that place where horrors fright
 The guilty conscience with eternal night. [Exit.

Bonus Genius.

Now freely pass unto the bless'd abodes,
 Where those heroes ²¹ that do merit it
 In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
 Pleasures, beyond all comprehension.

Bellanima

All lets ²² are now remov'd ; hell's malice falls
 Beneath our conquest, and Love's palace-gates
 Ope' to receive our triumph.

*Here the last scene is discovered, being a glorious throne : at
 the top whereof Love sits, betwixt Justice, Temperance,
 Prudence, and Fortitude, holding two crowns of stars : at
 the foot, upon certain degrees, sit divers gloriously habited and
 alike, as Elyfii incolæ ; who, whilst Love and the Virtues
 lead Physander and Bellanima to the throne, place themselves
 in a figure for the dance.*

²¹ *Where those heroes, &c.]* To help the versification, we must read
 heroës, Lat. as try syllable. S,

²² *Lets.]* Hindrances, or impediments.

The S O N G.

*Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To those abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence.*

*Where's no heat, nor cold extreme ;
No winter's ice, nor summer's scorching beam.
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.*

C H O R U S.

*All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.*

Love.

Welcome to Love, my now-lov'd heir,
Elysium's thine ; ascend my chair.
For following Sensuality,
I thought to disinherit thee.
But, being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this :
Thus I enthrone ye both. Now kiss,
Whilst you in active measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

*The dance ended, they return to their first order, whilst Love
speaks the epilogue : which done, he is received into the
scene, and it closeth.*

E D I T I O N.

M I C R O C O S M U S:
A M O R A L L M A S K E.

Presented with generall liking,

At the PRIVATE HOUSE in *Salisbury-Court*, and heere set
down according to the Intention of the Authour,

T H O M A S N A B B E S.

Debent et prodesse et delectare Poetæ.

L O N D O N:

Printed by RICHARD OULTON, for CHARLES GREENE:
and are to be sold at the *White Lyon* in
Paul's Church-yard. 1637.

4to.

T H E

Muse's Looking-Glass.

M 4

THE
MILITARY
HISTORY OF
THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM
1776 TO
1898
BY
G. F. R. HARRIS
AND
J. M. HARRIS

THOMAS RANDOLPH, was the son of William Randolph, of Hams, near Lewes, in Suffex, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Smith, of Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire. He was born at Newnham, on the 15th of June, 1605, and educated as one of the King's Scholars of Westminster School. From thence he was chosen into Trinity College in Cambridge, in 1623, of which he became a Fellow, took his degree of Master of Arts, and afterwards received the same honour at the University of Oxford. He very early began to exercise his poetical talents, having, it is said, at the age of nine or ten years, written *The History of the Incarnation of our Saviour*, in verse. As he grew up, the ingenuity of his poetical performances procured him the esteem of all who had any pretensions to wit, particularly of Ben Jonson, who adopted him for one of his sons. His lively and agreeable conversation engaged him into too much company, and sometimes amongst none of the best or most peaceable persons. So that once, in a jovial and drunken meeting, a quarrel arising, he had the misfortune to lose the little finger of his left hand. On this accident he wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works. The scantiness of his patrimony, or his own extravagance, soon brought him to poverty; and his irregular and too free mode of living, among his companions and admirers, in all probability shortened his life. After living some time with his father, at Little Houghton, in Northamptonshire, he went to the house of William Stafford, of Blatherwick, in the same county; where he died in March, 1634, aged not quite 30 years. The 17th of the same month, he was buried in an aisle adjoining to Blatherwick church, among the Stafford family; and soon after Sir Christopher Hatton caused, at his own charge, a monument of white marble, wreathed
about

about with laurel, to be erected over his grave; the inscription on which, in Latin and English verse, was made by the poet's friend, Peter Hausted of Cambridge. He appears to have been a man of the greatest good-humour, and a facetious companion; his Poems abound with wit, and, though generally jocose, he is upon many occasions sententiously grave and moral. Like many of his profession, he seems to have been free, generous, and totally regardless of the world.

He was the author of six Dramatic Pieces.

1. "Aristippus; or, The Jovial Philosopher: demonstrating that quartes, pintes, and pottles, are sometimes necessary authours in a scholars library. Presented in a private shew."

4to. 1630. 4to. 1631. 4to. 1635.

2. "The Conceited Pedler." Printed at the end of every edition of Aristippus.—From this piece Mr. Doddsley says, he took the hint of his dramatic performance, called The Toy-Shop.

3. "The Jealous Lovers, a comedie, presented to their gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the Students of Trinity College." 4to. 1632. 4to. 1634.

4. "The Muse's Looking-glasse." 4to. 1638.

5. "Amyntas; or, The Impossible Dowry. A Pastoral, acted before the King and Queene, at White Hall." 4to. 1638.

6. A pleasant comedie, entitled, "Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery. Translated out of Aristophanes his Plutus, by Thomas Randolph; augmented and published by F. J." 4to. 1651.

All these pieces (except the last) have been several times published together with the author's poems. The 5th edition in 1668.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROSCIUS, *a player.*

BIRD, *a feather-man.*

Mrs. FLOWERDEW, *a haberdasher of small wares.*

A deform'd Fellow.

COMEDY.

TRAGEDY.

MIME.

SATIRE.

COLAX.

DYSCOLUS.

DEILUS.

APHOBUS.

ACOLASTUS.

ANAISTHETUS.

ASOTUS.

ANELEUTHERUS.

CAUNUS.

MICROPSYCHUS.

ORGYLUS.

AORGUS.

ALAZON.

EIRON.

PHILOTIMIA.

LUPARUS.

ANAISKINTIA.

KATAPLEITUS.

Justice NIMIS, and Justice NIHIL.

PLUS and MINUS, *their clerks.*

AGROICUS, *a clown.*

BOMOLOCHUS.

MEDIOCRITY.

THE

T H E

Muses Looking-Glass *.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Bird the feather-man, and Mrs. Flowerdew, wife to a haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought Feathers to the play-house; the other Pins and looking-glasses; two of the sanctify'd Fraternity of Black-Fryars¹.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

SEE, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,

This

* Concerning the merit of this play, the sentiments of criticks have been various. Gildon says, the source of all humours that are in nature, may be found in it; and Mr. Doddsley, that it has been always esteemed an excellent common-place book for dramatick authors, to instruct them in the art of drawing characters. Bishop Hurd, however, observes, "that if a reader would see the extravagance of building dramatic manners on abstract ideas, in its full light, he needs only turn to B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*; which, under the name of a play of character, is in fact an unnatural, and, as the painters call it, *hard delineation* of a group of *simply existing passions*, wholly chimerical, and unlike to any thing we observe in the commerce of real life. Yet this comedy has always had its admirers. And *Randolph*, in particular, was so taken with the design, that he seems to have formed his *MUSE's LOOKING-GLASS* in express imitation of it."—It was reprinted in 1706 in 12mo. with a prefatory epistle to the Reverend Mr. Jer. Collier, who had written most virulently against the stage; and Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine says, it *has now, in 1748, been brought on the stage*; but where, or with what success, do not appear. An alteration of it, under the title of *THE MIRROR*, was published by one *Henry Dell*, a Bookseller, in 8vo. 1758.

¹ *Black-Fryars.*] Notwithstanding the vicinity of the play-house, Black-Fryars appears to have been a place celebrated for the residence of many

This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.

Bird.

Sister, were there not before inns,
Yes, I will say inns, (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns,) enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more shops of satan?

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondering at.

Bird.

Good works are done.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish, and apocryphal.

Bird.

But th' bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if play-houses increase;
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird.

Nay, and I have heard,

many Puritans. It was equally remarkable for being inhabited by the
Feather-makers. Both these circumstances appear in Ben Jonson's plays.

The Alchymist, A. 1. S. 1.

"A whoreson upstart, apocryphal captain,

"Whom not a puritan in *Black-Friers* will trust

"So much as for a feather."

Again, *Bartholomew Fair, A. 5. S. 5.*

"Or feather-maker in the *Friers*, that are of your *faction of faith*.

"Are not they with their perukes and their puffs, their fans and their

"huffs, as much pages of pride and waiters upon vanity?"

That

That in a — Tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?

Bird.

Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: And their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?

Bird.

That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew; they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Impiety! O that men endu'd with reason.
Should have no more grace in them!

Bird.

Be there not other
Vocations, as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparators²,
Beadles, and martials-men, the needful instruments
Of the republick; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters, th' are monsters;
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.

² *Apparator.*] "A serjeant, beadle, or sumner; but most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court."

Blount's Glossographia.

Bird.

Bird.

Why then the city will, in time, be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Fryars college, where I wonder
How that prophane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence !

Mrs. Flowerdew.

It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning play-houses.

Bird.

For charity, what is't ?

Mrs. Flowerdew.

That the GLOBE³,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd : the PHOENIX burnt to ashes :
The FORTUNE whipt for a blind whore : BLACK-FRYARS,
He wonders how it 'scap'd demolishing
I' th' time of reformation : Lastly, he wish'd
The BULL might cross the Thames to the BEAR-GARDEN,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird.

A good prayer.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Indeed it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird.

I have their custom too for all their feathers :

³ *That the GLOBE, &c.]* These were the names of several Play-houses then in being : THE GLOBE was situate on the Bank-side, and was the same house, for which a licence was granted, in 1603, to Shakspeare and others, to enable them to perform there. THE PHOENIX stood in Drury-Lane. THE FORTUNE was near Whitecross-Street, and had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. BLACK-FRYARS probably had the same proprietors as THE GLOBE ; and THE RED BULL was at the upper end of St. John's-Street. THE BEAR GARDEN, or, as it is as often called, *Paris-Garden*, was near the Globe play-house, as may be seen in the South View of London, taken in 1599. It there appears to have been an octagon building, with a flag flying at the top of it, in the same manner as at the play-houses. On the sale of the Church lands, January 14th. 1647, it produced 1783 l. 15 s.

'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SCENE II.

Enter Roscius, a Player.

Bird.

MR. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake
for.

Roscius.

Why, 'tis well.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Pray sir, what serve they for?

Roscius.

We use them in our play.

Bird.

Are you a player?

Roscius.

I am, sir; what of that?

Bird.

And is it lawful?

Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?

Mrs. Flowerdew.

And so impious?

Bird.

So irreligious?

Mrs. Flowerdew.

So unwarrantable?

Bird.

Only to gain by vice?

Mrs. Flowerdew.

To live by sin!

Roscius.

My spleen is up: And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to joint gew-gaws, and to knit together.

Gorgetts, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
 And many other such-like toys as these,
 To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?
 And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, tho' light,
 O'erweighs your conscience, what serves your trade,
 But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
 To deck vain-glory? spoiling the peacock's tail
 T' adorn an idiot's cockcomb! O, dull ignorance!
 How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
 For good and honest! They abuse our scene,
 And say we live by vice. Indeed, 'tis true,
 As the physicians by diseases do,
 Only to cure them. They do live, we see,
 Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,
 Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
 We set an usurer to tell this age
 How ugly looks his soul: A prodigal
 Is taught by us how far from liberal
 His folly bears him. Boldly, I dare say,
 There has been more by us in some one play,
 Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
 By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
 And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,
 Men are not won by th' ears so well as eyes.
 First see what we present.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

The fight is able
 To un sanctify our eyes, and make them carnal.

Roscius.

Will you condemn without examination?

Bird.

No, sister, let us call up all our zeal,
 And try the strength of this temptation.
 Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

I am content.

Roscius.

Then take your places here; I will come to you,
 And moralize the plot.

VOL. IX.

N

Mrs.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

That moralizing
I do approve ; it may be for instruction.

SCENE III.

Enter a deform'd Fellow.

Deform'd Fellow.

ROSCIUS, I hear you have a new play to-day,
Roscius.

We want not you to play, Mephostopholis⁴.
A pretty natural vizard.

Deform'd Fellow.

What have you there ?

Roscius.

A looking-glass, or two.

Deform'd Fellow.

What things are they ?

Pray, let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here !
I have seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them ?
There is no basilisk, but a looking-glass.

Roscius.

'Tis your own face you saw.

Deform'd Fellow.

My own ? thou lyest :
I'd not be such a monster for the world.

Roscius.

Look on it now with me : What see'st thou now ?

Deform'd Fellow.

An angel and a devil.

Roscius.

Look on that
Thou call'dst an angel ; mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face ?

⁴ *Mephostopholis.*] The familiar attending Dr. Faustus, in the old play of that name, by Christopher Marlow.

Deform'd Fellow.

As 'twere the same.

Roscius.

Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
 'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity
 That makes this ugly shape : if they be fair
 That view the glass, such the reflections are.
 This serves the body : the soul sees her face
 In comedy, and has no other glass.

Deform'd Fellow.

Nay then, farewell ; for I had rather see
 Hell, than a looking-glass, or comedy.

*[Exit deform'd Fellow.]**Roscius.*

And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this glass,
 Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,
 We could not find another way to see
 How near our shapes approach divinity.
 Ladies, let they who will, your glass deride,
 And say it is an instrument of pride :
 I will commend you for it ; there you see,
 If you be fair, how truly fair you be :
 Where, finding beauteous faces, I do know
 You'll have the greater care to keep them so.
 A heavenly vision in your beauty lies,
 Which nature hath deny'd to your own eyes ;
 Were it not pity you alone should be
 Debar'd of that, others are blest'd to see ?
 Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy
 The benefit of yourselves : it is no toy,
 Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,
 That will preserve us good, or make us better.
 A country-slut, (for such she was, though here
 I' th' city may be some, as well as there)
 Kept her hands clean, (for, those being always seen,
 Had told her else how sluttish she had been)
 But had her face as nasty as the stall
 Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall
 Daub'd o'er with dirt : One might have dar'd to say
 She was a true piece of Promethean clay,

Not yet inform'd ; and then her unkemb'd hair,
 Dress'd up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare.
 One day within her pail (for country lasses,
 Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses)
 She spy'd her ugliness, and fain she wou'd
 Have blush'd, if thorough so much dirt, she cou'd.
 Asham'd, within that water, that, I say,
 Which shew'd her filth, she wash'd her filth away.

So comedies, as poets do intend them,

Serve first to shew our faults, and then to mend them.

Upon our stage two glasses oft there be ;

The comic mirror, and the tragedy :

The comic glass is full of merry strife,

The low reflection of a country life.

Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,

Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.

I'll shew you both : Thalia, come ; and bring

Thy buskin'd sister, that of blood doth sing.

SCENE IV.

Comedy, Tragedy, Mime, Satire.

Comedy.

WHY do you stop ? go on.

Tragedy.

I charge him stay.

My robe of state, buskins, and crown of gold,
 Claim a priority.

Comedy.

Your crown of gold

Is but the wreath of wealth ; 'tis mine of laurel

Is virtue's diadem. This grew green and flourish'd,

When nature, pitying poor mortality,

Hid thine within the bowels of the earth.

Men looking up to heaven, found this that's mine,

Digging to find out hell, they li't on thine.

Tragedy.

I know you've tongue enough.

Comedy.

Comedy.

Besides, my birth-right
Gives me the first possession.

Tragedy.

How, your birth-right?

Comedy.

Yes, sister, birth-right; and a crown besides,
Put on before the altar of Apollo,
By his dear priest Phemonoe⁵; she that first,
Full of her god, rag'd in heroick numbers.

Tragedy.

How came it, then, the magistrate decreed
A publick charge to furnish out my chorus,
When you were fain to appear in rags and tatters,
And at your own expences?

Comedy.

My reward
Came after, my deserts went before yours.

Tragedy.

Deserts? yes! what deserts? when like a gypsy
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then,
As a fit ceremony of religion,
In my full state contended at the tomb
Of mighty Theseus.

Comedy.

I before that time,
Did chaunt out hymns in praise of great Apollo;
The shepherds deity, whom they reverence
Under the name of Nomius⁶; in remembrance,
How with them once he kept Admetus' sheep.
And, 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
'Till Sophocles laid gilt upon your buskins,
You had no ornaments, no robes of state,

⁵ *Phemonoe.*] One of the sylphs who first uttered oracles at Delphos, and invented heroick measure. So in the *Sylvæ* of Statius, L. 2. v. 38.

“ ——— referetque arcana pudicos

“ *Phemonoe fontes*” ———

S.

⁶ *Under the name of Nomius.*] Apollo was so called (from *νομας*, pastor) while he kept the flocks of Admetus, in Thessaly.

S.

No rich and glorious scene ; your first benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling priests of Bacchus;
For which a goat gave you reward and name ?

Tragedy.

But, sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets,
In honour of the fine chaste god Priapus ?

Comedy.

Let age alone, merit must plead our title.

Tragedy.

And have you then the forehead to contend ?
I stalk in princes courts : great kings and emperors,
From their close cabinets, and council-tables,
Yield me the fatal matter of my scene.

Comedy.

Inferior persons, and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitful)
Yield subjects various enough to move
Plentiful laughter.

Tragedy.

Laughter ! a fit object
For poetry to aim at.

Comedy.

Yes, laughter is my object : 'tis a property
In man essential to his reason.

Tragedy.

So ;

But I move horror ; and that frights the guilty
From his dear sins. He that sees Oedipus
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.
Who views Orestes as a parricide,
Shall see him lash'd with furies too : the ambitious
Shall fear Prometheus' vulture ; daring gluttony
Stand frightened at the sight of Tantalus ;
And every family, great in sins as blood,
Shake at the memory of Pelop's house.
Who will rely on Fortune's giddy smile,
That hath seen Priam acted on the stage ?

Comedy.

You move with fear ; I work as much with shame ;
A thing

A thing more powerful in a generous breast.
 Who sees an eating parasite abus'd ;
 A covetous bawd laugh'd at ; an ignorant gull
 Cheated ; a glorious soldier knock'd and baff'd⁷ ;
 A crafty servant whipp'd ; a niggard churl
 Hoarding up dicing-monies for his son ;
 A spruce fantastic courtier, a mad roarer,
 A jealous tradesman, an over-weening lady,
 Or corrupt lawyer, rightly personated ;
 But (if he have a blush) will blush ; and shame
 As well to act those follies as to own them.

Tragedy.

The subject of my scene is in the persons
 Greater, as in the vices ; atheists, tyrants,
 O'er-daring favourites, traitors, parasites,
 The wolves and cats of state, which in a language
 High as the men, and loud as are their crimes,
 I thunder forth with terror and amazement
 Unto the ghastly wondering audience.

Satire.

And, as my lady takes deserved place
 Of thy light mistress, so yield thou to me,
 Fantastick Mime.

Mime.

Fond Satire, why to thee ?

Satire.

As the attendant of the nobler dame,
 And of myself more worthy.

Mime.

How more worthy ?

Satire.

As one whose whip of steel can with a lash

⁷ Knock'd and baff'd.] "Bafulling," says Holinshed, as quoted by Mr. Toller, in his note on *King Richard 2d*, A. 1. S. 1. "is a great disgrace among the Scots ; and it is used when a man is openly persecuted ; and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name wondering, crying and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. C. 3. S. 37. and B. 6. C. 7. S. 27. has the word in the same signification. See also Mr. Steevens's note on the same passage.

Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
 Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
 That not eternity shall wear it out.
 When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow^s,
 Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
 Freez'd the chill soul; while every guilty breast
 Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
 To be anatomiz'd by that skilful hand,
 And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,
 By it laid open to the publick scorn.
 I have untruss'd the proudest; greatest tyrants
 Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half dead
 With expectation of the smarting jerk,
 Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave
 A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
 Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
 Th' eternal ulcer to their memories!
 What can your apish fine gesticulations,
 My manlike-monkey Mime, vie down to this?

Mime.

When men through sins were grown unlike the gods,
 Apes grew to be like men; therefore, I think,
 My apish imitation, brother beadle,
 Does as good service to reform bad manners,
 As your proud whip, with all his ferks and jerks.
 The Spartans, when they strove t' express the loathsomeness
 Of drunkenness to their children, brought a slave,
 Some captive Helot, overcharg'd with wine,
 Reeling in thus:—his eyes shot out with staring;
 A fire in his nose; a burning redness
 Blazing in either cheek; his hair upright;
 His tongue and senses falt'ring; and his stomach
 O'erburden'd, ready to discharge her load.

My Lucilius' brow.] i. e. Brow like that of the Roman satirist:

"Secuit Lucilius urbem." *Persius*, Sat. 1. L. 114. S.

Dryden says, "Lucilius wrote long before Horace; who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design."

Vie down to this.] To vie, is a term used at the game of Gleek.

In

In each man's face he met. This made 'em see
 And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.
 Would I express a complimentary youth,
 That thinks himself a spruce and expert courtier,
 Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands,
 Honouring shoe-strings, screwing his writh'd face
 To all the several postures of affection,
 Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
 Who would not think it a ridiculous motion ¹⁰?
 Yet such there be, that very much please themselves
 In such-like antick humours. To our own sins
 We will be moles, even to the grossest of 'em;
 But in another's life, we can spy forth
 The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as eagles ¹¹,
 Or the Epidaurian serpent. Now in me,
 Where self-love casts not her Egyptian mists,
 They find this misbecoming foppishness,
 And afterwards apply it to themselves.
 This (Satire) is the use of Mimick elves.

Tragedy.

Sister, let's lay this poor contention by,
 And friendly live together: if one womb
 Could hold us both, why should we think this room
 Too narrow to contain us? On this stage
 We'll plead a trial; and in one year, contend
 Which shall do best: that past, she then, that shall,
 By the most sacred and impartial judgment
 Of our Apollo, best deserve the bays,
 Shall hold th' entire possession of the place.

Comedy.

I were unworthy, if I should
 Appeal from this tribunal: be it so.
 I doubt not but his censure runs with me:
 Never may any thing that's sad and tragical

¹⁰ Motion.] i. e. Puppet. See note to *The Antiquary*, vol. 10, p. 7.

¹¹ — as sharp as eagles,

Or the Epidaurian serpent.]

“ ——— tam cernis acutum,

“ Quam aut Aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius.”

Horace Sat. Lib. 1. 3. S.

Dare to approach his presence : let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd misery.

Tragedy.

Such is my prayer, that he may only see,
Not be the subject of a tragedy !
Sister, a truce till then. That vice may bleed,
Let us join whips together.

Comedy.

'Tis agreed.

Mime.

Let it be your office to prepare
The masque which we intended.

Satire.

'Tis my care.

[*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Flowerdew.

How did she say ? a mas ? Brother, fly hence ;
Fly hence, idolatry will overtake us.

Roscius.

It was a masque she spake of ; a rude dance
Presented by the seven deadly sins.

Bird.

Still 'tis a mas, sister ! Away, I tell you ;
It is a mas ; a mas of vile idolatry.

Roscius.

'Tis but a simple dance, brought in to shew
The native foulness and deformity
Of our dear sin, and what an ugly guest
He entertains, admits him to his breast.

SONG and DANCE.

Say, in a dance how shall we go,
That never could a measure know ?
How shall we sing to please the scene,
That never yet could keep a mean ¹² ?
Disorder is the masque we bring,
And discords are the tunes we sing.

¹² Keep a mean.] i. e. Tenor.

*No sound in our harsh ears can find a place,
But highest trebles, or the lowest base.*

Mrs. Flowerdew.

See, brother, if men's hearts and consciences
Had not been fear'd and cauteriz'd, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell?
These proctors of Belzebub, Lucifer's hench-boys¹³!

Roscus.

I pray you stir yourselves within, a while.

[*Exeunt.*

Roscus solus.

And here—unless your favourable mildness,
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our author bids us end. He dares not venture,
Neither what's past, nor that which is to come,
Upon his country; 'tis so weak and impotent,
It cannot stand a trial; nor dares hope
The benefit of his clergy: but, if rigour
Sit judge, must of necessity be condemn'd
To Vulcan or the sponge. All he can plead
Is a desire of pardon; for he brings you
No plot at all, but a mere Olla Podrida¹⁴,
A medley of ill-plac'd, and worse penn'd humours.
His desire was, in single scenes, to shew

How

¹³ *Hench-boys.*] Very improperly altered by Mr. Doddsley, to *link-boys*, in the last edition. Blount says, that a *benchman*, or *beinsman* "is a German word, signifying a domestick, or one of a family. It is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour." He also observes, that "from hence comes our word *bine* or *binde*, a servant for husbandry."

Henchmen are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616. Sign. B. 4.

"hee whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Mayor's *benfmen*."

They are also excepted out of the stat. 4 Edward IV. c. 5. concerning excess of apparel:—"Provided also, that *benchmen*, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers to mayors, messengers, and minstrels, nor none of them, nor players in their interludes, shall not be comprised within this statute." A like exception 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. See also the notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhit, to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 2.

¹⁴ *Olla Podrida.*] "*Olla Podrida* properly consists of beef, mutton, bacon, hogs-feet, pullet, partridge, black-puddings, saufages, *garvancos*, a sort of Spanish pease, turkies, and cabbage; all very well boiled, or rather

How comedy presents each single vice
 Ridiculous; whose number, as their character,
 He borrows from the man to whom he owes
 All the poor skill he has, great Aristotle.
 Now, if you can endure to hear the rest,
 You're welcome; if you cannot, do but tell
 Your meaning by some sign, and—all farewell.
 If you will stay, resolve to pardon first;
 Our author will deserve it by offending.
 Yet if he miss a pardon, (as in justice
 You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,)
 Still he hath this left for a comfort to him;
 That he picks forth a subject of his rhyme,
 May lose perchance his credit, not his time. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Roscius, Bird, Mrs. Flowerdew.

Roscius.

*R*Eceive your places. *The first that we present are the extremes of a virtue, necessary in our conversation, call'd Comitas or courtesy, which, as all other virtues, hath her deviations from the mean. The one Colax, that to seem over courteous, falls into a servile flattery; the other, (as fools fall into the contraries which they shun) is Dyscolus, who, bat-*

“ther stewed together, and duly season'd with salt and spice.” Stevens's Spanish Dictionary. — Howell, in his Letters, adds other ingredients. p. 229, ed. 1754, recommending a cook, he says, “He will tell your ladyship, that the reverend matron the Olla Podrida, hath intellectual and senses; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her as the will, understanding, and memory, are to the soul; cabbage, turneps, artichokes, potatoes, and dates, are her five senses, and pepper the common sense: she must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages.”

ing

ing to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

I thought you taught two vices for one virtue.

Roscius.

So does philosophy ; but the actors enter.

Colax, Dyscolus.

Colax.

How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus ! believe me, 'tis a symptom
Of barbarism, and rudeness, so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dyscolus.

Why dost thou vex me then ?

Colax.

I ? Heaven defend !

My breeding has been better ; I vex you !
You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admir'd,
So lov'd of all ?

Dyscolus.

Wilt thou not leave me then,
Eternal torture ? could your cruelty find
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these epithets ?
Pious ? religious ? he takes me for a fool.
Virtuous ? and just ? sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you ; that you call me just,
And virtuous ? I am grown the common scoff
Of all the world ; the scoff of all the world !

Colax.

The world is grown too vile then.

Dyscolus.

So art thou.

Heaven ! I am turn'd ridiculous !

Colax.

You ridiculous ?

But 'tis an impious age ; there was a time,
(And pity 'tis, so good a time had wings

To fly away,) when reverence was paid
 To a grey head; 'twas held a sacrilege¹⁵
 Not expiable, to deny respect
 To one, sir, of your years and gravity.

Dyscolus.

My years and gravity! why, how old am I?
 I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank
 As I should smell o' th' grave: O times and manners!
 Well Colax, well; go on: you may abuse me,
 Poor dust and ashes, worm's meat: years and gravity!
 He takes me for a carcase! what see you
 So crazy in me? I have half my teeth:
 I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too,
 With the benefit of my staff: mark, if I cannot! —
 But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity
 Think me decrepid.

Colax.

How? decrepid, sir!
 I see young roses bud within your cheeks;
 And a quick active blood run free and fresh
 Thorough your veins.

Dyscolus.

I'm turn'd boy again!
 A very stripling school-boy! have I not
 The itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
 About the wrists and hams?

Colax.

Still, Dyscolus, —

Dyscolus.

Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus? when were we
 Grown so familiar? Dyscolus! by my name?
 Sure we are Pylades and Orestes! are we not?
 Speak, good Pylades.

Colax.

Nay, worthy sir,
 Pardon my error, 'twas without intent

¹⁵ — 'twas held a sacrilege, &c.]

"Credebant tum grande nefas, et morte piandum,

"Si juvenis retulo non assurrexerat." *Juv. Sat. 13. v. 54.*

Of an offence. I'll find some other name
To call you by —

Dyscolus.

What do you mean to call me ?
Fool, ass, or knave ? my name is not so bad,
As that I am asham'd on't.

Colax.

Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.

Dyscolus.

Jealous ? I ha' not cause for't, my wife's honest ;
Dost see my horns ? Dost ? if thou doest,
Write cuckold in my forehead ; do, write cuckold
With Aqua-fortis, do. Jealous ! I am jealous —
Free of the company ! wife, I am jealous.

Colax.

I mean suspicious.

Dyscolus.

How ! suspicious ?
For what ? for treason, felony, or murder ?
Carry me to the justice : bind me over
For a suspicious person : hang me too
For a suspicious person ! oh, oh, oh,
Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment ! every thing
I meet with, is vexation : and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations ;
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils !

Mrs. Flowerdew.

For pity's sake, fret not the good old gentleman.

Dyscolus.

O ! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must add to my affliction ?
Eternal silence seize you !

Colax.

Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dyscolus.

I must be pleas'd ! a very babe, an infant !
I must be pleas'd ? give me some pap, or plumbs ;

Buy

Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
To still me, do ! Be pleas'd ? wouldst have me get
A parasite, to be flatter'd ?

Colax.

How ? a parasite ?
A cogging, flatt'ring, slavish parasite ?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers !
Souls, below reason, will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty ; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions
Free to themselves. All their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts,
Are but another's bondman. Let me tug
At the Turks gallies ; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry : In this state my mind
Is free : a flatterer has nor soul nor body ;
What shall I say ? — No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness takes distaste
At such, whose servile nature strives to please you.
'Tis royal in you, sir.

Dyscolus.

Ha ! what's that ?

Colax.

A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dyscolus.

A feather !

And what have you to do with my feathers ?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lie on flock-beds ?

Colax.

Pray be pleas'd.

I brush'd it off for mere respect I bear you.

Dyscolus.

Respect ! a fine respect, sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermin ?
O death, death, death ! if that our graves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'em have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object,

But

But adds to my affliction ! Sure I am not
 A man ; I could not then be so ridiculous :
 My ears are overgrown, I am an ass ;
 It is my ears they gaze at. What strange Harpy,
 Centaur, or Gorgon am I turn'd into ?
 What Circe wrought my metamorphosis ?
 If I be a beast, she might have made me a lion,
 Or something not ridiculous ! O Aëteon,
 If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune !
 Why look they on me else ? There is within
 A glass, they say, that has strange qualities in it ;
 That shall resolve me. I will in, to see
 Whether or no, I man or monster be. [Exit.

SCENE II.

To them Deilus, Aphobus.

Bird.

WHO be these ? they look like Presumption and
 Despair.

Roscius.

And such they are. That is *Aphobus*, one that out of an
 impious confidence fears nothing : the other *Deilus*, that from
 an atheistical distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These
 are the extremes of Fortitude, that steers an even course be-
 tween overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Why stays this reprobate Colax ?

Roscius.

A ny vice
 Yields work for flattery.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

A good doctrine, mark it.

Deilus.

Is it possible ? did you not fear it, say you ?
 To me the mere relation is an ague.
 Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories ;
 I would not for a world lie alone to-night :

VOL. IX.

O

I shall

I shall have such strange dreams !

Aphobus.

What can there be
That I should fear ? The Gods ? If they be good,
'Tis sin to fear them ; if not good, no gods ;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me ?

Deilus.

Devils ! where, good Aphobus ?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
'Tis such a terrible wind ! O here it is ;
Now it is here again ! O still, still, still !

Aphobus.

What's the matter ?

Deilus.

Still it follows me !
The thing in black, behind ; soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me. Gentle spirit, leave me !
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus ? what an ugly look it has !
With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider
Than barbers basons !

Aphobus.

'Tis nothing, Deilus,
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing —

Deilus.

Where is it, Aphobus ?

Aphobus.

— Is but your shadow, Deilus,

Deilus.

And should we not fear shadows ?

Aphobus.

No ! why should we ?

Deilus.

Who knows but they come leering after us,
To steal away the substance ? Watch him, Aphobus.

Aphobus.

I nothing fear.

Colax.

I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers ; let slight cock-boats

Be

Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock ; whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul ¹⁶.

Deilus.

Now, I fear every thing.

Colax.

'Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wisdom : 'Tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgment ; give me Fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel —

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Now shame take thee, for
A lukewarm formalist.

Colax.

— But daring Valour,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

Deilus.

What, are they landed ?

Aphobus.

Who ?

Deilus.

The enemies
That Colax talks of.

Aphobus.

If they be, I care not ;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.

Deilus.

Why, do you not fear thunder ?

Aphobus.

Thunder ? no !
No more than squibs and crackers.

¹⁶ ——— Base fear doth argue

A low degenerate soul.]

Degeneros animos timor arguit. Virg. Æn. iv. 13.

Deilus.

Squibs and crackers ?
 I hope there be none here ? 'Slid, squibs and crackers !
 The mere epitomes of the gunpowder-treason,
Faux (¹⁶) in a lesser volume.

Aphobus.

Let fools gaze
 At bearded stars, it is all one to me,
 As if they had been shav'd — thus, thus would I
 Out-beard a meteor ! for I might as well
 Name it a prodigy, when my candle blazes.

Deilus.

Is there a comet say you ? nay, I saw it :
 It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
 Some certain eminent danger to th' inhabitants
 'Twixt those two places : I'll go get a lodging
 Out of its influence.

Colax.

Will that serve ? — I fear
 It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.

Deilus.

I'll to some other country.

Colax.

There's danger to cros the seas.

Deilus.

Is there no way, good Colax,
 To cros the sea by land ? O the situation !
 The horrible situation of an island !

Colax.

You, fir, are far above such frivolous thoughts.
 You fear not death.

Aphobus.

Not I.

Colax.

Not sudden death ?

Aphobus.

No more than sudden sleeps : fir, I dare die.

Deilus.

I dare not ; death to me is terrible :
 I will not die.

(¹⁶) *Faux*] Guy Faux, executed in 1605, for being concerned in
 the Gunpowder Plot in that year.

Aphobus.

Aphobus.
How can you, fir, prevent it?

Deilus.
Why, — I will kill myself.

Colax.

A valiant courfe ;
And the right way to prevent death indeed !
Your spirit is true Roman ! — But your's greater,
'That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it :
Should heaven fall —

Aphobus.
Why then we should have larks ¹⁷.

Deilus.
I shall never eat larks again while I breathe !

Colax.
Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick ?

Aphobus.
'Twould save me the expences of a grave.

Deilus.
I'd rather trouble my executors, by the half.

Aphobus.
Cannons to me are pot-guns.

Deilus.
Pot-guns to me
Are cannons ; the report will strike me dead.

Aphobus.
A rapier's but a bodkin.

Deilus.
And a bodkin
Is a most dangerous weapon ; since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop, for fear of bodkins ¹⁸.

Aphobus.

¹⁷ *Why then we should have larks.*] This was proverbial. *Se rounasse il cielo si pigliarebbon di molti uccelli.* Ital. *Si le ciel tombe les cailles seroyent prinjes.* Gall. *Ray's Proverbs, p. 157. edit. 1742.*

¹⁸ *— since I read*
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a taylor's shop, for fear of bodkins.] A small dagger was antiently styled a bodkin.

Aphobus.

O that the valiant giants should again
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,
So I might be their leader !

Colax.

Had Enceladus
Been half so valiant, Jove had been his prisoner.

Aphobus.

Why should we think there be such things as dangers ?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables ;
Medea's bull and dragon very tales ;
Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments ;
Nay Hell itself, and Acheron, mere inventions.
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timorous as to fear these bug-bear Harpies,
Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons ?

Deilus.

O, good Aphobus,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle.
What shall I do, good Colax ?

Colax.

Sir, walk in :
There is, they say, a looking-glass ; a strange one,
Of admirable virtues, that will render you
Free from enchantments.

Deilus.

How ! a looking-glass ?

The Serpent of Division, prefixed to some editions of *Gorboduc*, 1590.

“ And the cheef woorker of this murder was Brutus Cassius, associed
“ with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate : all having *bodkins* in their
“ sleeves : and, as it is written in stories, he had twentye fower deadly
“ woundes as he sat in the Capitall.”

Ibid.

“ With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius
“ Murdred at Rome of Brutus Cassius,
“ When many a region he had brought full lowe.
“ Lo : who may trust Fortune any throw ?”

Euphues, 1581. p. 46.

“ Ariarchus, forsaking companie, spoiled himselfe with his owne *bodkin*.”

Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 10.

“ And in this you turne the point of your owne *bodkin* into your own
“ bosome.”

See also Mr. Steevens's note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.

Do'st

Do'st think I can endure it? Why, there lies
A man within't in ambush to entrap me.
I did but lift my hand up, and he presently
Catch'd at it.

Colax.

'Twas the shadow, fir, of yourself;
Trust me, a mere reflection.

Deilus.

I will trust thee.

[Exit.

Aphobus.

What glass is that?

Colax.

A trick to fright the idiot
Out of his wits; a glass so full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectacles,
As would amaze even you. Sir, I do think
Your optic nerves would shrink in the beholding.
This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The prince of eagles.

Aphobus.

Look to it, eyes! if you refuse this sight,
My nails shall damn you to eternal night.

[Exit.

Colax.

Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence:
'Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCENE III.

Acolastus, Anaisthetus.

Roscus.

Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures when they are present; and a moderate desire of them, being absent: and these are the extremes of that virtue. Acolastus, a voluptuous epicure, that out of an immoderate and untam'd desire, seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawful. The other, Anaisthetus, a mere Anchorite, that delights

in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.

Acolastus.

O now for an eternity of eating !
 Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck ;
 Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable,
 Or sounding-line ; and all the way a palate,
 To taste my meat the longer. I would have
 My senses feast together : Nature envied us
 In giving single pleasures ; let me have
 My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
 Enjoy their happiness : Lay me in a bed
 Made of a summer's cloud ; to my embraces
 Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
 Fresh, plump, and active ; she that Mars enjoy'd
 Is grown too stale : and then, at the same instant
 My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
 With pictures of Diana, and her nymphs,
 Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles :
 By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
 That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
 Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
 Nor cease I here. Give me the seven orbs
 To charm my ears with their celestial lutes ;
 To which the angels, that do move those spheres,
 Shall sing some amorous ditty. Nor yet here
 Fix I my bounds. The sun himself shall fire
 The phoenix nest, to make me a perfume,
 While I do eat the bird, and eternally
 Quaff of eternal nectar. These, single, are
 But torments ; but together, O together !
 Each is a paradise ! Having got such objects
 To please the senses, give me senses too
 Fit to receive those objects : give me therefore
 An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
 A stag's quick hearing ; let my feeling be
 As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
 Sharp as a squirrel's : then I'll read the Alcoran,
 And what delights that promises in future,
 I'll practise in the present.

Bird.

Bird.

Heathenish glutton!

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Base belly-god! licentious libertine!

Anaisthetus.

And I do think there is no pleasure at all,
 But in contemning pleasures. Happy Niobe,
 And blessed Daphne, and all such as are
 Turn'd stocks and stones! would I were laurel too,
 Or marble; ay, or any thing insensible!
 It is a toil for me to eat or drink,
 Only for nature's satisfaction;
 Would I could live without it! To my ear
 Musick is but a mandrake¹⁹: to my smell,
 Nard scents of rue and wormwood: and I taste
 Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste,
 As gall or aloes, or my doctor's potion.
 My eye can meet no object but I hate it.

Acolastus.

Come, brother Stoick, be not so melancholy.

Anaisthetus.

Be not so foolish, brother Epicure.

Acolastus.

Come, we'll go and see a comedy, that will raise
 Thy heavy spirits up.

Anaisthetus.

A comedy?

Sure I delight much in those toys: I can
 With as much patience hear the mariners
 Chide in a storm²⁰.

Acolastus.

Then let's go drink a while.

¹⁹ ————— To my ear

Musick is but a mandrake.] The shriek supposed to be given by
 the *mandrake*, when torn out of the earth, was esteemed fatal to those
 who heard it. S.

See note to *Microcosmus*, p. 147.

²⁰ *Chide in a storm.*] To chide, in this instance, does not signify to
 reprehend, but to make a noise. See note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*,
 vol. 3, p. 96, edition 1778. S.

Anaisthetus.

Anaisthetus.

'Tis too much labour. Happy Tantalus,
That never drinks.

Acolastus.

A little venery
Shall recreate thy soul.

Anaisthetus.

Yes, like an itch :
For 'tis no better. I could wish an heir,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.

Acolastus.

Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender
As not to do it otherwise, then 'tis lawful.

Anaisthetus.

True: matrimony's nothing else, indeed,
But fornication licens'd ; lawful adultery.
O heavens ! how all my senses are wide sluices
To let in discontent and miseries !
How happy are the moles, that have no eyes !
How blest the adders, that have no ears !
They never see nor hear aught that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no sense at all ;
That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel,
Any thing to torment them. Souls were given
To torture bodies. Man has Reason too,
To add unto the heap of his distractions.
I can see nothing without sense and motion,
But I do wish myself transform'd into it.

Colax.

Sir, I commend this temperance: your arm'd soul
Is able to condemn these petty baits,
These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names ; Heaven itself knows
No such-like thing : the stars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lie with one another ; and you imitate
Those glorious bodies ; by which noble abstinence
You gain the name of moderate, chaste, and sober ;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer ;

Pleasures,

Pleasures, that are not man's, as man is man,
 But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
 You shall be the third Cato ; this grave look
 And rigid eye-brow will become a censor.
 But I will fit you with an object, fir,
 My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you ;
 It is a looking-glass, wherein at once
 You may see all the dismal groves and caves,
 The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren deserts,
 With what in hell itself can dismal be.

Anaisthetus.

That is indeed a prospect fit for me.

[Exit.

Acolaftus.

He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
 He wishes to be turn'd to one of those :
 I have another humour ; I cannot see
 A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
 Wallow in dirt ; but I do wish myself
 Transform'd into that blessed epicure :
 Or, when I view the hot salacious sparrow
 Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
 I wish myself that little bird of love.

Colax.

It shews you a man of a soft moving clay ;
 Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful
 To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
 At plenteous boards ? He's a discourteous guest
 That will observe a diet at a feast.
 When Nature thought the earth too little
 To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the air
 With winged creatures : not contented yet,
 She made the water fruitful to delight us :
 Nay, I believe the other element, too,
 Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,
 If we would use the skill to catch the salamander :
 Did she do this to have us eat with temperance ?
 Or, when she gave so many different odours
 Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
 She cry'd not — Stop your noses. Would she give us
 So sweet a choir of wing'd musicians

To

To have us deaf ? Or, when she plac'd us here,
 Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
 So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
 Was it to have us wink ? When she bestow'd
 So powerful faces, such commanding beauties
 On many glorious nymphs, was it to say
 Be chaste and continent ? Not to enjoy
 All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
 Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of,
 A vanity in her works.

Acolastus.

A learned lecture !
 'Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
 Have their reward—Here—half of my estate
 T' invent a pleasure never tasted yet,
 That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Colax.

Within, sir, is a glass, that by reflection
 Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures
 That ever yet were acted ; more variety
 Than Aretine's pictures ²¹.

Acolastus,

I'll see the jewel ;
 For tho' to do, most moves my appetite,
 I love to see, as well as act delight.

[*Exit.*

Bird.

These are the things indeed the stage doth teach :
 Dear heart, what a foul sink of sins run here !

Mrs. Flowerdew.

In sooth, it is the common-shore of lewdness.

²¹ *Than Aretine's pictures.*] These celebrated pieces of obscenity are likewise mentioned by Sir *Epicure Mammon*, in the *Alchymist* ; who says, he will have pictures

“ Richer than those Tiberius took
 “ From Elephantis, and dull *Aretine*
 “ But coldly imitated,”

S.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Afotus, Aneleutherus.

Roscius.

These are, Aneleutherus, an illiberal niggardly usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase earth: that, his son Afotus, a profuse prodigal, that will sell earth to buy hell: The extremes of Liberality; which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of riches.

Aneleutherus.

Come, boy, go with me to the scrivener's, go.

Afotus.

I was in hope, you would have said a bawdy-house.

Aneleutherus.

Thence to th' Exchange.

Afotus.

No, to the tavern, father.

Aneleutherus.

Be a good husband, boy, follow my counsel.

Afotus.

Your counsel? No, dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow—shall we go and roar?
'Slid, father, I shall never live to spend
That you have got already—Pox of attornies,
Merchants, and scriveners! I would hear you talk
Of drawers, punks, and panders.

Aneleutherus.

Prodigal child!

Thou do'st not know the sweets of getting wealth.

Afotus.

Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it:
To feed on caveare²², and eat anchovies!

Aneleutherus.

Afotus, my dear son, talk not to me
Of your anchovies, or your caveare.

²² *Caveare.*] See note 19 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10, p. 230.

No : feed on widows ; have each meal an orphan
 Serv'd to your table, or a glibbery heir ²³
 With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
 The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties ;
 Such fattening, thriving diet.

Asotus.

Trust me, fir,
 I am ashamed, la—now to call you father,
 Ne'er trust me, now I'm come to be a gentleman :
 One of your havings ²⁴, and thus cark and care !
 Come, I will send for a whole coach or two
 Of Bank-side ladies ²⁵, and we will be jovial.
 Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing ?
 Well, do your pleasure, keep me short of monies ;
 When you are dead, (as die I hope you must)
 I'll make a shift to spend one half, at least,
 Ere you are coffin'd ; and the other half
 Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
 Were not you better help away with some of it ?
 But you will starve yourself, that when you're rotten,
 One—Have at all ! of mine may set it flying :
 And I will have your bones cut into dice,
 And make you guilty of the spending of it ;
 Or I will get a very handsome bowl
 Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.

Anelutherus.

That's not the way to thrive. No, sit and brood
 On thy estate : as yet, it is not hatch'd
 Into maturity.

²³ *Glibbery heir.*] So in *Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida*, A. 2.

"Milke, milke, yee *glibbery* urchin, is food for infants."

²⁴ *One of your havings.*] i. e. One possessed of your estate or property.

So in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 4.

"Lie in a water-bearer's house !"

"A gentleman of his *havings* !"

The Devil is an Ass, A. 3. S. 3.

"We then advise the party, if he be

"A man of means and *havings*, that forthwith

"He settle his estate."

²⁵ *Bank-side.*] Where the flocks formerly rood.

Afotus.

Marry, I will brood upon it,
 And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,
 Larks, thrushes, quails, woodcocks, snipes, and pheasants,
 The best that can be got for love or money.
 There is no life to drinking!

Aneleutherus.

O yes, yes;
 Exaction, usury, and oppression,
 Twenty i' th' hundred is a very nectar.
 And wilt thou, wasteful lad, spend in a supper
 What I with sweat and labour, care and industry,
 Have been an age a scraping up together?
 No, no, Afotus, trust gray-headed experience;
 As I have been an ox, a painful ox,
 A diligent, toiling, and laborious ox,
 To plough up gold for thee; so I would have thee——

Afotus.

Be a fine silly ass to keep it.

Aneleutherus.

Be a good watchful dragon to preserve it.

Colax.

Sir, I overheard your wise instructions,
 And wonder at the gravity of your counsel.
 This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
 Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
 The weight of need; that want is virtue's clog:
 Of what necessity, respect, and value
 Wealth is; how base and how contemptible
 Poverty makes us. Liberality
 In some circumstances may be allow'd;
 As when it has no end but honesty,
 With a respect of person, quantity,
 Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,
 Vain, injudicious spending, speaks him idiot.
 And yet the best of liberality
 Is to be liberal to ourselves: and thus
 Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
 How fond a thing it is for discreet men
 To purchase with the loss of their estate

The

The name of one poor virtue, Liberality;
 And that too only from the mouth of beggars!
 One of your judgment would not, I am sure,
 Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.
 Nor are you, sir, I dare presume, so fond
 As for to weigh your gains by the strict scale
 Of equity and justice, names invented
 To keep us beggars. I would counsel, now,
 Your son to tread no steps but your's; for they
 Will certainly direct him the broad way
 That leads unto the place where Plenty dwells,
 And she shall give him honour.

Anelutherus.

Your tongue is powerful;
 Pray read this lecture to my son: I go
 To find my scrivener, who is gone, I hear,
 To a strange glass, wherein all things appear.

[Exit.

Astutus.

To see if it can shew him his lost ears.
 Now to your lecture.

Colax.

And to such an one
 As you will be a willing pupil to.
 Think you I meant all that I told your father?
 No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old hunk.
 I love a man like you, that can make much
 Of his blest genius. Miracle of charity!
 That open hand becomes thee; let thy father
 Scrape like the dunghill-cock the dirt, and mire,
 To find a precious gem for thee, the chicken
 Of the white hen, to wear. It is a wonder
 How such a generous branch as you, could spring
 From that old root of damned avarice!
 For every widow's house the father swallows,
 The son should spew a tavern. How are we
 Richer than others? Not in having much,
 But in bestowing;
 And that shines glorious in you. The chuff's crowns²⁵,
 Imprison'd

²⁵ *The chuff's crowns.*] It is observed by Mr. Steevens, (note to First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2.) that this term of contempt is always applied

Imprison'd in his trusty chest, methinks,
I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light again. Thou can'st not
Stand in a flood of nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to sup it; nor can'st suffer
The golden apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'Tis generous this.

Afotus.

Grammercy, thou shalt be doctor o' th' chair.
Here — 'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,
I'll in to pump my dad, and fetch thee more. [Exit.

Colax.

How like you now my art? Is't not a subtle one.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Now, out upon thee, thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of sin and shame, that sowest cushions
Unto the elbows of iniquity.

Colax.

I do commend this zeal; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodness.
There is a general frost hath seiz'd devotion;
And, without such-like ardent flames as these,
There is no hope to thaw it. The word, puritan,
That I do glorify, and esteem reverend,
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy sect
Of all professors, is by the prophane
Us'd for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander.
That I sooth vice! I do but flatter them;
As we give children plumbs to learn their prayers,
T' entice them to the truth, and by fair means
Work out their reformation.

Bird.

'Tis well done.
I hope he'll become a brother, and make
A separatist!

Mrs. Flowerdew.

You shall have the devotions

applied to rich and avaricious people. He supposes it a corruption of
chough, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore.

Of all the elders. But this foppishness
Is wearisome; I could at our saint Antlins,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.

Roscius.

Go in with me to recreate your spirits,
(As musick theirs) with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude scene hath held too long [*Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Roscius, Bird, and Mrs. Flowerdew.

Bird.

I Will no more of this abomination.

Roscius.

The end crowns every action, stay till that;
A judge that's just, will not prejudicate,

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Pray, sir, continue still the moralizing.

Roscius.

The next we present are the extremes of Magnificence, who teaches a decorum in great expences, as liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a mere ostentation vain-gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely base and penurious.

Banausus, Microprepes.

Banausus.

Being born not for ourselves, but for our friends,
Our country and our glory; it is fit
We do express the majesty of our souls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Microprepes.

The world is full of vanity; and fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches,

Or

Or any thing that tends to the republick ;
'Tis the re-private that I study for.

Banausus.

First, therefore, for the fame of my republick,
I'll imitate a brave Ægyptian king,
And plant such store of onions and of garlick,
As shall maintain so many thousand workmen
To th' building of a pyramid, at Saint Albans ;
Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brass,
With a scrowl in't, to shew the way to London,
For the benefit of travellers.

Colax.

Excellent ;
'Tis charity to direct the wandering pilgrim.

Microprepes.

I am church-warden, and we are this year
To build our steeple up ; now, to save charges,
I'll get a high-crown'd hat with five low-bells,
To make a peal shall serve as well as Bow.

Colax.

'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful steward of the church ;
Of which the steeple is no part, at least
No necessary one.

Bird.

Verily, 'tis true.
They are but wicked synagogues, where those instruments
Of superstition and idolatry ring
Warning to sin, and chyme all in — to the devil.

Banausus.

And, 'cause there be such swarms of heresies rising,
I'll have an artist frame two wondrous weather-cocks
Of gold, to set on Paul's, and Grantham steeple ;
To shew to all the kingdom, what fashion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.

Microprepes.

A wicker-chair will fit them for a pulpit.

Colax.

It is the doctrine, sir, that you respect.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Insooth, I have heard as wholesome instructions
From a zealous wicker-chair, as e'er I did
From the carv'd idol of wainscot.

Banausus.

Next, I intend to found an hospital
For the decay'd professors of the suburbs ;
With a college of physicians too at Chelsea,
Only to study the cure of the French pox :
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

Colax.

You have a care, fir, of your country's health.

Microprepes.

Then I will sell the lead to thatch the chancel.

Banausus.

I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills ²⁷
Upon Newmarket Heath, and Salisbury Plain,
To drain the fens.

Colax.

The fens, fir, are not there.

Banausus.

But who knows but they may be ?

Colax.

Very right.

You aim at the prevention of a danger.

Microprepes.

A porter's frock shall serve me for a surplice.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Indeed a frock is not so ceremonious.

Banausus.

But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a cathedral church :
It shall be at Hog's-Norton ²⁸ ; with a pair

Of

²⁷ *I have a rare device, &c.]* In the reign of James the 1st, and the beginning of his successor's, many schemes were proposed, and some adopted, though never carried into execution, for draining the fens. Among others, a Dutchman, Sir Cornelius Vermuiden, was employed. But I believe his scheme was different from that alluded to in the text.

²⁸ *Hog's-Norton, &c.]* It appears by Ray's *Proverbs*, edit. 1742, p. 258.

Of stately organs ; more than pity 'twere
The pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.

Bird.

Organs ! lie on them for Babylonian bag-pipes.

Microprepes.

Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in mother Redcap's hall ²⁹,
In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.

Colax.

And that will be for very good use and moral.
Sir, you are wise ; what serve Ægyptian pyramids,
Ephesian temples, Babylonian towers,
Carian Colossus, Trajan's water-works,
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain cost
Of ignorance and prodigality ?
Rome flourish'd when her capitol was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages ;
Since Parian marble and Corinthian brassy,
Enter'd her gaudy temple, soon she fell
To superstition, and from thence to ruin.
You see, that in our churches, glorious statues,
Rich copes, and other ornaments of state,
Draw wond'ring eyes from their devotion
Unto a wanton gazing ; and that other
Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toys,
Do more proclaim our country's wealth than safety,
And serve but like so many gilded baits
T' entice a foreign foe to our invasion.

p. 258. that to say *You were born at Hog's-Norton*, conveyed an insinuation of boorish rustical behaviour. The true name of the town is *Hock Norton*, and it is situated in the county of Oxford. Nash, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennileffe*, 4to. 1593. Sign. K 4, says, " If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee *cut*, and I was brought up at *Hogge Norton*, where *Pigges* play on the organs."

²⁹ — In mother Redcap's hall,

In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.] Mother Redcap's hall probably stood where a house between London and Hampstead is still distinguished by the sign of this old lady's head. The story of the Prodigal in painted cloth was a very common one. Falstaff says to Mrs. Quickley, " — for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the *Story of the Prodigal*, or the German Hunting in water work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries."

Go in, there is a glass will shew you, sir,
 What sweet simplicity our grandfires us'd :
 How in the age of gold no church was gilded

[*Exit Microprepes.*]

Banausus.

O, I have thought on't : I will straightway build
 A free-school here in London ; a free-school
 For th' education of young gentlemen,
 To study how to drink and take tobacco ;
 To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.
 'Twill be the great Gymnasium of the realm,
 The Frontisterium ³⁰ of Great Brittany.
 And for their better study, I will furnish them
 With a large library of drapers books.

Colax.

'Twill put down Bodly's, and the Vatican.
 Royal Banausus ! how many spheres fly you
 Above the earthly dull Microprepes !
 I hope to live to see you build a stew
 Shall out-brave Venice : to repair old Tyburn,
 And make it cedar. This magnificent course
 Doth purchase you an immortality.
 In them you build your honour to remain
 Th' example and the wonder of posterity ;
 While other hide-bound churls do grudge themselves
 The charges of a tomb.

Banausus.

But I'll have one
 In which I'll lie embalm'd with myrrh and cassia,
 And richer unguents than the Ægyptian kings :
 And all that this my precious tomb may furnish
 The land with mummy ³¹.

Colax.

Yonder is a glass
 Will shew you plots and models of all monuments

³⁰ *The Frontisterium.*] *Frontisterium* signifies a cloister, a college.
 The word occurs in *Albumazer*, vol. 7. S.

³¹ *With mummy.*] See note on *Bird in a Cage*, vol. 8.

Form'd the old way. You may invent a new ;
'Twill make for your more glory.

Banausus.

Colax, true.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Rofcius.

THESE are the extremes of Magnanimity. Chaunus, a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other Micropsychus, a base and low-spirited fellow, that, undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.

Chaunus, Micropsychus.

Chaunus.

I wonder that I hear no news from court.

Colax.

All hail unto the honourable Chaunus !

Chaunus.

The honourable Chaunus ! 'Tis decreed

I am a privy counsellor : our new honours

Cannot so alter us, as that we can

Forget our friends. Walk with us, our familiar.

Micropsychus.

It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.

Colax.

Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilful blindness, what rare skill
Of wisdom, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state-virtues fit within this breast,
As if it were their parliament ; but as yet
I am not, sir, the happy messenger
That tells you, you are call'd unto the helm ;

P 4

Or

Or that the rudder of Great Brittany
Is put into your hands, that you may steer
Our floating Delos, till she be arriv'd
At the bless'd port of happiness, and furnam'd
The *Fortunate Isle*, from you that are the fortunate.

Chaunus.

'Tis strange that I, the best experienc'd,
The skilfullest, and the rarest, of all carpenters,
Should not be yet a privy counsellor!
Surely the state wants eyes; or has drunk opium,
And sleeps! but when it wakes, it cannot chuse
But meet the glorious beams of my deserts,
Bright as the rising sun, and say to England,
England, behold thy light!

Micropsychus.

Make me a constable!
Make me, that am the simplest of my neighbours,
So great a magistrate! so powerful an officer!
I blush at my unworthiness. A constable!
The very prince o' th' parish! You are one, sir,
Of an ability to discharge it better;
Let me resign to you.

Chaunus.

How! I a constable?
What might I be in your opinion, sir?

Micropsychus.

A carpenter of worship.

Chaunus.

Very well:
And yet you would make me a constable.
I'll evidently demonstrate, that of all men
Your carpenters are best statesmen: of all carpenters,
I, being the best, am best of statesmen too.
Imagine, sir, the commonwealth a log,
Or a rude block of wood: your statesman comes,
(For by that word I mean a carpenter)
And with the saw of policy divides it
Into so many boards, or several orders,
Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other
Inferior boards, call'd vulgar; fit for nothing

But

But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,
 Or trampled on. This adds unto the log,
 Call'd commonwealth, at least some small perfection;
 But afterwards he planes them, and so makes
 The commonwealth, that was before a board,
 A pretty wainscot. Some he carves with titles
 Of lord, or knight, or gentleman: some stand plain,
 And serve us more for use than ornament:
 We call them yeomen; (boards now out of fashion:)
 And, lest the disproportion break the frame,
 He, with the pegs of amity and concord,
 (As with the glue-pot of good government)
 Joins 'em together; makes an absolute edifice
 Of the republick. State-skill'd Machiavel
 Was certainly a carpenter: yet you think
 A constable a giant-dignity.

Micropsychus.

Pray Heaven that, Icarus like, I do not melt
 The waxen plumes of my ambition!
 Or that, from this bright chariot of the sun
 I fall not headlong down with Phaeton,
 I have aspir'd so high: make me a constable,
 That have not yet attain'd to the Greek tongue!
 Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
 His Majesty's peace. I am not fit to keep
 His Majesty's hogs, much less his peace, the best
 Of all his jewels. How dare I presume
 To charge a man in the king's name! I faint
 Under the burthen of so great a place,
 Whose weight might press down Atlas. Magistrates
 Are only sumpter-horses. Nay, they threaten me
 To make me warden of the church.
 Am I a patriot? or have I ability
 To present knights-recusant, clergy-reelers,
 Or gentlemen-fornicators?

Colax.

You have worth
 Richly enamell'd with modesty;
 And, though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
 On Caucasus, or the Pyrenean mountains,

You

You choose the humbler valley, and had rather
 Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds,
 And be a cedar. Sir, you know, there is not
 Half so much honour in the pilot's place,
 As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles
 Of dignity, and offices that puff up
 The bubble pride, till it swell big and burst,
 What are they but brave nothings? Toys, call'd honours,
 Make them on whom they are bestow'd, no better
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.
 Men sweat at helm as much as at the oar.
 There is a glass within shall shew you, sir,
 The vanity of these silk-worms, that do think
 They toil not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.

Microsphybus.

I'll see it. Honour is a baby's rattle;
 And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her:
 Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. [Exit.

Chaunus.

Colax, what news?

Colax.

The Persian emperor
 Is desperately sick.

Chaunus.

Heaven take his soul!
 When I am the grand sophy, (as 'tis likely
 I may be) Colax, thou art made for ever.

Colax.

The Turk, they say, prepares again for Poland,

Chaunus.

And I no bashaw yet! Sultan, repent it!

Colax.

The state of Venice too is in distraction.

Chaunus.

And can that state be so supinely negligent,
 As not to know whom they may chuse their duke?

Colax.

Our merchants do report th' inhabitants there
 Are now in consultation for the settling

The

The crown upon a more deserving head
Than his that bears it.

Chaunus.

Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.
Colax, be bold; thou see'st me Prester-John.
Well, England, of all countries in the world,
Most blind to thine own good. Other nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands
With gifts and presents. Had I liv'd in Rome,
Who durst with Chaunus stand a candidate?
I might have choice of Ædile, Consul, Tribune,
Or the perpetual Dictator's place.
I cou'd discharge 'em all: I know my merits
Are large and boundless. A Cæsar might be hew'd
Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman
But undertook it.

Colax.

'Tis a worthy confidence.
Let birds of night and shame, with their owls eyes,
Not dare to gaze upon the sun of honour:
They are no precedents for eagles. Bats,
Like dull Micropsychus, things of earth and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom
Prometheus has spent much of his stol'n fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,
Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! What's a man
Without desert? And what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his house some buried chests
Of gold or pearl, and knows not where to look them?
What was the loadstone till the use was found,
But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress?
I praise your Argus' eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn
Back on themselves, and find an object there
More worthy their intenteive centemplation.
You are at home no stranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell
What use the pearl is of, which dunghil-cocks

Scrape

Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgment
 Was not intended to work wood, but men.
 Honour attends you. I shall live to see
 A diadem crown that head. There is within
 A glass that will acquaint you with all places
 Of dignity, authority, and renown,
 The state and carriage of them : chuse the best,
 Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

Chaunus.

I go, that want no worth to merit honour :
 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.
 Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,
 Thy credit is at stake : if I but rise,
 The world's opinion will conceive th' hast eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Orgylus, Aorgus.

Roscious.

THESE are the extremes of Meekness. Orgylus, an angry, quarrelsome man, mov'd with the least shadow or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow too patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Orgylus.

Persuade me not : he has awak'd a fury
 That carries steel about him. Dags³² and pistols !
 To bite his thumb at me³³.

Aorgus.

Why should not any man
 Bite his own thumb ?

³² Dags.] See note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3, p. 168.

³³ To bite his thumb at me.] Which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it; as it is explained by Shakspeare. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A. I. S. 1. and Mr. Steevens' note thereto.

Orgylus.

Orgylus.

At me ! Wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs ?—Rapiers and daggers—
He is the son of a whore.

Aorgus.

That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T' have mov'd this anger : he may bite his own,
And eat it too.

Orgylus.

Muskets and cannons !—eat it ?
If he dare eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here :
I'll try his ostrich stomach.

Aorgus.

Sir, be patient.

Orgylus.

You lye in your throat, and I will not.

Aorgus.

To what purpose is this impertinent madness ?
Pray, be milder.

Orgylus.

Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up

Aorgus.

Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you ?

Orgylus.

Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

Aorgus.

When reason doth in equal balance poise
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale ; and yet it moves not me ;
My anger is not up.

Orgylus.

But I will raise it.
You are a fool !

Aorgus.

I know it ; and shall I
Be angry for a truth ?

Orgylus.

You are besides
An arrant knave!

Aorgus.

So are my betters, fir.

Orgylus.

I cannot move him—O my spleen—it rises :
For very anger I cou'd eat my knuckles.

Aorgus.

You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.

Orgylus.

You are a horned beast ; a very cuckold.

Aorgus.

'Tis my wife's fault, not mine ; I have no reason
Then to be angry for another's sin.

Orgylus.

And I did graft your horns : you might have come
And found us glew'd together like two goats,
And stood a witness to your transformation.

Aorgus.

Why if I had, I am so far from anger,
I wou'd have e'en fall'n down upon my knees,
And desir'd Heav'n to have forgiven you both.

Orgylus.

Your children are all bastards ; not one of them,
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

Aorgus.

Why then I am the more beholden to them
That they will call me father. It was lust
Perchance that did beget them ; but I am sure
'Tis charity to keep the infants.

Orgylus.

Not yet stirr'd !

'Tis done of mere contempt ; he will not now
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.

'Tis above patience this ; insufferable.

Proclaim me coward, if I put up this !

Dotard, you will be angry, will you not ?

Aorgus.

To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go ;

You

You will be angry 'cause I am not so.

Orgylus.

I can endure no longer : if your spleen
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up——

[He kicks him.]

Aorgus.

*Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Theta,
Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Rho, Sigma,
Tau, Upsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi, Omega.*

Orgylus.

How ! What contempt is this ?

Aorgus.

An antidote
Against the poison, anger. 'Twas prescrib'd
A Roman emperor, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek alphabet : that being done,
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and practise.

Orgylus.

Not yet angry !
Still will you vex me ? I will practise too.

[Kicks again.]

Aorgus.

Aleph, Beth, Gimel.

Orgylus.

What new alphabet
Is this ?

Aorgus.

The Hebrew alphabet that I use,
A second remedy ?

Orgylus.

O, my torment still !
Are not your buttocks angry with my toes ?

Aorgus.

For aught I feel, your toes have more occasion
For to be angry with my buttocks.

Orgylus.

Well,
I'll try your physick for the third assault ;
And exercise the patience of your nose.

Aorgus.

Aorgus.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S,
T, U, W, X, Y, Z.

Orgylus.

Are you not angry now ?

Aorgus.

Now, fir ; why now ?
Now, have you done ?

Orgylus.

O, 'tis a mere plot this,
To jeer my tamenefs ; will no sense of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a coward's soul ?
Will not this rouse her from her dead sleep, nor this ?

Aorgus.

Why should I, fir, be angry, if I suffer
An injury ? It is not guilt of mine :
No, let it trouble them that do the wrong.
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.

Orgylus.

A bitterness o'erflows me ; my eyes flame,
My blood boils in me, all my faculties
Of soul and body move in a disorder,
His patience hath so tortur'd me : firrah, villain,
I will dissect thee with my rapier's point,
Rip up each vein and sinew of my stoick ³⁴,
Anatomize him, searching every intrail,
To see if Nature, when she made this afs,
This suffering afs, did not forget to give him
Some gall.

Colax.

Put it up, good Orgylus,
Let him not glory in so brave a death,
As by your hand ; it stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a coward's blood.
The Lesbian lions, in their noble rage,
Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn ³⁵ ;

But

³⁴ Stoick.] The early editions read *storgue*.—The alteration by Mr. Doddley.

³⁵ Mate the unicorn.] To mate, sometimes signifies to oppose or contend

But trouble not the painted butterfly ;
Ants crawl securely by them.

Orgylus.

'Tis intolerable !
Wou'd thou wer't worth the killing.

Colax.

A good wish,
Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour.
Think not of such a baffled ²⁶ ass as this,
More stone than man, Medusa's head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every fly
Carries a spleen. Poor worms, being trampled on,
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy, sure,
Hath struck a desperate numbness thro' his soul,
Till it be grown insensible. Mere stupidity
Hath seiz'd him. Your more manly soul, I find,
Is capable of wrong, and, like a flint,
Throws forth a fire into the striker's eyes.
You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger,
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit. You conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to ourselves ; the suffering
One injury invites a second ; that,
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply,
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martial brow ! A glass within
Will shew you, sir, when your great spleen doth rise,
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

Orgylus.

Learn anger, sir, against you meet me next ;
Never was man like me with patience vex'd. [Exit.

send with ; as in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, vol. 3, p. 463, edition 1778.

" ————— he stood up to me,

" And mated my commands."

And sometimes to overcome.

As in *Fryar Bacon and Fryar Bungay*, by Green, Sign. B 2.

" Burden, what are you mated by this frolicke fryer ?"

³⁶ Baffled.] See note 7, p. 183 of this vol.

VOL. IX.

Q

Aorgus.

Aorgus.

I am so far from anger in myself,
That 'tis my grief I can make others so.

Colax.

It proves a sweetness in your disposition;
A gentle, winning carriage—dear Aorgus,
O give me leave to open wide my breast,
And let so rare a friend into my soul!
Enter, and take possession: such a man
As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions;
Whom Nature meant a dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friend's errors,
But he's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soul of Orgylus?
The proneness of this passion is the nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruins states,
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waste.
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle: give it reins, it runs
A desperate course, and drags down reason with it.
It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm
And tempest of the mind, that raises up
The billows of disturbed passions
To shipwreck judgment. O, a soul like yours,
Constant in patience! Let the north wind meet
The south at sea, and Zephyrus breathe opposite
To Eurus: let the two-and-thirty sons
Of Eolus break forth at once, to plough
The ocean, and dispeople all the woods;
Yet here cou'd be a calm. It is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a glass within
Will let you see yourself, and tell you now,
How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow.

Aorgus.

Colax, I must believe, and therefore go;
Who is distrustful will be angry too.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alazon, Eiron.

Roscius.

THE next are the extremes of Truth ; Alazon, one that arrogates that to himself which is not his ; and Eiron, one that, out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities ; the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.

Alazon.

I hear you're wond'rous valiant ?

Eiron.

I ! alas.

Who told you I was valiant ?

Alazon.

The world speaks it.

Eiron.

She is deceiv'd : But does she speak truly ?

Alazon.

I am indeed the Hector of the age :
But she calls you Achilles.

Eiron.

I Achilles !

No, I am not Achilles. I confess

I am no coward.—That the world should think

That I am an Achilles ! yet the world may

Call me what she please.

Alazon.

Next to my valour,

(Which but for yours could never hope a second)

Yours is reported.

Eiron.

I may have my share ;

But the last valour shew'd in Christendom,

Was in Lepanto³⁷.*Alazon.*

³⁷ *Lepanto.*] This famous battle, between the Turks and the Venetians, was fought in the year 1571. It is supposed to have been one of the

Alaxon.

Valour in Lepanto?

He might be thought so, sir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poor bafl'd snake:

Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i' th' city.

Eiron.

Who?

Alaxon.

Lepanto.

The valour, sir, that you so much renown.

Eiron.

Lepanto was no man, sir, but the place
Made famous by the so-much mention'd battle
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaxon.

Cry you mercy!

Then the Lepanto that I meant, it seems,
Was but Lepanto's name-fake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.

Eiron.

Not a whit! a novice, I! I could perchance
Discourse from Adam downward, but what's that
To history? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every commonwealth. I have read nothing
But Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,
Appian, Dion, Junius³⁸, Paterculus,
With Florus, Justin, Sallust, and some few
More of the Latin. For the modern, I
Have all without book. Gallo-Belgicus,

the most bloody engagements which ever was known. The loss on the part of the Venetians, was about 7566; and on that of the Turks, more than double the number. — See an account of it in *Knolles's History of the Turks*, 1631, p. 878. In the Venetian fleet, the celebrated Cervantes served, and had the misfortune to lose his left hand by the shot of a harquebus.

³⁸ *Junius.*] So all the editions. It was, however, probably *Julius*, i. e. *Julius Cæsar*. S.

³⁹ *Gallo-Belgicus.*] See note to *The Heir*, vol. 8.

Philip

Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,
 The Turkish and Ægyptian histories,
 With those of Spain, France, and the Netherlands.
 For England, Polydore Virgil, Cambden, Speed,
 And a matter of forty more ; nothing,
 Alas ! to one that's read in histories.
 In the Greek I have a smack or so, at
 Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and
 Stow's chronicle.

Alazon.

Believe me, sir, and that
 Stow's Chronicle is very good Greek ; you little
 Think who writ it ! Do you not see him ? Are
 You blinded ? I am the man.

Eiron.

'Then I must number
 You with my best authors in my library.

Alazon.

Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em
 With other names, to shun the opinion
 Of arrogance ; so the subtle cardinal
 Calls one book Bellarmine, 'nother Tostatus,
 Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb'ring ;
 You cannot chuse but hear how loud fame speaks
 Of my experience in Arithmetick :
 She says you too grow near perfection.

Eiron.

Far from it I ; some insight, but no more.
 I count the stars, can give the total sum,
 How many sands there be i' th' sea ; but these
 Are trifles to the expert, that have study'd
 Penkethman's ⁴⁰ president. Sir, I have no skill
 In any thing, if I have any, 'tis
 In languages, but yet in sooth I speak
 Only my mother tongue ; I have not gain'd
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriack, or Arabick ;

⁴⁰ Penkethman's president.] Probably the additions made by John Penkethman to Hopton's Concordance of years, containing a new, easy, and most exact computation of time according to the English account. London, 2vo. 1616.

Nor know the Greek with all her dialects.
 Scaliger and Tom Coriate ⁴¹ both excel me,
 I have no skill in French, Italian, Spanish,
 Turkish, Ægyptian, China, Persian tongues.
 Indeed the Latin I was whipt into ;
 But Russian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian,
 With Saxon, Danish, and Albanian speech,
 That of the Cossacks, and Hungarian too,
 With Biscays, and the prime of languages ;
 Dutch, Welch, and Irish, are too hard for me
 To be familiar in : And yet some think
 (But thought is free) that I do speak all these
 As I were born in each ; but they may err
 That think so ; 'tis not ev'ry judgment fits
 In the infallible chair. To confess truth,
 All Europe, Asia, and Africa too ;
 But in America, and the new-found world,
 I very much fear there be some languages
 That would go near to puzzle me.

Alaxon.

Very likely.

You have a pretty pittance in the tongues :
 But, Eiron, I am now more general ;
 I can speak all alike ; there is no stranger
 Of so remote a nation hears me talk,
 But confidently calls me countryman.
 The witty world, giving my worth her due,
 Surnames me the confusion : I but want
 An orator like you to speak my praise.

Eiron.

Am I an orator, Alaxon ? no ;
 Tho' it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
 Demosthenes was not so eloquent ;
 But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
 To believe all hyperboles : something, sir,
 Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
 Especially, Alaxon, in your presence.

Alaxon.

Your modesty, Eiron, speaks but truth in this.

⁴¹ Tom Coriate.] See note 11 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10. p. 220.

Colax.

I need not flatter these, they'll do't themselves,
And cross the proverb, that was wont to say,
One mule doth scrub another : here each ass
Hath learn'd to claw himself.

Alaxon.

I do surpass
All orators. How like you my orations ?
Those against Cataline, I account them best,
Except my Philipicks ; all acknowledge me
Above the three great orators of Rome.

Eiron.

What three, Alaxon ?

Alaxon.

Marcus, Tullius,
And Cicero, the best of all the three.

Eiron.

Why those three names are all the self-same man's.

Alaxon.

Then all is one. Were those three names three men,
I should excell them all. And then for poetry —

Eiron.

There is no poetry, but Homer's Iliads.

Alaxon.

Alas 'twas writ i' th' nonage of my muses.
You understand th' Italian ?

Eiron.

A little, sir ;
I have read Tasso.

Alaxon.

And Torquato too ?

Eiron.

They're still the same !

Alaxon.

I find you very skillful.
Eiron, I err only to sound your judgment.
You are a poet too ?

Eiron.

The world may think so,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for it.
But I will tell you, sir, some excellent verses

231 THE MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Made by a friend of mine ; I have not read
A better epigram of a Neoterique ⁴².

Alazon.

Pray, do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learn 'em.

Eiron.

*Strange fights there late were seen, that did affright
The multitude ; the moon was seen by night,
And sun appear'd by day — Is it not good ?*

Alazon.

Excellent good ! proceed.

Eiron.

*Without remorse,
Each star and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them ? (Mark the answer now)
O, sir, ask not that ;
The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what ;
But in their humours too inconstant be :
Nothing seems strange to them but constancy.
Has not my friend approv'd himself a poet ?*

Alazon.

The verses, sir, are excellent ; but your friend
Approves himself a thief.

Eiron.

Why, good Alazon ?

Alazon.

A plagiary, I mean : the verses, sir,
Were stolen.

Eiron.

From whom ?

Alazon.

From me, believe't ; I made 'em.

Eiron.

They are, alas, unworthy, sir, your owning ;
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.

Alazon.

Nay, they may be yours : I told you
That you came near me, sir. Your's they may be.

⁴² *Neoterique.*] New, modern.

Good wits may jump ⁴³ : but let me tell you, Eiron,
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.

Colax.

What pretty gulls are these ! I'll take them off.
You are learned.

Alaxon.

I know that.

Colax.

And virtuous.

Alaxon.

'Tis confess'd.

Colax.

A good historian.

Alaxon.

Who dares deny it ?

Colax.

A rare arithmetician.

Alaxon.

I have heard it often.

Colax.

I commend your care,
That know your virtues : why should modesty
Stop good men's mouths from their own praise ? our neigh-
bours

Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, than immortalize our names ;
When fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets ; careful men
Will have an inventory of their goods ;
And why not of their virtues ? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.

Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lyes,
To cloak and mask his parts ; he's a fool for't.

⁴³ I was heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves*.

You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
Ring out a panegyrick to yourself,
And yourself write the learned commentary
Of your own actions.

⁴³ Good wits may jump.] See note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe*,
vol. 2. p. 100.

Alaxon.

Alazon.

So I have.

Colax.

Where is it?

Alazon.

'Tis stolen.

Colax.

I know the thief; they call him, Cæsar.
 Go in, good sir, there is within a glass,
 That will present you with the felon's face. [*Exit Alazon.*
 Eiron, you hear the news?

Eiron.

Not I, what is it?

Colax.

That you are held the only man of art.

Eiron.

Is't current, Colax?

Colax.

Current as the air,
 Every man breathes it for a certainty.

Eiron.

This is the first time I heard on't, in truth.
 Can it be certain? so much charity left
 In men's opinion?

Colax.

You call it charity
 Which is their duty: virtue, sir, like your's,
 Commands men's praises. Emptiness and folly,
 Such as Alazon is, use their own tongues,
 While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
 Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,
 And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth
 From east to west, till either pole admire you.
 Self-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
 Of them that hear it, while each man therein
 Seems undervalued: you are wisely silent
 In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
 For others to be so: the fish would lose
 Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
 Should want a speaker: yet, sir, I would have you

Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.

Eiron.

Why, good fir, bring me but acquainted with them.

Colax.

There is a glass within shews you yourself
By a reflection ; go and speak 'em there.

Eiron.

I should be glad to see 'em any where. [Exit Eiron.

Roscius.

Retire yourselves again, for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights. [Exeunt omnes.

A C T IV. SCENE I.

Mrs. Flowerdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird.

MY indignation boileth like a pot,
An over-heated pot, still, still it boileth ;
It boileth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

My spirit within me too fumeth, I say
Fumeth, and steameth up, and runneth o'er
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

Roscius.

The actors beg your silence — The next virtue, whose extreme we would present, wants a name both in the Greek and Latin.

Bird.

Wants it a name ? 'tis an unchristian virtue.

Roscius.

But they describe it such a modesty, as directs us in the pursuit, and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence : But here, that humour of the persons, being already forestall'd, and no pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd, as that of apparel, let me present

sent you Philotimia, an over-curious lady, too neat in her attire; and for Aphilotimus, Luparus a nasty sordid sloven.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia, Luparus, Colax.

Philotimia.

What mole dress'd me to-day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with these moap-ey'd chamber-
maids?

There's a whole hair on this side more than t'other,
I am no lady else! Come on, you sloven.
Was ever christian madam so tormented
To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

Luparus.

I would the taylor had been hang'd, for me,
That first invented cloaths — O nature, nature!
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And oxen have no breeches to put off.
The lamb is born with her freeze-coat about her:
Hogs go to bed in rest⁴⁴, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Philotimia.

To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The natural redness of my nose; she knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
What, are you snoring there? you'll rise, you sluggard,
And make you ready?

Luparus.

Rise, and make you ready?

⁴⁴ *Hogs go to bed in rest.*] Probably all dress, or as dress.

Two works of that your happy birds make one ;
They, when they rise are ready. Blessed birds !
They, fortunate creatures ! sleep in their own cloaths,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedness were come again in fashion ;
I had some hope then when the breasts went bare ⁴⁵,
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.

Philotimia.

Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd.
You'll go and wash — you are a pretty husband !

Luparus.

Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face
Methinks as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
If you durst wear your own.

Colax.

Madam Superbia,
You're studying the lady's library,
The looking glass ; 'tis well ! so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars ; 'tis she attires
The bird of paradise in all her plumes ;
She decks the fields with various flowers ; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights ;
She spotted the ermin's skin ; and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
Not that he should remain so, but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her master-piece. You are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the east ; let the red-sea be ransack'd,
To make you glitter. Look on Luparus,

⁴⁵ I had some hope then when the breasts went bare.] How far the ladies of the times were censurable in this particular, may be seen in *Hollar's Ornaus Muliebris Anglicanus*. The rigid Puritans discovered almost every evil to be the consequence of this unrestrained freedom of dress, against which they were continually pouring out the most severe invectives.

Your

Your husband, there, and see how in a sloven,
All the best characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried,

Philotimia.

I see it to my grief; pray counsel him.

Colax.

This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being so curious in her toys, and dresses,
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
These cobweb-lawns catch spiders, sir, believe:
You know that cloaths do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of plush, before a brain of art.
You understand what misery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for;
No doubt, you spend the time your lady loses
In tricking up her body, to cloath the soul.

Luparus.

To cloath the soul? must the soul too be cloath'd?
I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul,
Than be tormented with the cloathing of it.

Roscius.

To these enter the extremes of Modesty, a near kinswoman of the virtues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a barwd, and Kataplectus an over-bashful scholar: where, our author hopes, the women will pardon him, if, of four and-twenty vices, he presents but two (pride and impudence) of their sex.

SCENE II.

Anaiskyntia, Kataplectus.

Philotimia.

HERE comes Anaiskyntia too; — O fates!
Acolastus and Asotus have sent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet!

Kataplectus.

O sweet mother,

Are

Are the gentlemen there already ?

Anaiskyntia.

Come away,
Are you not ashamed to be so bashful ? well,
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soon have seen you fairly hang'd as sent you
To the University.

Philotimia.

What gentleman is that ?

Anaiskyntia.

A shamefaced scholar, madam. Look upon her,
Speak to her, or you lose your exhibition ⁴⁶ :
—You'll speak, I hope ; wear not away your buttons.

Kataplectus.

What should I say ?

Anaiskyntia.

Why tell her you are glad
To see her ladyship in health : nay, out with it.

Kataplectus.

— *Gaudeo te bene valere* —

Philotimia.

A pretty proficient !
What standing is he of i' th' university ?

Anaiskyntia.

He dares not answer to that question, madam. —

Philotimia.

How long have you been in the academy ?

Kataplectus.

Profecto Do—Domina sum Bac—Bac—Bacchalaureus Ar-
tium.

Philotimia.

What pity 'tis he is not impudent !

Anaiskyntia.

Nay all my cost I see is spent in vain.
I having, as your ladyship knows full well,
Good practice in the suburbs ; and by reason
That our mortality there is very subject

⁴⁶ *Exhibition.*] i. e. your stipend, your allowance. See note on *Two*
Gentlemen of Verona, A. 1. S. 3. S.

To an infection of the French disease,
I brought my nephew up i' th' university,
Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a physician ;
But all in vain : he is so bashful, madam,
He dares not look upon a woman's water.

Colax.

Sweet gentleman, proceed in bashfulness,
'Tis virtue's best preserver —

Kataplectus.

Recte dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.

Colax.

That being gone,
The rest soon follow, and a swarm of vice
Enters the soul ; no colour but a blush
Becomes a young man's cheek : pure shamefac'dness
Is porter to the lips, and ears, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modest : Nature strives to hide
The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides, —

Kataplectus.

Natura dux optima.

Colax.

Teach us to do so too in our discourse,

Kataplectus.

Gratias tibi ago.

Philotimia.

Inure him to speak bawdy.

Anaiskyntia.

A very good way ; Kataplectus, here's a lady
Would hear you speak obscenely.

Kataplectus.

Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.

Anaiskyntia.

Off goes your velvet cap ! did I maintain you,
To have you disobedient ? you'll be perswaded ?

Kataplectus.

Liberis operam dare.

Anaiskyntia.

What's that in English ?

Kataplectus.

Kataplectus.

To do an endeavour for children.

Anaiskynia.

Some more of this; it may be something one day.

Kataplectus.

Communis est omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi causa.

Philotimia.

Construe me that.

Kataplectus.

All creatures have a natural desire, or appetite, to be joined together in the lawful bonds of matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters.

Anaiskynia.

Your landress has bestow'd her time but ill.
Why could not this have been in proper terms?
If you should catechise my head, and say,
What is your name, would it not say, A head?
So would my skin confess itself a skin;
Nor any part about me be ashamed
Of his own name, although I catechis'd
All over, Come, good nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd.

Colax.

Our stoick, the gravest of philosophers,
Is just of your opinion; and thus argues:
Is any thing obscene, the filthiness
Is either grounded in the things themselves,
Or in the words that signify those things,
Not in the things; that would make Nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaste, and honest: if not in the things,
How in the words, the shadows of those things?
To manure grounds, is a chaste honest term;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawful: every man endures to hear,
He got a child; speak plainer, and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The stoick thus disputes;
Who would have men to breathe as freely downward,
As they do upward.

VOL. IX.

R

Anaiskynia.

Anaiskyntia.

I commend him, madam,
Unto your ladyship's service ; he may mend
With counsel : let him be your gentleman-usher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.

Philotimia.

So he will prove a stoick ;
I long to have a stoick strut before me :
Here, kiss my hand. Come, what is that in Latin ?
Kataplectus.

Osculor manum.

Philotimia.

My lip ; — nay, sir, you must, if I command you.
Kataplectus.

Osculor te, vel oscular a te.

Philotimia.

His breath smells strong.

Anaiskyntia.

'Tis but of logick, madam.

Philotimia.

He will come to it one day — you shall go with me
To see an exquisite glass to dress me by.
Nay go ! you must go first ; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so—on— [Exeunt.

Colax.

Slow Luparus, rise, or you'll be metamorphos'd ;
Acteon's fate is imminent.

Luparus.

Where's my wife ?

Colax.

She's gone with a young snip, and an old bawd.

Luparus.

Then I am cuckolded ; if I be, my comfort is,
She's put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off ; yet, madam, I'll prevent you. [Exit.

Roscious.

The next are the extremes of Justice.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Enter Justice Nimis, Justice Nihil. Plus and Parum
their clerks.*

Nimis.

P L U S !

Plus.

What says your worship ?

Nimis.

Have my tenants,
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copy-hold from me, their lord in chief,
Paid their rent-charge ?

Plus.

'They have, an't please your worship ;
I, receiver-general, gave 'em my acquittance.

Parum.

Sir, I resign my pen and ink-horn to you ;
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a mittimus since I serv'd you.
Were I a reverend justice as you are,
I would not sit a cypher on the bench,
But do as justice Nimis does, and be
The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the sessions.

Nihil.

But I will be a *Dominus-fac-misericordiam*,
Instead of your *Totums* : people shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off : it does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful ;
I wake the better for it.

Nimis.

The yearly value
Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell, is pounds
So many, besides Newyear's capons—the lordship

R 2

Of

Of Turnbal ⁴⁷ so—which, with my Pickt-hatch grange ⁴⁸,
 And Shoreditch farm, and other premises
 Adjoining—very good, a pretty maintenance
 To keep the justice of peace and coram too ;
 Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
 With harriots of all such as die : *quatenus* whores,
 And ruin'd bawds, with all ameracements due
 To such as hunt in purley ⁴⁹ ; this is something,
 With mine own game reserv'd.

Plus.

Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
 That am your worship's bailiff.

Parum.

Will't please your worship, sir, to hear the catalogue
 Of such offenders as are brought before you ?

Nihil.

It does not please me, sir, to hear of any
 That do offend. I would the world were innocent.
 Yet, to express my mercy, you may read them.

Parum.

First, here is one accus'd for cutting a purse.

Nihil.

Accus'd ? is that enough ? If it be guilt
 To be accus'd, who shall be innocent ?
 Discharge him, *Parum.*

Parum.

Here's another brought

⁴⁷ *Of Turnbal.*] *Turnbal*, or, as it would be more properly called, *Turnmill Street*, is between Clerkenwell Green and Cow Cross. It had its name, says Stow, from a river or brook formerly here, whereon stood several mills. This receptacle of thieves and harlots is frequently mentioned by writers of the times.—See Mr. Steevens's note on *Second Part of King Henry 4th*, A. 3. S. 2.

⁴⁸ *Pickt-hatch grange.*] *Pickt-hatch* was in *Turnbal Street*. See notes, by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Warton, to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.

⁴⁹ *Purley,*] or *purlieu* ; which, says *Manwood's Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. 20, " is a certaine territorie of ground adjoining unto the forest, meered and bounded with unmoveable markes, meeres, and boundaries : which territorie of ground was also once forest, and afterwards disafforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old."

For the same fact, taken in the very action.

Nihil.

Alas, it was for need ; bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too : 'tis the first time.

Nimis.

Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this day's sin ?

Plus.

Anaiskyntia, sir, was at the door,
Brought by the constable.

Nimis.

Set the constable by the heels :
She's at certain with us.

Plus.

Then there's Intemperance, the bawd.

Nimis.

A tenant too.

Plus.

With the young lady, madam Incontinence.

Nimis.

Search o'er my doom's-day book. Is not she, Plus,
One of my last compounders ?

Plus.

I remember it.

Then there is jumping Jude, heroick Doll,
With bouncing Nan, and Cis, your worship's finner.

Nimis.

All subsidy-women : go free 'em all.

Parum.

Sir, here's a known offender, one that has
Been stock'd and whipp'd innumerable times ;
Has suffer'd Bridewell often ; not a jail
But he's familiar with ; burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder ; both his ears cut off,
With his nose slit ; what shall I do with him ?

Nimis.

So often punish'd ? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn, e'en let him run his course.

Plus.

Here's mistress Frailty too, the waiting-woman.

R 3

Nimis.

Nimis.

For what offence ?

Plus.

A sin of weakness too.

Nimis.

Let her be strongly whipp'd.

*Plus.*An't please your worship,
She has a nobleman's letter.*Nimis.*Tell her, Plus, she must
Have the king's picture too.*Plus.*

Besides,

She has promised me, I should examine her
Above i' th' garret.*Nimis.*

What's all that to me ?

Plus.

And she entreats your worship to accept.

*Nimis.*Nay, if she can *entreat in English*, Plus,
Say she is injured.*Parum.*Sir, here's Snip the taylor,
Charg'd with a riot.*Nil.*Parum, let him go,
He is our neighbour.*Parum.*

Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.

*Nil.*A stranger ! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger ; we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, Parum.*Plus.*Sir, here's a gentlewoman of St. Joans, is
Charg'd with dishonesty.*Nimis.*

With dishonesty ?

Severity

Severity will amend her : and yet, Plus,
Ask her a question, if she will be honest ?

Plus.

And here's a cobbler's wife brought for a scold.

Nimis.

Tell her of cucking-stools ; tell her there be
Oyster-queans, with orange-women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noise ;
Yet, if she can *speak English*,
We may suppose her silent.

Parum.

Here's a batchelor,
And a citizen's wife, for flat adultery ;
What will you do with them ?

Nihil.

A citizen's wife !
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then ?

Parum.

Yet, I hope, you'll bind o'er the batchelor.

Nihil.

No ; enquire
First if he have no wife ; for if the batchelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty ;
And justice counts it venial.

Plus.

Here's one Adicus,
And Sophron, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony.

Nimis.

Of the two, which is the richer ?

Plus.

Adicus is the richer.

Nimis.

Then Sophron is the thief.

Plus.

Here is withal,
Panourgus come, with one call'd Prodetes,
Lay treason, fir, to one another's charge ;
Panourgus is the richer.

R 4

Nimis.

Nimis.

He's the traitor then.

Plus.

How fir, the richer ?

Nimis.

Thou art ignorant, Plus :

We must do some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.*Plus.*Eutrapeles complains, fir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.*Nimis.*

Send Eutrapeles to the jail.

Plus.

It is Eutrapeles that complains, fir.

*Nimis.*Tell him, we're pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law. Were't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the land subsist ?*Colax.*

Ay, or the justices

Maintain themselves——go on——The land wants such
 As dare with rigour execute her laws :
 Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented.
 He's a bad surgeon, that for pity spares
 The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,
 And all the body perish. He that's merciful
 Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
 The pillory must cure the ear's diseases ;
 The stocks the foot's offences ; let the back
 Bear her own sin, and rank blood purge forth
 By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post :
 And yet the secret and purse-punishment,
 Is held the wiser course ; because at once
 It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious :
 Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
 Within her velvet sheath ; preserve her edge,
 And keep it sharp with cutting ; use must whet her ;
 Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
 Till, Hydra-like, she multiply her heads,

Tread

Tread you on sin, squeeze out the serpent's brains,
All you can find—for some have lurking-holes
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glass,
Will shew you every close offender's face.

Nimis.

Come, Plus, let's go in to find out these concealments;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus—
I mean to be a baron of *Summis Jus*. [*Exit Nimis, Plus.*

Parum.

You are the strangest man, you will acknowledge
None for offenders: here's one apprehended
For murder.

Nibil.

How!

Parum.

He kill'd a man last night.

Nibil.

How came't to pass?

Parum.

Upon a falling out.

Nibil.

They shall be friends; I'll reconcile 'em, *Parum*,
Parum.

One of them is dead.

Nibil.

Is he not buried yet?

Parum.

No, sir.

Nibil.

Why then, I say, they shall shake hands.

Colax.

As you have done
With clemency, most reverend justice *Nihil*.
A gentle mildness thrones itself within you;
Your worship would have justice use her balance
More than her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she wears, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poor offenders. How many men hath rigour,
By her too hasty and severe proceeding,
Prevented from amendment, that perchance,

Might

Might have turn'd honest, and have prov'd good
Christians?

Should Jove not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,
And yet tire Vulcan, and Pyracmon too.
You imitate the gods! and he sins less,
Strikes not at all, than he strikes once amiss.
I would not have justice too falcon-ey'd:
Sometimes a wilful blindness much becomes her;
As when upon the bench she sleeps, and winks
At the transgressions of mortality:
In which most merciful posture I have seen
Your pitiful worship snorting out pardons
To the despairing sinner. There's within
A mirror, sir, like you! Go see your face,
How like Astrea's 'tis in her own glass.

Parum.

And I'll petition justice Nimis' clerk,
To admit me for his under-officer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Agroicus.

Roscius.

THIS is Agroicus, a rustick, clownish fellow, whose discourse is all country; an extreme of Urbanity: whereby you may observe there is a virtue in jesting.

Agroicus.

They talk of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle prattle, would make a cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their grandam's English? They think they talk learnedly: when I had rather hear our brindled cur howl, or sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests, with a murrain; when I had as leave hear 'em break wind, sir-reverence.—

My

My zon Dick, is a pretty bookish scholar of his age, God blefs him ; he can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobbligations, God save all. But, by'r lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jack-sauce, as to have more wit than his vore-fathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old Agroicus, but to keep a talley. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what : they call 'em — boets : a new name for beggars I think, since the statute against gypsies. I would not have my zon Dick one of these boets, for the best pig in my stye, by the mackins. Boets ! Heaven shield him, and zend him to be a good varmer. If he can cry, Hy, Ho, Gee, Hut, Gee, Ho, it is better, I trow, than being a boet. Boets ! I had rather zee him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers⁵⁰, good men and true, condemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted. There is Bomolochus, one of the boets ; now a bots⁵¹ take all the red-nose tribe of 'em for Agroicus ! He does so abuse his betters ! Well, 'twas a good world when I virst held the plow !

Colax.

'They car'd not then so much for speaking well,
As to mean honest : and in you still lives
The good simplicity of the former times,
When to do well was rhetorick, not to talk.
The tongue-disease of court spreads her infections
Through the whole kingdom. Flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown epidemical ; for all our thoughts

⁵⁰ *Twelve godvathers.*] The same vein of humour is found in the *Merchant of Venice*, edit. 1778, vol. 3, p. 228.

" In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers :

" Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,

" To bring thee to the gallows, not the font." S.

⁵¹ *A bots.*] *The bots* is a disease incident to horses. In *The Great Duke of Florence*, by Massinger, A. 4. S. 1. Calandrino says,

" *The bots* on these jolting jades, I am bruis'd to jelly."

Again, *Wily beguiled*, Will Cricket exclaims,

" *A bots* on you !"

It appears to be always the imprecation of a rustic.

Are

Are born between our lips : the heart is made
 A stranger to the tongue, as if it us'd
 A language that she never understood.
 What is it to be witty in these days,
 But to be bawdy, or prophane ? at least
 Abusive ? wit is grown a petulant wasp,
 And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why ;
 Spews vinegar and gall on all she meets,
 Without distinction ; buys laughter with the loss
 Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend ;
 Hunts ordinaries only to deliver
 The idle timpanies of a windy brain,
 That beats and throbs above the pain of child-bed,
 'Till every care she meets be made a midwife
 To her light bastard issue : how many times
 Bomolochus' sides, and shoulders ake, and groan !
 He's so witty — here he comes — away —

Agroicus.

His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Bomolochus.

Roscius.

THIS is the other extreme of Urbanity ; Bomolochus, a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dregs of scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

Bird.

Ay, this is he we look'd for all the while !
 Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,
 Here lies her heathenish dominion,
 In this most impious cell of corruption ;
 For 'tis a purgatory, a mere lymbo,
 Where the black devil and his dam Scurrility
 Do rule the roast, foul princes of the air !
 Scurrility ! That is he that throweth Scandals ;

Soweth, and throweth scandals, as 'twere dirt,
 Even in the face of holiness, and devotion.
 His presence is contagious; like a dragon
 He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,
 Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poison.
 I will not stay, but fly as far as zeal
 Can hurry me — the roof will fall and brain me,
 If I endure to hear his blasphemies,
 His graceless blasphemies.

Roscius.

He shall vent none here;
 But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Stay, brother, I do find the spirit grow strong.

Colax.

Hail sacred wit! — Earth breeds not bays enough
 To crown thy spacious merit.

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,
 Or whatsoever other wit did give
 Old comedies the reins, and let her loose
 To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander
 Of people, prince, nobility — all must yield
 To this triumphant brain.

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

They say you'll lose a friend before a jest;
 'Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
 That is the true Minerva of this brain,
 But is of greater value than a world
 Of friends, were every pair of men we meet
 A Pylades and Orestes.

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

Some say you will abuse your father too,
 Rather than lose the opinion of your wit;

Who

Who would not, that has such a wit as yours ?
 'Twere better twenty parents were expos'd
 To scorn and laughter, than the simplest thought,
 Or least conceit of yours, should die abortive,
 Or perish a brain-embryo.

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

How's this ? that tongue grown silent, that Syrens
 Stood still to admire ?

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

'Twere better that the spheres should lose their harmony,
 And all the choiristers of the wood grow hoarse :
 What wofl hath spied you first ?

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

Sure Hermes, envying that there was on earth
 An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb !
 Malicious deity !

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh —

Colax.

Go in, fir, there's a glass that will restore
 That tongue, whose sweetness angels might adore.

Bomolochus.

Oh — oh — oh — oh — oh — oh —

[Exit.

Rofcius.

Thus, fir, you see how we have put a gag
 In the licentious mouth of base Scurrility ;
 He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here ⁵²,
 T' infect the place with pestilential breath ;
 We'll keep him tongue-ty'd : you, and all, I promise
 By Phœbus and his daughters, whose chaste zones

⁵² He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here.] This bird is said to give himself a clyster with his beak, to live on serpents, and to void himself in the manner here alluded to. See Pliny's Natural History, B. 8. C. 27.

S.

Were

Were never yet by impure hands unty'd,
Our language shall flow chaste ; nothing sounds here
That can give just offence to a strict ear.

Bird.

This gag hath wrought my good opinion of you.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

I begin to think 'em lawful recreations.

Colax.

Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
I'll flatter my dear self — O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it !
Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it !
Were I divided, I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other half !
Self-love, Narcissus, had not been a fault,
Hadt thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine : I can gild vice,
And praise it into alchymy, till it go
For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone ;
I can persuade a toad—into an ox,
'Till, swell'd too big with my hyperboles,
She burst asunder ; and 'tis virtue's name
Lends me a mask to scandalize herself.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do :
That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
I have such strange varieties of colours,
Such shifts of shapes, blue Proteus sure begot me
On a camelion ; and I change so quick,
That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
As they say mares do ⁵³, on some wind or other.
I'll peep to see how many fools I made,

⁵³ *As they say mares do.]*

" Ore omnes versæ in Zephyros stant rupibus altis
" Exceptantque leves auras ; et sæpe sine ullis
" Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
" Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
" Diffugiunt ; non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,
" In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
" Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore cælum."

Virgil's Georgicks.
With

With a report of a miraculous glass.
 — Heaven bless me, I'm ruin'd ! O my brain
 Witty to my undoing ! I have jested
 Myself to an eternal misery.
 I see lean hunger with her meagre face
 Ride post to overtake me ; I do prophesy
 A Lent immortal ; Phœbus, I could curse
 Thee and thy brittle gifts ; Pandora's box,
 Compar'd with this, might be esteem'd a blessing.
 The glass, which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth ;
 The two extremes of every virtue there,
 Beholding how they either did exceed
 Or want of just proportion, join'd together,
 And are reduc'd into a perfect mean :
 As when the skilful and deep-learn'd physician
 Does take different poisons, one that's cold,
 The other in the same degree of heat,
 And blends them both to make an antidote ;
 Or as the lutanist takes flats and sharps,
 And out of those so dissonant notes does strike
 A ravishing harmony. Now there is no vice,
 'Tis a hard world for Colax : what shift now ?
 Dyscolus doth expect me — since this age
 Is grown too wise to entertain a parasite,
 I'll to the glass, and there turn virtuous too,
 Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.

Bird.

There is good use indeed-la to be made
 From their conversion.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Very good insooth-la
 And edifying.

Roscius.

Give your eyes some respite.
 You know already what your vices be,
 In the next act you shall our virtues see.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T V. SCENE I.

Roscius, Mrs. Flowerdew, Bird.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

NOW verily, I find the devout bee
May suck the honey of good doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider,
Gathers her impious venom ! I have pick'd
Out of the garden of this play, a good
And wholesome sallad of instruction !
What do you next present ?

Roscius.

The several virtues.

Bird.

I hope there be no cardinal-virtues there !

Roscius.

There be not.

Bird.

Then I'll stay. I hate a virtue
That will be made a cardinal : cardinal-virtues,
Next to pope-virtues, are most impious.
Bishop-virtues are unwarrantable.
I hate a virtue in a morrice-dance.
I will allow of none but deacon-virtues,
Or elder-virtues.

Roscius.

These are moral-virtues.

Bird.

Are they lay-virtues ?

Roscius.

Yes.

Bird.

Then they are lawful ;
Virtues in orders are unsanctified.

VOL. IX.

S

Roscius.

Roscius.

We do present them royal, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.

Bird.

What dance?

No wanton jig, I hope: no dance is lawful
But Prinkum-Prankum!

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Will virtues dance?

O vile, absurd, maypole — maid-marrian virtue!

Roscius.

Dancing is lawful, &c.

*[Flourish.]**Enter Mediocrity.**Mrs. Flowerdew.*

Who's this?

Roscius.

It is the mother of virtues.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Mother of pearl I think, she is so gaudy.

Roscius.

It is the golden Mediocrity.

Mrs. Flowerdew.

She looketh like the idol of Cheapside⁵⁴.

Mediocrity.

I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfs; the middle tract
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; the small isthmus
That suffers not the Ægean tide to meet
The violent rage of the Ionian wave.

⁵⁴ *She looketh like the idol of Cheapside.*] This was the cross which stood there. It was erected by Edward the first, at one of the places where the body of his deceased Queen rested in its progress from Herdeby, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. This cross was afterwards frequently repaired, and was ornamented with a statue of the Virgin Mary; which being held in great reverence by the Papists, consequently very highly offended the Puritans of the times. When these last obtained the ascendancy in the state, it cannot be wondered at, that what displeased them should be removed. One of their first acts of power was an order for destroying the several crosses, which was executed on the 2d of May, 1643, on that which is the subject of this note.

I am

I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea ;
Free and safe passage to the wary step :
But he whose wantonness or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certain ruin. — Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun,
As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beams : nor so remote
From his bright rays as to be situate
Under the icy pole of the cold Bear ;
But in a temperate zone : 'tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocrity :
The labour of whose womb are all the virtues,
And every passion too, commendable.
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth ; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they bear to several objects :
Else had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven fair virgins of a blood,
All sisters, and alike grown ripe of years,
Match into several houses, from each family,
Each makes a name distinct, and all are different ;
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
As if both roses were confounded there.
Their stature neither dwarf nor giantish,
But in a comely well-dispos'd proportion ;
And all so like their mother, that indeed,
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midst of dangers I stand up,
A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,
Not so ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearful of Heaven's just anger, when she speaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my religion, shake to see my country
Threat'ned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
To any thing may blast my reputation ;
But I can scorn the worst of poverty,
Sickness, captivity, banishment, grim death,
If she dare meet me in the bed of honour ;

Where, with my country's cause upon my sword,
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civil blood, or customary danger ;
Nor the fool's whetstone, inexperience ;
I can throw valour as a lightening from me,
And then I am the Amazon Fortitude !
Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleasures,
And I am Temperance. Make me Wealth's just steward,
And call me Liberality : with one hand
I'll gather riches home, and with the other,
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
The persons, quantity, quality, time, and place :
And if in great expences I be set
Chief arbitress, I can in glorious works,
As raising temples, statues, altars, shrines,
Vestures, and ornaments to religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigal.
And to my country the like mean observe,
In building ships, and bulwarks, castles, walls,
Conduits, theatres, and what else may serve her
For use or ornament ; and at home be royal
In buildings, gardens, costly furniture,
In entertainments free and hospitable,
With a respect to my estate and means,
And then I may be nam'd Magnificence ;
As Magnanimity, when I wisely aim
At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'em,
Not for ambition, but for my country's good ;
And in that virtue all the rest do dwell.
In lesser dignities I want a name ;
And when I am not over-patient,
To put up such gross wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that observe
What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom ;
Look that it be not sudden, nor too thirsty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Than the offence ; know my time when, where
I must be angry, and how long remain so ;
Then, then you may surname me Mansuetude.
When in my carriage and discourse I keep

The mean that neither flatters nor offends;
 I am that virtue the well-nurtur'd court
 Gives name, and should do being—Courtesy.
 Twixt fly dissembling and proud arrogance,
 I am the virtue Time calls daughter, Truth.
 Give me my sword and ballance rightly sway'd,
 And Justice is the title I deserve.
 When on this stage I come with innocent wit,
 And jests that have more of the salt than gall;
 That move the laughter and delight of all,
 Without the grief of one; free, chaste conceits,
 Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberal,
 Or contumelious slanders, I am then
 The virtue they have term'd Urbanity:
 To whom, if your least countenance may appear,
 She vows to make her constant dwelling here.
 My daughters now are come.—

The S O N G.

S C E N E II.

The mask, wherein all the virtues dance together.

Mediocrity.

YOU have seen all my daughters, gentlemen.
 Chuse your wives hence: you that are batchelors
 Can find no better; and the married too
 May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
 Two may have the same wife, and the same man
 May wed two virtues, yet no bigamy:
 He that weds most is chastest. These are all
 The daughters of my womb: I have five more,
 The happy issue of my intellect,
 And thence firnam'd the intellectual virtues:
 They now attend not on their mother's train,
 We hope they act in each spectator's brain.

I have a niece besides, a beauteous one,
 My daughters' dear companion——lovely Friendship,
 A royal nymph : her we present not too ;
 It is a virtue we expect from you.

[Exit cum Choro cantantium.

S C E N E III:

Bird.

O Sister, what a glorious train they be !
Mrs. Flowerdew.

They seem to me the family of Love ;
 But is there such a glass, good Roscius ?

Roscius.

There is ! sent hither by the great Apollo,
 Who in the world's bright eye and every day
 Set in this car of light, surveys the earth
 From east to west ; who finding every place
 Fruitful in nothing but fantastick follies
 And most ridiculous humours, as he is
 The god of physick, though it appertain'd
 To him to find a cure to purge the earth
 Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
 And now grown epidemical ; many receipts
 He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore
 In every garden—but none pleas'd like this.
 He takes out water from the muse's spring,
 And sends it to the north, there to be freez'd
 Into a chrystal——that being done, he makes
 A mirrour with it ; and instils this virtue,
 That it should by reflection shew each man
 All his deformities, both of soul and body,
 And cure 'em both——

Mrs. Flowerdew.

Good brother, let's go see it !
 Saints may want something of perfection.

Roscius.

The glass is but of one day's continuance ;
 For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,
 His kingdom would grow empty (for 'tis sin
 That peoples hell) went to the Fates, and bid 'em
 Spin it too short a thread ; (for every thing,
 As well as man, is measur'd by their spindle.)
 They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
 No longer than the beasts of Hyppanis,
 That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
 But Phœbus, to requite the black god's envy,
 Will, when the glass is broke, transfuse her virtue
 To live in comedy—if you mean to see it,
 Make haste——

Mrs. Flowerdew.

We will go post to reformation.

[*Exeunt.**Roscius.*

Nor is the glass of so short life, I fear,
 As this poor labour—our distrustful author
 Thinks the same sun that rose upon her cradle
 Will hardly set before her funeral.
 Your gracious and kind acceptance may
 Keep her alive from death, or, when she's dead,
 Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Mrs. Flowerdew and Bird.**Mrs. Flowerdew.*

THIS ignorance even makes religion sin ;
 Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her
 Beyond her length——most blessed looking-glass,
 That didst instruct my blinded eyes to-day ;
 I might have gone to hell the narrow way !

S 4

Bird.

Bird.

Hereafter I will visit comedies,
And see them oft; they are good exercises!
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper;
Not that it shall lose any of her heat
Or purity, but henceforth shall be such
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

ROSCIUS *solus.*

YOU'VE seen The Muse's Looking-Glass, ladies fair.

And gentle youths; and others too whoe'er

Have fill'd this orb: it is the end we meant

Yourselfes unto yourselfes still to present.

A soldier shall himself in Hector see;

Grave counsellors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.

When Lucrece's part shall on our stage appear,

Every chaste lady sees her shadow there.

Nay, come who will, for our indifferent glasses

Will shew both fools and knaves, and all their faces,

To vex and cure them: but we need not fear,

We do not doubt but each one now that's here,

That has a fair soul and a beauteous face,

Will visit oft The Muse's Looking-Glass.

EDITION.

THE

MUSES LOOKING-GLASSE.

By T. R.

O X F O R D:

Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD, for FRANCIS BOWMAN.

1638. 4to.

Printed in a Quarto Volume, entitled, "Poems, with
" the Muses Looking-Glasse, and Amyntas. By Thomas
" Randolph, Master of Arts, and late Fellow of Trinity-
" Colledge in Cambridge. Oxford: printed by Leonard
" Lichfield, Printer to the University, for Francis Bow-
" man. 1638."

T H E
CITY-MATCH.

THE
CITY OF TAMM-YTIS

JASPER MAYNE, was born at Hatherlagh, in Devonshire, in the year 1604; and being sent to Westminster-School, he continued there until the age of nineteen years, without obtaining a King's scholarship. At that time, he met with a patron in Dr. Bryan Duppa; by whose recommendation, in 1623, he entered himself a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, and commenced M. A. June 18, 1631. He afterwards took holy orders; and distinguished himself in the pulpit by that quaint manner of preaching which was then in vogue. His first preferment was the vicarage of Cassington, near Woodstock; to which was afterwards added the living of Pyrton, near Watlington; both by the presentation of his college. These preferments lying at a small distance from the university, he continued to reside there; and was much admired for his wit and humour. In 1638, he published a Translation of Lucian's Dialogues; and in the next year appeared his comedy of *The City Match*. On the breaking out of the civil war, he sided with the Royal Party: to which he remained, ever after, firmly attached. He was appointed, in 1642, one of the divines to preach before the King and Parliament; and in that year proceeded Batchelor of Divinity; and was created D. D. on June 7, 1646. The decline of the King's affairs caused a very great alteration in those of our Author: he was ejected from his student's place in 1648, and soon after deprived of both his vicarages. In the midst of these sufferings, he still preserved a warm zeal for the old establishment. In September, 1652, he held a publick disputation with a noted Anabaptist-preacher, in Watlington Church. He afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a friend in the Earl of Devonshire; who received him into his family, in the character of chaplain; and with that nobleman he resided until the Restoration.

On

On that event, he returned back to his livings; was appointed Chaplain in ordinary to the King; promoted to a Canon's stall at Christ Church, and raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of Chichester.

Thus replaced in his favourite seat of the Muses, he continued to reside there during the rest of his life, happy in the full enjoyment of his promotions.—He died December 6, 1672; and his corpse was interred in the isle adjoining to the choir of Christ Church: where a monument was erected to his memory, at the charge of Dr. Robert South and Dr. John Lamphire, the executors of his will.

Besides the Translation of Lucian, (before mentioned) he published several sermons and poems; and the two following plays:

1. "The City-Match: a Comedy. Presented to the King and Queen at Whitehall. Acted since, at Blackfriars, by his Majesties Servants. Fo. 1639. 4to. 1658. 8vo. 1659."
2. "The Amorous Warre: a Tragi-Comedie. 4to. 1648."

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the best things protect themselves from censure, had no ambition to make it this way public: holding works of this light nature to be things which need an apology for being written at all; nor esteeming otherwise of them, whose abilities in this kind are most passable, than of maskers who spangle and glitter for the time, but 'tis through a tinsel. As it was merely out of obedience that he first wrote it, so when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place where it took life. Himself being so averse from raising fame from the stage, that at the presentment, he was one of the severest spectators there; nor ever shewed other sign whereby it might be known to be his, but his liberty to despise it. Yet he hath at length consented it should pass the press; not with an aim to purchase a new reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worse; for, understanding that some at London, without his approbation or allowance, were ready to print a false, imperfect copy, he was loth to be libell'd by his own work; or that his play should appear to the world with more than its own faults.—Farewel.

T H E

T H E
P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
K I N G A N D Q U E E N.

TH*E* Author, Royal Sir, so dreads this night,
 As if for writing he were doom'd to th' fight;
 Or else, unless you do protect his fame,
 Y' had sav'd his play, and sentenc'd him to th' flame.
 For though your name or power were i' th' reprieve,
 Such works he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
 Which for this place, being rescu'd from the fire,
 Takes ruin from th' advancement, and fall higher.
 Though none, he hopes, sit here upon his wit,
 As if he poems did, or plays commit.
 Yet he must needs fear censure, that fears praise,
 Nor would write still, were't to succeed i' th' bays;
 For he is not o' th' trade, nor would excel
 In this kind, where 'tis lightness to do well.
 Yet, as the Gods refin'd base things, and some
 Beasts foul i' th' herd grew pure i' th' hecatomb;
 And as the ox prepar'd, and crowned bull,
 Are offerings, though kept back, and altars full;
 So, mighty Sir, this sacrifice being near
 The knife at Oxford, which y' have kindled here,
 He hopes 'twill from You, and the Queen, grow clean,
 And turn t' oblation what he meant a scene.

T H E

The PROLOGUE at BLACK-FRIERS.

*WERE it his trade, the author bid me say,
 Perchance he'd beg you would be good to th' play ;
 And I, to set him up in reputation,
 Should hold a bason forth for approbation.
 But praise so gain'd, he thinks, were a relief
 Able to make his comedy a brief ;
 For, where your pity must your judgment be,
 'Tis not a play, but you fir'd houses see.
 Look not his quill, then, should petitions run ;
 No gatherings here into a prologue spun.
 Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd, or hit,
 Are cares for them who eat by th' stage, and wit.
 He's one, whose unbought Muse did never fear
 An empty second day, or a thin share ;
 But can make th' actors, though you come not twice,
 No losers, since we act now at the King's price :
 Who hath made this play publick ; and the same
 Power that makes laws, redeem'd this from the flame :
 For th' author builds no fame, nor doth aspire
 To praise, from that which he condemn'd to th' fire.
 He's thus secure, then, that he cannot win
 A censure sharper than his own hath been.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WAREHOUSE, *an old merchant.*
 FRANK PLOTWELL, *his nephew.*
 CYPHER, *his father.*
 BANESWRIGHT, *old Plotwell disguised.*
 MADAM AURELIA, *Penelope Plotwell his daughter.*
 SEATHRIFT, *a merchant.*
 MRS. SEATHRIFT, *his wife.*
 TIMOTHY, *his son.*
 DORCAS, *Susan Seathrift his daughter.*
 BRIGHT, } *two Templars.*
 NEWCUT, }
 MRS. SCRUPLE, *a puritan school-mistress.*
 MRS. HOLLAND, *a seamster on the Exchange.*
 QUARTFIELD, *a captain.*
 SALEWIT, *a poet.*
 ROSECLAP, *one that keeps an ordinary.*
 MILLICENT, *his wife.*
 'Prentice.
 Two Footmen.
 Boy that sings.

The Scene LONDON.

THE

THE
CITY-MATCH*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Warehouse, Seathrift.

Seathrift.

I Promise you 'twill be a most rare plot.

Warehouse.

The city, Mr. Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like; I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for sheriff mend it.

Seathrift.

Mend it! why?

'Tis past the wit o' th' court of aldermen.
Next Merchant-taylor that writes chronicles
Will put us in.

Warehouse.

For, since I took him home,
Though, sir, my nephew, as you may observe,
Seem quite transfigur'd, be as dutiful
As a new 'prentice, in his talk declaim
'Gainst revelling companions, be as hard
To be entic'd from home as my door-posts;

* In the year 1755, a gentleman still living, of great eminence in his profession, made a few alterations in this play, and presented it to the governors of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park-corner, who obtained a representation of it, at Drury-lane, for the benefit of that charity. It was at the same time printed in 8vo, under the title of "THE SCHEMERS; OR, THE CITY-MATCH."

¹ Next Merchant-taylor that writes chronicles.] The merchant-taylor here alluded to, was John Stowe, author of the *Chronicle of England*, who was of that company, and a Taylor by profession.

This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know, sir —

Seathrift.

You told me, Mr. Warehouse.

Warehouse.

Not the sea,
When it devour'd my ships, cost me so much
As did his vanities. A voyage to the Indies
Has been lost in a night : his daily suits
Were worth more than the stock that set me up ;
For which he knew none but the silk-man's book,
And studied that more than the law. He had
His loves too, and his mistresses ; was enter'd
Among the philosophical madams² ; was
As great with them as their concerners ; and, I hear,
Kept one of them in pension.

Seathrift.

My son too
Hath had his errors : I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by wholesale
He took again in quarts ; and at the day
Vintners have paid me with his large scores ; but
He is reformed too.

Warehouse.

Sir, we now are friends
In a design.

Seathrift.

And hope to be in time
Friends in alliance, sir.

Warehouse.

I'll be free ;
I think well of your son.

Seathrift.

Who ? Timothy ?
Believ't, a virtuous boy ; and for his sister,
A very saint.

Warehouse.

Mistake me not, I have

² Philosophical madams.] See Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*.

The like opinion of my nephew, fir;
Yet he is young, and so is your son, nor
Doth the church-book say they are past our fears.
Our presence is their bridle now; 'tis good
To know them well whom we do make our heirs.

Seathbrist.

It is most true.

Warehouse.

Well; and how shall we know
How they will use their fortune, or what place
We have in their affection, without trial?
Some wise men build their own tombs; let us try,
If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry,
Or wear³ long cloaks. This plot will do't.

Seathbrist.

'Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my wife and son.

Warehouse.

And I'll
Come to you at your garden-house⁽³⁾. Within there —
[Exit *Seathbrist*.]

SCENE II.

Enter Cypher.

Warehouse.

NOW, Cypher, where's my nephew?

Cypher.

In the hall,
Reading a letter, which a footman brought
Just now to him from a lady, fir.

Warehouse.

A lady!

³ wear] All the editions read *their*.

⁽³⁾ Garden-house.] See extract from *Stubbes*, quoted in *The Miseries of enforced Marriage*, vol. 5.

278 THE CITY-MATCH.

Cypher.

Yes, sir, a lady in distress; for I
Could over-hear the fellow say, she must
Sell her coach-horses, and return again
To her needle, if your nephew don't supply her
With money.

Warehouse.

This is some honourable seamstress.
I am now confirm'd: They say he keeps a lady,
And this is she. Well, Cypher, 'tis too late
To change my project now. Be sure you keep
A diary of his actions; strictly mark
What company comes to him; if he stir
Out of my house, observe the place he enters.
Watch him till he come out: follow him, disguised,
To all his haunts.

Cypher.

He shall not want a spy, sir.
But, sir, when you are absent, if he draw not
A lattice to your door, and hang a bush out —

Warehouse.

I hope he will not make my house a tavern.

Cypher.

Sir, I am no Sibyl's son.

Warehouse.

Peace, here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Plotwell in a sad posture.

Warehouse, Plotwell, Cypher.

Warehouse.

GOOD-morrow, nephew: How now? sad? how
comes
This melancholy?

Plotwell.

Can I chuse but wear
Clouds in my face, when I must venture, sir,
Your reverend age to a long doubtful voyage,
And not partake your dangers?

Warehouse.

THE CITY-MATCH

Warehouse.

Fie; these fears,
Though they become you, nephew, are ominous:
When heard you from your father?

Plotwell.

Never since
He made the escape, sir.

Warehouse.

I hear he is in Ireland:
Is't true, he took your sister with him?

Plotwell.

So

Her mistress thinks, sir: one day she left th' Exchange,
And has not since been heard of.

Warehouse.

And, nephew,
How like you your new course; which place prefer you?
The Temple, or Exchange? Where are, think you,
The wealthier mines; in the Indies, or
Westminster-hall?

Plotwell.

Sir, my desires take measure
And form from yours.

Warehouse.

Nay, tell me your mind plainly,
I th' city-tongue. I'd have you speak like Cypher;
I do not like quaint figures; they do smell
Too much o' th' ians of court.

Plotwell.

Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impressions which ———

Warehouse.

Again!

Plotwell.

Sir, I prefer your kind of life, a merchant.

Warehouse.

'Tis spoken like my nephew: now I like you,
Nor shall I e'er repent the benefits
I have bestow'd; but will forget all errors, [Exit Cypher.
As mere seducements. And will not only be
An uncle, but a father to you; but then

280 THE CITY-MATCH.

— You must be constant, nephew.

Plotwell.

Else I were blind
To my good fortune, fir,

Warehouse.

Think, man, how it may
In time make thee o' th' city senate, and raise thee
To th' sword and cap of maintenance.

Plotwell.

Yes, and make me
Sentence light bread, and pounds of butter on horse-back,
[*Afide.*

Warehouse.

Have gates and conduits dated from thy year;
Ride to the spittle on thy free beast.

Plotwell.

Yes,
Free of your company.

[*Afide.*

Warehouse.

Have the people vail
As low to his trappings as if he thrice had fined
For that good times employment.

Plotwell.

Or as if
He had his rider's wisdom.

[*Afide.*

Warehouse.

Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.

Plotwell.

Yes, and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet.

[*Afide.*

Warehouse.

How say you? Let's hear that?

Plotwell.

I say, fir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.

Warehouse.

'Tis right, and be remembered at the Cross *.

* *At the cross.*] At St. Paul's Cross, where sermons were then
preached.

S. P.

Plotwell.

THE CITY MATCH. 181

Plotwell.

And then at sessions, fir, and all times else;
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me.

Warehouse.

All this is possible,
And in the stars and winds: therefore, dear nephew,
You shall pursue this course; and, to enable you,
In this half year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffick.

Plotwell.

Shall I not learn
Arithmetick too, fir, and short-hand?

Warehouse.

'Tis well remembered; yes, and navigation.

Enter Cypher.

Cypher.

Sir, Mr. Seathrift says you will lose the tide;
The boat stays for you.

Warehouse.

Well, nephew, at my return,
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are; and, for a token
How much I trust your reformation,
Take this key of my counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my absence. Farewel. Nay,
No tears, I'll be here sooner than you think on't.
Cypher, you know what you have to do,

Cypher.

I warrant you, fir.

[*Exit Warehouse.*]

Plotwell.

Tears! yes, my melting eyes shall run, but it
Shall be such tears as shall increase the tide
To carry you from hence.

Cypher.

Come, Mr. Plotwell, shall I
Read to you this morning?

Plotwell.

Read! what? how the price

THE CITY-MATCH.

Of sugar goes ; how many pints of olives
Go to a jar ; how long wine works at sea ;
What difference is in gain between fresh herrings
And herrings red ?

Cypher.

This is fine ; ha' you
Forgot your uncle's charge ?

Plotwell.

Pr'ythee what was't ?

Cypher.

To learn the tongues, and mathematicks.

Plotwell.

Troth,

If I have tongue enough to say my prayers
P' th' phrase o' th' kingdom, I care not ; otherwise,
I'm for no tongues but dry'd ones, such as will
Give a fine relish to my backrag^s ; and for mathematicks,
I hate to travel by the map ; methinks
'Tis riding post.

Cypher.

I knew 'twould come to this,
Here be his comrades.

Plotwell.

What, my Fleet-street friends ?

[*Exit Cypher.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Bright and Newcut.

Bright.

SAVE you, merchant Plotwell !

Newcut.

Mr. Plotwell, citizen and merchant, save you !

Bright.

Is thy uncle
Gone the wish'd voyage ?

^s *Backrag.*] This was a wine which was brought from Germany, and appears from *Philo-sophenissa*, 1635, p. 48. It is there mentioned along with *Rbenisb*.

Plotwell.

THE CITY MATCH.

Plotwell.

Yes, he's gone ; and, if
He die by th' way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pound a year in Kent ; some three
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, bonds,
And desperate debts.

Newcut.

And dost not thou fall down
And pray to th' winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackarel ?

Bright.

Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice ?

Newcut.

Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i' th' middle ?

Plotwell.

And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends ?

Bright.

What, to take thee from the Temple,
To make thee an old juryman, a Whittington ?

Newcut.

To transform thy plush to penny-stone ; and scarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen
Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scapt three shipwrecks to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map ?

Bright.

This jacket surely was employ'd in finding
The north-east passage out, or the same jacket
That Coryat⁶ died in.

Plotwell.

Very good.

Newcut.

In Ovid
There is not such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,

⁶ Coryat.] See note 11 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10. p. 220.

264 THE CITY MATCH.

Or some handsome beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank, O transmutation !
Of satin chang'd to kersey hose I sing.
'Slid, his shoes shine too ?

Bright.

They have the Gresham dye.
Dost thou not dress thyself by 'em ? I can see
My face in them hither.

Plotwell.

Very pleasant, gentlemen.

Bright.

And faith, for how many years art thou bound ?

Plotwell.

Do you take me for a 'prentice ?

Newcut.

Why then, what office
Dost thou bear in the parish this year ? Let's feel :
No batteries in thy head, to signify
Th' art constable ?

Bright.

No furious jug broke on it,
In the king's name ?

Plotwell.

Did you contrive this scene
By the way, gentlemen ?

Newcut.

No ; but the news
Thou should'st turn tradesman, and this pagan dress,
In which if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be damn'd
For an usurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in such a fellow
For an apostate, in our antimasque.
Set one to keep the door, provide half-crown rooms,

⁷ 'Slid, his shoes shine too.] The citizens of Charles the First's time, and earlier, were as famous for the brightness of their shoes, as some particular professions at present. In *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1. Kately says.

" Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,

" Make their loose comments upon every word,

" Gesture, or look, I use ; mock me all over,

" From my flat cap unto my shining shoes."

THE CITY-MATCH. 335

For I'll set bills up of thee. What shall I
Give thee for the first day?

Bright.

Aye, or second?
For thou 't endure twice or thrice coming in.

Plotwell.

Well, my conceited Orient friends, bright offspring
O' th' female silk-worm, and taylor male; I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid-for glory;
That in these colours you set out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet-street; that you may laugh at me
Poor working-day o' th' city, like two festivals
Escap'd out of the Almanack.

Newcut.

Sirrah, Bright,
Didst look to hear such language beyond Ludgate?

Bright.

I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge:
But wit that goes o' th' score, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapside.

Plotwell.

Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you
He has the patience of a burnt heretick.
The very faith that sold to you these silks,
And thinks you'll pay for 'em, is strong enough
To save the infidel part o' th' world, or Antichrist.

Bright.

W' are most mechanically abused.

Newcut.

Let's tear his jacket off.

Bright.

A match! take that side.

Plotwell.

Hold, hold.

Bright.

How frail a thing old velvet is! it parts
With as much ease and willingness as two cowards.
[They tear off his jacket.]

Newcut.

The tend'rest weed that ever fell asunder.

Plotwell.

286 THE CITY-MATCH.

Plotwell.

Ha' you your wits? What mean you?

Bright.

Go, put on
One of thy *Temple* suits, and accompany us.
Or else thy dimity breeches will be mortal.

Plotwell.

You will not strip me, will you?

Newcut.

By thy visible ears, we will.

Bright.

By this two-handed beaver; which is so thin
And light, a butterfly's wings put to't would make it
A Mercury's flying hat, and soar aloft.

Plotwell.

But do you know to how much danger
You tempt me? Should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet-street—

Newcut.

Will you make
Yourself fit for a coach again, and come
Along with us?

Plotwell.

Well, my two resolute friends,
You shall prevail. But whither now are your
Lewd motions bent?

Newcut.

We'll dine at *Roseclap's*: there
We shall meet Captain *Quartfield* and his poet;
They shall shew us another fish.

Bright.

But by the way, we have agreed to see
A lady, you mechanick.

Plotwell.

What lady?

Newcut.

Hast not thou heard of the new-sprung lady?

Bright.

One
That keeps her coachman, footboy, woman; and spends
A thousand

THE CITY-MATCH.

A thousand pounds a year by wit.

Plotwell.

How? wit?

Newcut.

That is her patrimony, fir. 'Tis thought,
The fortune she is born to, will not buy
A bunch of turnips.

Plotwell.

She is no gamester, is she? Nor carries false dice?

Bright.

No; but has a tongue,
Were't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.

Plotwell.

But does no man know from whence she came?

Bright.

As for her birth, she may
Choose her own pedigree; it is unknown
Whether she be descended of some ditch
Or duchess.

Newcut.

She's the wonder of the court,
And talk o' th' town.

Plotwell.

Her name?

Newcut.

Aurelia.

Plotwell.

I've heard of her. They say she does fight duels,
And answers challenges in wit.

Bright.

She has been thrice in the field.

Plotwell.

I' th' field?

Newcut.

Yes, in Spring garden;
Has conquer'd, with no second but her woman,
A Puritan, and has return'd with prizes.

Plotwell.

And no drum beat before her?

THE CITY-MATCH.

Newcut.
No, nor colours
Flourish'd. She has made a vow never to marry
Till she be won by stratagem.

Plotwell.
I long to see her.

Bright.
I th' name of Guildhall, who comes here?

SCENE V.

Enter Timothy.

Timothy.
BY your leave, gentlemen.

Plotwell.
Mr. Timothy!
Welcome from the new world. I look'd you should
Ha' past through half the signs in heaven by this,
And ha' convers'd with the dolphins. What! not gone
To sea with your father?

Timothy.
No, faith, I do not love
To go to sea; it makes one lousy, lays him
In wooden sheets, and lands him a preservative
Against the plague: besides, my mother was
Afraid to venture me.

Plotwell.
Believe't, she's wife,
Not to trust such a wit to a thin frail bark,
Where you had fail'd within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Besides the tossing, to have
All the fierce blust'ring faces in the map
Swell more tempestuously upon you than
Lawyers prefer'd, or trumpeters. And whither
Were you bound now?

Timothy.

THE CITY-MATCH. 289

Timothy.

I only came to have
Your judgment of my suit.

Plotwell.

Surely the taylor
Has done his part.

Timothy.

And my mother has done her's ;
For she has paid for't. I never durst be seen
Before my father out of durette and serge :
But if he catch me in such paltry stuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out money,
Let him say, " Timothy was born a fool."
Before he went, he made me do what he list :
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two? Gentlemen?

Plotwell.

You see they wear
Their heraldry.

Timothy.

But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress?
I mean forthwith to get a mistress.

Plotwell.

But

How comes this, Mr. Timothy? you did not
Rise such a gallant this morning.

Timothy.

All's one for that.
My mother lost her maidenhead, that I
Might come first into the world; and by God's lid
I'll bear myself like the elder brother, I.
D' you think, I'll all days of my life frequent
Saint Antlins, like my sister? Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.

Bright.

Your servant, sir.

Newcut.

I shall be proud to know you.

VOL. IX.

U

Timothy.

Timothy.

Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth. I'm born to a small fortune;
Some hundred thousand pound, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in brass.
What are you? inns of court-men?

Newcut.

The Catechism
Were false, should we deny it.

Timothy.

I shall shortly
Be one myself; I learn to dance already,
And wear short cloaks. I mean in your next masque
To have a part: I shall take most extremely.

Bright.

You will inflame the ladies, sir: they'll strive
Who shall most privately convey jewels
Into your hand.

Newcut.

This is an excellent fellow.
Who is't?

Plotwell.

Rich Seathrift's son, that's gone to sea
This morning with my uncle.

Bright.

Is this he
Whose sister thou shouldst marry? The wench that brings
Ten thousand pound.

Plotwell.

My uncle would fain have me,
But I have cast her off.

Bright.

Why?

Plotwell.

Faith, she's handsome,
And had a good wit; but her school-mistress
Has made her a rank Puritan.

Newcut.

Let's take him

THE CITY-MATCH. 291

Along with us, and Captain Quartfield shall show him.

Plotwell.

'Twill be an excellent comedy ; and afterwards
I have a project on him.

Timothy.

Gentlemen,
Shall we dine at an ordinary ? You
Shall enter me among the wits.

Plotwell.

Sir, I
Will but shift cloaths, then we'll associate you.
But first you shall with us, and see a lady,
Rich as your father's chests and odd holes, and
Fresh as Pygmalion's mistress, newly wakened
Out of her alabaster.

Timothy.

Lead on :
I long to see a lady, and to salute her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Aurelia, Dorcas.

Aurelia.

WHY we shall have you get, in time, the turn-
Up of your eyes, speak in the nose, draw sighs
Of an ell long, and rail at discipline.
Would I could hear from Baneswright ! Ere I'll be
tortur'd

With your preciseness thus, I'll get dry palms
With starching, and put on my smocks myself.

Dorcas.

Surely you may, and air 'em too : there have been
Very devout and holy women that wore
No shift at all.

U 2

Aurelia.

Aurelia.
Such saints you mean as wore
Their congregations, and swarm'd with Christian vermin,
You'll hold clean linen heresy?

Dorcas.
Surely, yes,
Clean linen in a surplice: that and powders
Do bring dry summers, make the sickness rage,
And the enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mrs. Scruple and her husband, who
Do verily ascribe the German war,
And the late persecutions, to curling,
False teeth, and oil of Talc³.

Aurelia.
Now she is in,
A lecturer will sooner hold his peace
Than she.

Dorcas.
And surely, as master Scruple says——

Aurelia.
That was her school-master. One that cools a feast
With his long grace, and sooner eats a capon
Than blesses it.

Dorcas.
And proves it very well,

³ Oil of Talc.] "Talc, in natural history, is a shining, squamous, fissile species of stone, easily separable into thin, transparent scales or leaves." *Chambers's Dictionary*. It was anciently found only in Spain, but since, in several parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. "Some chymists," (says the same writer) "and other empirics, have held, that Talc might be used for many important purposes; and pretend to draw from it that precious oil so much boasted of by the ancients, particularly the Arabs, called Oil of Talc; which is supposed a wonderful cosmetic, and preserver of the complexion: but the truth is, the word Talc, among them, signified no more than an equal disposition of the humours, which keeps the body in good temperament and perfect health. Now, as nothing contributes more than health to the preserving of beauty, this has given occasion to the chymists to search this Oil of Talc, which is to maintain the body in this disposition, and to engage the ladies to be at the expence of the search."

Out of a book that suffer'd martyrdom⁹
 By fire in Cheapſide. Since amulets, and bracelets,
 And love-locks were in uſe, the price of ſprats,
 Jeruſalem artichokes, and Holland cheeſe,
 Is very much increaſed; ſo that the brethren,
 Botchers I mean, and ſuch poor zealous ſaints
 As earn five groats a week under a ſtall,
 By ſinging pſalms, and drawing up of holes,
 Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
 To turn——

Aurelia.

Old breeches.

Dorcas.

Surely, teachers and prophets.

SCENE II.

Enter Banſwright.

Aurelia.

OH, Mr. Banſwright, are you come! My woman
 Was in her preaching-fit: ſhe only wanted
 A table's end.

Banſwright.

Why, what's the matter?

Aurelia.

Never

Poor lady had ſo much unbred holineſs
 About her perſon: I am never dreſt
 Without a ſermon; but am forc'd to prove
 The lawfulneſs of curling-irons, before
 She'll criſp me in a morning. I muſt ſhow
 Text for the faſhions of my gowns. She'll aſk

⁹ *Out of a book, &c.*] This was Prynne's celebrated work, entitled
 HISTRIOMASTRIX, &c. which was, by the ſentence of the Star Chamber,
 ordered to be burnt.

Where jewels are commanded ? or what lady
 I' th' primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies ?
 She will urge councils for her little ruff,
 Call'd in Northamptonshire¹⁰ ; and her whole service
 Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

Baneswright.

Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
 However she be otherwise, when she had
 A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
 A serviceable sinner.

Aurelia.

She can't preserve
 The gift for which I took her ; but, as though
 She were inspir'd from Ipswich¹¹, she will make
 The Acts and Monuments in sweet-meats ; quinces
 Arraign'd, and burnt at a stake : all my banquets
 Are persecutions ; Dioclesian's days
 Are brought for entertainment ; and we eat martyrs.

Baneswright.

Madam, she is far gone.

Aurelia.

Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.

Baneswright.

Indeed !

Aurelia.

She works religious petticoats¹² : for flowers
 She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth

¹⁰ *Call'd in Northamptonshire.*] The county in which the celebrated Robert Browne (who may be esteemed the head of the Puritans) was banished, and afterwards died in gaol, at a very advanced age.

¹¹ *She were inspir'd from Ipswich.*] Alluding to the second publication for which Prynne was prosecuted, and sentenced to lose the remainder of his ears. It was entitled, "The News from Ipswich, and the Divine Tragedy, recording God's fearful judgments against Sabbath-Breakers. 4to. 1636."

¹² *She works religious petticoats, &c.*] It appears to have been the custom at this time, to work religious and other stories, in different parts of the dress then worn.—In *Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country*, A. 2. S. 1. vol. 2 p. 33, edition 1778, Rutilio says,

"Having a mistress, sure you should not be
 "Without a neat historical shirt."

So sanctify my cushionets; besides,
 My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
 And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
 All my apparel will be quoted by
 Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
 To see a lady that has a parrot: my woman,
 While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
 And now it can speak nought but Knox's Works¹³:
 So there's a parrot lost.

Banefswright.

Faith, madam, she
 Was earnest to come to you: Had I known
 Her mistress had so bred her, I would first
 Have preferred her to New England¹⁴.

Dorcas.

Surely, fir,
 You promised me, when you did take my money
 To help me to a faithful service, a lady
 That would be saved; not one that loves profane,
 Unsanctified fashions.

Aurelia.

Fly my fight
 You goody Hofman, and keep your chamber till
 You can provide yourself some cure, or I
 Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
 And make you a silent waiting-woman.

Banefswright.

Mrs. Dorcas,
 If you'll be usher to that holy, learned woman
 That can heal broken shins, scald heads, and th' itch,
 Your school-mistress; that can expound, and teaches
 To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers,
 I'll help you back again.

Dorcas.

The motion sure is good,
 And I will ponder of it.

[*Exit Dorcas.*

¹³ *Knox's Works.*] See note 94 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10, p. 297.

¹⁴ *New England.*] See note 105 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10, p. 315.

Aurelia.

From thy zeal,
The frantick ladies judgments; and Histrionastrix¹⁵,
Deliver me! This was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.

Banefwright.

How
Would you desire her qualified? deformed,
And crooked? like some ladies; who do wear
Their women like black patches, to set them off?

Aurelia.

I need no foil, nor shall I think I'm white
Only between two moors: or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right.

Banefwright.

But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange sights from th' knowledge of your knight, when
you
Are married, madam, of a quick-feigning head?

Aurelia.

You wrong me, Banefwright: she whom I would have,
Must to her handsome shape have virtue too.

Banefwright.

Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A cholerick lady, which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth, just one of your description.
Next change o' th' moon, or weather, when her feet
Do ake again, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your ladyship.

Aurelia.

Expect your reward.

[*Exit Banefwright.*]

¹⁵ *Histrionastrix.*] Prynne's Book, mentioned before.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plot-well.

Timothy.

LADY, let me taste the elysium of your lips.

Aurelia.

Why, what are you? You will not leap me, sir?
Pray, know your distance.

Timothy.

What am I, sweet lady?
My father is an alderman's fellow; and I
Hope to be one in time.

Aurelia.

Then, sir, in time
You may be remembered at the quenching of
Fired houses, when the bells ring backward, by
Your name upon the buckets.

Timothy.

Nay, they say
You have a good wit, lady, and I can find it
As soon as another. I in my time have been
O' th' university, and should have been a scholar.

Aurelia.

By the size of your wit, sir, had you kept
To that profession, I can foresee
You would have been a great persecuter of Nature,
And great consumer of rush candles, with
As small success, as if a tortoise should
Day and night practise to run races. Having
Contemplated yourself into ill looks,
In pity to so much affliction,
You might ha' past for learned; and 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muses, and
Scap't poetry, you might have risen to scarlet.

Timothy.

Here's a rare lady with all my heart. By this
Light, gentlemen, now have I no more language

Than

Than a dumb parrot. A little more, she'll jeer me
 Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
 In a steeple, and strikes quarters ¹⁶!

Bright.

And why should you
 Be now so dainty of your lips? Verily,
 They are not virgins; they have tasted man.

Aurelia.

And may again: but then I'll be secur'd
 For the sweet air o' th' parties. If you
 Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
 Of four sufficient ladies, that you are
 Clean men, you may chance kiss my woman.

Newcut.

Lady,
 Our lips are made of the same clay that yours;
 And have not been refused.

Aurelia.

'Tis right, you are
 Two inns of court-men.

Bright.

Yes, what then?

Aurelia.

Known Cladders
 Through all the town.

Bright.

Cladders?

Aurelia.

Yes, catholick lovers,
 From country madams to your glover's wife,
 Or laundress; will not let poor gentlewomen
 Take physick quietly, but disturb their pills
 From operation with your untaught visits;
 Or, if they be employ'd, contrive small plots
 Below stairs with the chamber-maid; commend

¹⁶ Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
 In a steeple, and strikes quarters.]

Alluding to an automaton, like those at St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street. See
 notes on Shakspeare's *King Richard III.* edition 1778, p. 113, vol. 7. S.

Her fragrant breath, which five yards off salutes,
At four desflowers a rose, at three kills spiders.

Newcut.

What dangerous truths these are !

Aurelia.

Ravish a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman, use stratagems
To get her silver whistle, and way-lay
Her pewter-knots or bodkin.

Newcut.

Pretty, pretty !

Bright.

You think you have abused us now ?

Aurelia.

I'll tell you :
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle, and making socks ;
And were that forty mark mil-sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats ¹⁷, or such odd coin
Of husbandry, as in the King's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you.

Newcut.

Lady,
Your wit will make you die a wither'd virgin.

Bright.

We shall in time, when your most tyrant tongue
Hath made this house a wilderness, and you
As unfrequented as a statesman fallen ;
When you shall quarrel with your face and glass,
Till from your pencil you have rais'd new cheeks ;
See you beg suitors, write bills o'er your door,
" Here is an ancient lady to be let."

Newcut.

You think you are handsome now, and that your eyes
Make star-shooting, and dart ?

¹⁷ *Spur-royals, Harry-groats.*] In the third year of James the First rose-rials (or *royals*) of gold, were coined at 30s. apiece, and *spur-rials*, at 15s. each. For *Harry-groats*, see note 18 to *The Antiquary*, vol. 10, p. 43.

Aurelia.

300 THE CITY-MATCH.

Aurelia.

'T may be I do.

Newcut.

May I not prosper, if I have not seen
A better face in signs, or gingerbread.

Timothy.

Yes, I for two-pence oft have bought a better.

Bright.

What a sweet innocent look you have!

Plotwell.

Fie, gentlemen,
Abuse a harmless lady thus! I can't
With patience hear your blasphemies. Make me
Your second, madam.

Timothy.

And make me your third.

Aurelia.

O prodigy, to hear an image speak!
Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' th' hangings.
I'll tell the faces.

Timothy.

Gentlemen, do I
Look like one of them Trojans?

Aurelia.

'Tis so; your face
Is missing here, sir: pray step back again
And fill the number. You, I hope, have more
Truth in you than to filch yourself away,
And leave my room unfurnish'd.

Plotwell.

By this light,
She'll send for a constable straight, and apprehend him
For thievery.

Timothy.

Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom? some Dutch piece weav'd at Mort-
lake?

Aurelia.

Surely you stood so simply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I suspected

Y' had

Y' had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance.

Plotwell.

Lady, you make
Rash judgment of him; he was only struck
With admiration of your beauty.

Timothy.

Truly, and so I was.

Aurelia.

Then you can wonder, sir?

Plotwell.

Yes, when he sees such miracles as you.

Aurelia.

And love me, can't you?

Timothy.

Love you! By this hand,
I'd love a dog of your sweet looks; I am
Enamour'd of you, lady.

Aurelia.

Ha, ha, ha! now surely
I wonder you wear not a cap; your case
Requires warm things: I'll send you forth a candle. *[Exit.]*

Bright.

The plague of rotten teeth, wrinkles, loud lungs.
Be with you; madam.

Timothy.

Had I now pen and ink,
If I were urg'd, I'd fain know whether I
In conscience ought not to set down myself
No wiser than I should be?

Plotwell.

Gentlemen, how like you her wit?

Timothy.

Wit! I verily
Believe she was begotten by some wit;
And he that has her, may beget plays on her.

Newcut.

Her wit had need be good, it finds her house.

Timothy.

Her house ! 'tis able to find the court : if she
Be chaste to all this wit, I do not think
But that she might be shown.

Bright.

She speaks with salt,
And has a pretty scornfulness, which now
I've seen, I'm satisfied.

Newcut.

Come then away to Roseclap's.

Timothy.

Lead on, let us dine. This lady
Runs in my head still.

*Enter a Footman.**Footman.*

Sir, my lady prays
You would dismiss your company ; she has
Some business with you.

Plotwell.

Gentlemen, walk softly ; I'll overtake you.

Bright.

Newcut, 'sight ! her wit
Is come to private meetings !

Newcut.

Ay, I thought
She had some other virtues. Well, make haste,
We'll stay without ; when thou hast done, inform us
What the rate is ; if she be reasonable
We'll be her customers.

Plotwell.

Y' are merry, fir.

[Exit Bright, Newcut, Timothy.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Enter Aurelia.**Plotwell.*

NAY, sister, you may enter ; they are gone.
 I did receive your ticket this morning. What !
 You look the mine should run still ?

Aurelia.

O you are
 A careful brother, to put me on a course
 That draws the eyes o' th' town upon me, and makes me
 Discourse for ordinaries, then leave me in't.
 I will put off my ladyship, and return
 To Mrs. Holland, and to making shirts
 And bands again.

Plotwell.

I hope you will not.

Aurelia.

I repent I left th' Exchange.

Plotwell.

Faith, I should laugh
 To see you there again, and there serve out
 The rest of your indentures, by managing
 Your needle well, and making night-caps, by
 A chafing-dish in winter mornings, to keep
 Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
 To run over all your shop to passengers
 In a fine sale-tune !

Aurelia.

What would you have me do ?
 D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live
 By th' scent of flowers ¹⁸ ? Or that my family

Are

¹⁸ D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live
 By th' scent of flowers ?] The following seems to be the story here
 alluded to "But the strangest I have met with in this kinde, is the
 " historie of Eve Fleigen, out of the *Dutch* translated into English,
 " and printed at London, Anno 1611 : who being borne at Meurs, is
 " said to have taken no kinde of sustenance by the space of 14
 " yeeres together ; that is, from the yeere of her age 22 to 36, and
 " from

Are descended of cameleons,
 And can be kept with air? Is this the way
 To get a husband; to be in danger to be
 Shut up for house-rent, or to wear a gown
 Out a whole fashion, or the same jewels twice?
 Shortly, my neighbours will commend my clothes
 For lasting well, give them strange dates, and cry,
 "Since your last gorget and the blazing star."

Plotwell.

Pr'ythee excuse me, sister, I can now
 Rain flowers of silver into thy lap again.
 My uncle's gone to sea, and has left me
 The key to th' golden fleece. Thou shalt be still
 A madam, Pen; and to maintain thy honour,
 And to new-dub thee, take this. But, sister, I
 [Gives her a purse.]

Expected you ere this, out of the throng
 Of suitors that frequent you, should have been
 Made a true lady; not one in type or show.
 I fear you are too scornful, look too high.

Aurelia.

Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
 With empty education; few will make jointures
 To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
 When some old widow, which at every cough
 Relinquishes some of her teeth, and every night

"from the yeare of our Lord, 1597 to 1611; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of the towne of Meurs, as also by the minister, who made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the meanes he could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture of this maiden, set in the front of the Dutch copie, stand these Latin verses:

"Meursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit

"Annos, bis septem prorsus non escitur annis

"Nec potat, sic sola sedit, sic pallida vitam

"Ducit, & ænigui se oblectat floribus hortii."

Thus rendred in the English copie:

"This maid of Meurs thirty-six yeares spent,

"Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment:

"Thus pale and wan shee sits, sad and alone,

"A garden's all shee loves to looke upon."

Hakewill's Apologie. Fol. 1635. p. 440.

Puts

Puts off her leg as duly as French hood ;
 Scarce wears her own nose ; hath no eyes but such
 As she first bought in Broad-street ; and every morning
 Is put together like some instrument ;
 Having full coffers, shall be woo'd, and thought
 A youthful bride.

Plotwell.

Why, sister, will you like
 A match of my projection ? You do know
 How ruinous our father's fortunes are.
 Before he broke, you know, there was a contract
 Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
 Make it a wedding ?

Aurelia.

Marry a fool, in hope
 To be a Lady Mayorefs ?

Plotwell.

Why, sister, I
 Could name good ladies that are fain to find
 Wit for themselves and knights too.

Aurelia.

I have heard
 Of one, whose husband was so meek, to be
 For need her gentleman-usher ; and, while she
 Made visits above stairs, would patiently
 Find himself business at tre-trip ¹⁹ i' th' hall.

Plotwell.

He's only city bred, one month of your
 Sharp conversation will refine him ; besides,
 How long will't be ere your dissembled state
 Meet such another offer ?

¹⁹ *Tre-trip.*] Or, as it was more frequently written, *tray-trip*. This game is mentioned very frequently in our ancient writers, but it is by no means clear what the nature of it was. Mr. Steevens considers it as a *game at cards* ; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, as a *game at tables*. In opposition to both, Mr. Hawkins was of opinion, that it was the same play which is now called *Scotch Hop*, the amusement at present of the lower class of young people. In support of this idea, the above passage was quoted by that gentleman.——See notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

Aurelia.

Well, brother, you shall dispose of my affections:

Plotwell.

Then some time

This afternoon I'll bring him hither: do you
Provide the priest; your dining-room will serve
As well as the church.

Aurelia.

I will expect you.

[*Exeunt several ways*]

SCENE V.

*Enter Captain Quartfield, beating Roseclap; Salewit and
Millicent labouring to part them.*

Quartfield.

SIRRAH, I'll beat you into air.

Roseclap.

Good captain.

Quartfield.

I will, by Hector.

Roseclap.

Murder, murder, help

Quartfield.

You needy, shifting, cozening, breaking slave.

Millicent.

Nay, Mr. Salewit, help to part 'em.

Salewit.

Captain!

Quartfield.

Ask me for money, dog!

Roseclap.

Oh! I am kill'd!

Millicent.

Help, help!

Salewit.

Nay, captain.

Quartfield.

Quartfield.

Men of my coat pay !

Millicent.

I'll call in neighbours. Murder, murder !

Quartfield.

Rascal,

ll make you trust, and offer me petitions
To go o' th' score.

Roseclap.

Good : 'tis very good.

Millicent.

How does thy head, sweetheart ?

Roseclap.

Away, be quiet, Millicent.

Salewit.

Roseclap, you'll never leave this : I did tell you,
last time the captain beat you, what a lion
He is, being ask'd for reckonings.

Millicent.

So you did,

ndeed, good Mr. Salewit ; yet you must
ever be foolish, husband.

Salewit.

What if we

Do owe you money, fir ; is't fit for you
To ask it ?

Roseclap.

Well, fir, there is law. I say
No more, but there is law.

Quartfield.

What law, you cur ?

The law of nature, custom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments.

Roseclap.

Yes, your arms, captain ; none else.

Quartfield.

No soldiers ought to pay.

Salewit.

Nor poets :

All void of money are privileged.

X 2

Millicent.

Millicent.

What would you have?
 Captains and poets, Mr. Salewit says,
 Must never pay,

Salewit.

No, nor be ask'd for money.

Roseclap.

Still, I say, there is law.

Quartfield.

Say that again,
 And, by Bellona, I will cut thy throat.

Millicent.

You long to see your brains out.

Quartfield.

Why you mungrel,
 You John of all trades, have we been your guests.
 Since you first kept a tavern; when you had
 The face and impudence to hang a bush
 Out to three pints of claret, two of sack,
 In all the world?

Salewit.

After that, when you broke,
 Did we here find you out, custom'd your house,
 And help'd away your victuals, which had else
 Lain mouldy on your hands?

Roseclap.

You did indeed,
 And never paid for't. I do not deny,
 But you have been my customers these two years:
 My jack went not, nor chimney smok'd without you.
 I will go farther: Your two mouths have been
 Two as good eating mouths as need to come
 Within my doors; as curious to be pleased
 As if you still had eaten with ready money;
 Had still the meats in season; still drank more
 Than your ordinary came to.

Salewit.

And your conscience now
 Would have this paid for?

Roseclap.

Roseclap.

Surely, so I take it.

Salewit.

Was ever the like heard?

Quartfield.

'Tis most unreasonable;

He has a harden'd conscience. Sirrah, cheater,

You would be question'd for your reckonings, rogue.

Roseclap.

Do you inform.

Quartfield.

I hear one o' th' sheriffs

Paid for the boiling of a carp a mark.

Salewit.

Most unheard-of exactions!

Roseclap.

Yet surely, captain,

No man had cheaper reckonings than yourself,

And Mr. Salewit here.

Quartfield.

How cheap?

Roseclap.

I say

No more, good captain; not to pay is cheap,

A man would think.

Quartfield.

Sir, don't you reckon air,

And make it dear to breathe in your house, and put

The nose to charges?

Roseclap.

Right, perfum'd air, captain.

Quartfield.

Is not the standing of the salt an item,

And placing of the bread?

Roseclap.

A new way, captain.

Quartfield.

Is not the folding of your napkins brought

Into the bill?

X 3

Roseclap.

Roseclap.

Pinch'd napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.

Salewit.

Then remember
How you rate fallads, *Roseclap*; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.

Roseclap.

Yes, Mr. *Salewit*, fallads
Taken from Euclid, made in diagrams,
And to be eaten in figures.

Quartfield.

And we must pay for your inventions, sir?

Roseclap.

Or, you are damn'd.
Good captain, you have sworn to pay this twelvemonth.

Quartfield.

Peace! you loud, bawling cur; do you disgrace me
Before these gallants? See if I don't kill you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plotwell.

Bright.

SAVE you, Captain *Quartfield*, and my brave wit,
My man of Helicon; salute this gentleman,
He is a city wit.

Newcut.

A corporation went to the bringing of him forth.

Quartfield.

I embrace him,

Salewit.

And so do I.

Timothy.

You are a poet, sir,

And

THE CITY-MATCH 311

And can make verses, I hear?

Salcwis.

Sir, I am
A servant to the Muses.

Timothy.

I have made
Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapside conduit ²⁰
To my father's company; and mean this afternoon
To make an epithalamium upon my wedding.
A lady fell in love with me this morning:
Ask Mr. Francis here.

Plotwell.

'Heart, you spoil all.
Did not I charge you to be silent?

Timothy.

That's true;
I had forgot. You are a captain, sir?

Quartfield.

I have seen service, sir.

Timothy.

Captain, I love
Men of the sword and buff; and if need were,
I can roar too; and hope to swear in time,
Do you see, captain.

Plotwell.

Nay, captain, we have brought you
A gentleman of valour, who has been
In Moorfields often: marry, it has been
To 'squire his sisters, and demolish custards
At Pimlico ²¹.

²⁰ A green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapside conduit.] Alluding to the quaint speeches anciently delivered by fantastick characters during pageants and processions, such as that of the Lord-Mayor, those at the entry of foreign princes, &c. The speakers were usually placed on conduits, market crosses, and other elevated situations. S.

²¹ At Pimlico.] A place in or near Hogsdon, remarkable for selling ale. See "Pimlico, or Runne Red cap, 'tis a mad world at Hogsdon."

B. L. 4to, 1609.

Quartfield.

Afore me, Mr. Plotwell,
I never hop'd to see you in filk again:

Salewit.

I look'd the next Lord Mayor's day to see you o' th'
livery,
Or one o' th' batchelor whiffers ²².

Quartfield.

What is your uncle dead?

Plotwell.

He may in time; he's gone
To sea this morning, captain; and I am come
Into your order again. But hark you, captain,
What think you of a fish now?

Quartfield.

Mad wags, mad wags.

Bright.

By Heaven, it's true: here we have brought one
with us.

Newcut.

Rich Seathrift's son: he'll make a rare sea-monster.

Quartfield.

And shall's be merry, i' faith?

Bright.

Salewit shall make a song upon him.

Newcut.

And Roseclap's boy shall sing it.

Salewit.

We have the properties of the last fish ³,

Quartfield.

And if I
At dinner do not give him sea enough,

²² *Batchelor whiffers.*] A whiffler is one who carries a flag at the processions on Lord Mayor's day. I believe this name is given to a number of children, who, in some of the companies, are still provided with small flags, which they bear on those occasions. See the notes of Mr. Warton on *Othello*, A. 3. S. 2. and Mr. Steevens on *King Henry Vth*, A. 5. Chorus.

²³ *We have the properties of the last fish.*] See note 24, p. 317.

And afterwards, if I and Salewit do not
Show him much better than he that shows the tombs,
Let me be turn'd into a sword-fish myself.

Plotwell.

A natural change for a captain! How now, Roseclap,
Pensive, and cursing the long vacation?
Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to break shortly.

Roseclap.

Ask the captain, why I am sad?

Quartfield.

Faith, gentlemen,
I disciplin'd him for his rudeness.

Plotwell.

Why these
Are judgments, Roseclap, for dear reckonings.

Timothy.

Art thou the half-crown fellow of the house?

Roseclap.

Sir, I do keep the ordinary.

Timothy.

Let's have wine enough;
I mean to drink a health to a lady.

Plotwell.

Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil
The marriage.

Timothy.

No, peace! Gentlemen, if you'll
Go in, we'll follow.

Roseclap.

Please you enter, dinner
Shall straight be set upon the board.

Bright.

We'll expect you. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Bright, Newcut, Salewit, Quartfield, and Roseclap.*

Timothy.

But, Mr. Francis, was that
The business why she call'd you back?

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Believe it;
Your mother's smock shin'd at your birth, or else
You wear some charm about you.

Timothy.

Not I, truly.

Plotwell.

It cannot be she should so strangely doat
Upon you else. 'Slight, had you stay'd, I think
She would have woo'd you herself.

Timothy.

Now I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I should match a lady.

Plotwell.

How things fall out!

Timothy.

And did she ask you who I was?

Plotwell.

I told her you were a young knight.

Timothy.

Good.

Plotwell.

Scarce come to th' years of your discretion yet.

Timothy.

Good still.

Plotwell.

And that a great man
Did mean to beg you——for his daughter.

Timothy.

Most rare: this afternoon's the time.

Plotwell.

Faith, she
Looks you should use a little courtship first,
That done, let me alone to have the priest
In readiness.

Timothy.

But were I not best ask my friends consent?

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

How! Friends consent? that's fit
For none but farmers sons and milkmaids. You shall not
Debase your judgment. She takes you for a wit,
And you shall match her like one.

Timothy.

Then I will.

Plotwell.

But no more words to th' gallants.

Timothy.

Do you think I am a sieve, and cannot hold?

Enter Roseclap.

Roseclap.

Gentlemen, the company are fate.

Timothy.

It shall be your's.

Plotwell.

Nay, sir, your fortune claims precedency. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Warehouse, Seathrift, Cypher.

Warehouse.

FETCH'D abroad by two gallants, say you?

Cypher.

Yes, sir,

As soon as you were gone: he only staid
To put on other clothes.

Seathrift.

You say, my son went with 'em too?

Cypher.

Yes, sir,

Warehouse.

Warehouse.

And whither went they?

Cypher.

I follow'd 'em to Roseclap's ordinary.

Warehouse.

And there you left 'em?

*Cypher.*Yes, sir, just before
I saw some captains enter.*Seathrift.*Well, I give
My son for lost, undone past hope.*Warehouse.*There is
No more but this ; we'll thither straight : you, Cypher,
Have your instructions.*Cypher.*Sir, let me alone
To make the story doleful.*Warehouse.*Go, make you ready then. [Exit Cypher.
Now, Mr. Seathrift, you may see, what these
Young men would do, left to themselves.*Seathrift.*

My son shall know he has a sister.

*Warehouse.*And my nephew,
That once he had an uncle. To leave land
Unto an unthrift, is to build on sand. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bright, Newcut, Plotwell, Roseclap, hanging out the picture of a strange fish ²⁴.

Bright.

'FORE Jove, the captain fox'd ²⁵ him rarely.

Roseclap.

O, fir,

He is used to it: this is the fifth fish now

That he hath shewn thus. One got him twenty pound.

Newcut.

How, Roseclap?

Roseclap.

Why, the captain kept him, fir,

A whole week drunk, and shew'd him twice a day.

Newcut.

It could not be like this.

Roseclap.

Faith, I do grant

This is the strangest fish. Yon I have hung

His other picture in the fields, where some

Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise; others say,

'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire; one, to whom

The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.

Plotwell.

'Slight,

Roseclap shall have a patent of him. The birds

Brought from Peru, the hairy wench ²⁶, the camel,

The elephant, dromedaries, or Windsor castle,

The woman with dead flesh; or she that washes,

²⁴ *A strange fish.*] Mr. Steevens observes, (note to *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.) that it was formerly very common to exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, in this manner; and that it appears from the books of Stationers Hall, that in 1604 was published "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, scene in the sea."

²⁵ *Fox'd*] Made him drunk, or intoxicated him.

²⁶ *The hairy wench.*] Probably the same mentioned by Sir Kenelm Digby. See note 49 to *The Ordinary*, vol. 10, p. 240.

318 THE CITY MATCH

Threads needles, writes, dresses her children, plays
O' th' virginals with her feet, could never draw
People like this.

Newcut.

O, that his father were
At home to see him !

Plotwell.

Or his mother come,
Who follows strange fights out of town, and went
To Brentford to a motion.

Bright.

Bid the captain hasten,
Or he'll recover, and spoil all.

Roseclap.

They're here !

SCENE II.

Enter Quartfield and Salewit, dress'd like two trumpeters, keeping the door : Mrs. Seatbrift and Mrs. Holland, with a 'prentice before 'em, as comes-in.

Quartfield.

BEAR back there !

Salewit.

Pray you, do not prefs so hard.

Quartfield.

Make room for the two gentlewomen.

Mrs. Seatbrift.

What is't ?

Salewit.

Twelve pence apiece.

Mrs. Holland.

We will not give't.

Quartfield.

Make room for them that will then.

Plotwell.

O fortune, here's his mother !

Bright.

And who's the other ?

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

One Mrs. Holland, the
Great seamstrefs on the Exchange.

Mrs. Holland.

We gave but a groat
To see the last fish.

Quartfield.

Gentlewoman, that
Was but an Irish sturgeon.

Salewit.

This came from
The Indies, and eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paste.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Well, there's three shillings:
Pray let us have good places now.

Quartfield.

Bear back there!

Mrs. Holland.

Look, Mrs. Seathrift, here be gentlemen.
Sure 'tis a rare fish.

Mrs. Seathrift.

I know one of 'em.

Mrs. Holland.

And so do I; his sister was my 'prentice.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Let's take acquaintance with him.

Plotwell.

Mrs. Seathrift,
Hath the sight drawn you hither?

Mrs. Seathrift.

Yes, fir, I

And Mrs. Holland here, my gossip, pass'd
This way, and so call'd in: Pray, Mr. Plotwell,
Is not my son here? I was told he went
With you this morning.

Plotwell.

You shall see him straight.

Mrs. Holland.

When will the fish begin, fir?

Bright.

'Heart, she makes him a puppet-play.

Plotwell.

Why, now, they only stay
For company, 't has founded twice.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Indeed

I long to see this fish : I wonder whether
They will cut up his belly ; they say a tench
Will make him whole again.

Mrs. Holland.

Look, Mrs. Seathrift, what claws he has !

Mrs. Seathrift.

For all the world like crabs.

Mrs. Holland.

Nay, mark his feet too.

Mrs. Seathrift.

For all the world like plaice.

Bright.

Was ever better sport heard ?

Newcut.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Mrs. Holland.

Pray, can you read that ? Sir, I warrant
That tells where it was caught, and what fish 'tis.

Plotwell.

Within this place is to be seen

A wondrous fish. God save — the Queen.

Mrs. Holland.

Amen ! she is my customer, and I
Have sold her bone-lace often.

Bright.

Why the Queen ? 'Tis writ the King.

Plotwell.

That was to make the rhyme.

Bright.

'Slid, thou did'st read it as 'twere some picture of
An Elizabeth-fish.

Quartfield.

Quartfield.

Bear back there!

Salewit.

Make room, you
Friend, that were going to cut a purse there! make
Way, for the two old gentlemen to pass.

Enter Warehouse and Seatbrist, disguis'd.

Warehouse.

What must we give?

Quartfield.

We take a shilling, sir.

Salewit.

It is no less.

Seatbrist.

Pray God your fish be worth it.
What is't, a whale, you take so dear?

Quartfield.

It is a fish taken in the Indies.

Warehouse.

Pray dispatch then, and show't us quickly!

Salewit.

Pray forbear, you'd have your head broke, cobbler.

Warehouse.

Yonder is my nephew, in his old gallantry.

Seatbrist.

Who's there too? my wife,
And Mrs. Holland? Nay, I look'd for them.
But where's my wife son?

Warehouse.

Mafs, I see not him.

Quartfield.

Keep out, sir.

Salewit.

Waterman, you must not enter.

[Cypher presses in like a waterman.]

Quartfield.

This is no place for scullers.

VOL. IX.

Y

Cypher.

Cypher.

I must needs speak
With one Mr. Plotwell—

Quartfield.

You must stay.

Salewit.

Thrust him out.

*[They thrust him out.]**Cypher.*

And one Mr. Seathrift,
On urgent business.

Salewit.

They are yet employ'd
In weightier affairs. Make fast the door.

Quartfield.

There shall no more come in. Come in, boy.

Seathrift.

Don't they speak as if my son were in the room?

Warehouse.

Yes, pray observe and mark them.

Quartfield.

Gentlemen,
And gentlewomen, you now shall see a sight,
Europe never show'd the like; behold this fish!

*Draws a curtain; behind it, Timothy assu-
like a strange fish.*

Mrs. Holland.

O strange, look how it sleeps!

Bright.

Just like a salmon upon a stall in Fish-street.

Mrs. Seathrift.

How it snorts too! just like my husband.

Warehouse.

'Tis very like a man.

Seathrift.

'T has such a nose and eyes.

Salewit.

Why, 'tis a man-fish;
An ocean centaur, begot between a Siren
And a he stock-fish.

Seathrift.

Seathrift.

Pray, where took ye him ?

Quartfield.

We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, asleep
Upon the shore just as you see him now.

Mrs. Holland.

How say ye ? asleep !

Warehouse.

How ! Would he come to land ?

Seathrift.

'Tis strange a fish should leave his element !

Quartfield.

Ask him what things the country told us.

Salewit.

You

Will scarce believe it now. This fish would walk you
Two or three mile o' th' shore sometimes ; break houses,
Ravish a naked wench or two, (for there
Women go naked) then run to sea again.

Quartfield.

The country has been laid, and warrants granted
To apprehend him.

Warehouse.

I do suspect these fellows ;
They lye as if they had patent for it.

Seathrift.

The company,
Should every one believe his part, would scarce
Have faith enough among us.

Warehouse.

Mark again.

Salewit.

The States of Holland would have bought him of us,
Out of a great design.

Seathrift.

Indeed !

Salewit.

They offer'd a thousand dollars.

Y 2

Quartfield.

Quartfield.

You cannot enter yet.

[Some knock,

Warehouse.

Indeed ! so much ? Pray, what to do ?

Salewit.

Why, fir,

They were in hope, in time, to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniard, and do service
Unto the State.

Seathbrist.

As how ?

Salewit.

Why, fir, next plate-fleet
To dive, bore holes i' th' bottom of their ships,
And sink them : You must think a fish like this
May be taught MACHIAVEL, and made a state-fish.

Plotwell.

As dogs are taught to fetch.

Newcut.

Or elephants to dance on ropes.

Bright.

And, pray, what honour would
The States have given him for the service ?

Quartfield.

That, fir, is uncertain.

Salewit.

Ha' made him some sea-count ; or't may be admiral.

Plotwell.

Then, fir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum* ²⁷,
Might dedicate their books to him ?

Salewit.

Yes, being
A fish advanc'd, and of great place. Sing, boy !

²⁷ Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum*.] *Mare Liberum* was the title of a book written by the celebrated *Grotius*, to prove that the sea was free to every nation, in opposition to those who wished to circumscribe the Dutch trade. It was printed in 1609 ; and, among other answers which appeared to it, was one by *Selden*, which was entitled *Mare Clausum*.

You now shall hear a song upon him.

Brigh.

Listen.

Newcut.

Do they not act it rarely?

Plotwell.

If 'twere their trade, they could not do it better.

Seathrift.

Hear you that, sir?

Warehouse.

Still I suspect.

Mrs. Holland.

I warrant you, this fish
Will shortly be in a ballad.

Salewit.

Begin, boy.

S O N G.

*We show no monstrous crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nile;
No Remora that stops your fleet²⁸,
Like sergeants, gallants in the street;
No sea-horse which can trot or pace,
Or swim false gallop, post, or race;
For crooked dolphins we not care,
Though on their back a fidler were:
The like to this fish, which we shew,
Was ne'er in Fish-street, old, or new;
Nor ever serv'd to th' sheriff's board,
Or kept in fouse for the Mayor Lord.
Had old astronomers but seen
This fish, none else in heaven had been.*

Mrs. Holland.

The song has waken'd him; look, he stirs!

²⁸ No Remora that stops your fleet.] The ecbineis, a fish which, by adhering to the bottoms of ships, was supposed to retard their course. So Lucan, Lib. vi. v. 674.

"—puppi retinens, Euro tendente rudentes,
"In mediis ecbineis aquis."

S.
Timothy.

Timothy.

Oh, captain, pox—take—you—captain.

Mrs. Seatbrift.

Hark, he speaks !

Timothy.

Oh—my—stomach—

Warehouse.

How's this ?

Seatbrift.

I'll pawn my life, this is imposture.

Timothy.

Oh—Oh—

Plotwell.

'Heart, the captain did not give him his full load.

Warehouse.

Can your fish

Speak, friends ? The proverb says they're mute.

Quartfield.

I'll tell you,

You will admire how docile he is, and how

He'll imitate a man : tell him your name,

He will repeat it after you ; he has heard me

Call'd captain, and my fellow curse sometimes ;

And now you heard him say, Pox-take-you, captain.

*Salewit.*And yesterday, I but complain'd my stomach
Was over-charg'd, and how he minds it !*Newcut.*

Strange !

Bright.

Ay, is it not ?

Plotwell.

The towardness of a fish !

*Salewit.*Would you think, when we caught him, he should speak,
Drake, Drake ²⁹.*Bright.*

And did he ?

²⁹ *Drake, Drake.]* Sir Francis Drake.

Quartfield.

Yes, and Hawkins³⁰;
 A sign he was a fish that swam there, when
 These two compass'd the world.

Newcut.

How should he learn their names, I wonder?

Salewit.

From the failors.

Newcut.

That may be.

Quartfield.

He'll call for drink, like me, or any thing
 He lacks.

Timothy.

O Gad, my head —

Quartfield.

D' you hear him?

Timothy.

Oh, Hostess, a bason —

Plotwell.

'Slid, he'll spew.

Bright.

No matter.

Quartfield.

Nay, I have seen him fox'd, and then maintain
 A drunken dialogue.

Mrs. Holland.

Lord, how I long
 To hear a little! Pray try him with some questions;
 Will you, my friend?

Quartfield.

Sometimes he will be fullen,
 And make no answers.

Salewit.

That is, when he's anger'd,
 Or kept from drink long.

³⁰ *Hawkins.*] There were two of that name, father and son, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, both eminent navigators. See their lives in *Biographia Britannica*.

Quartfield.

But I'll try him.

Mrs. Seatbrist.

To see what creatures may be brought to!

Quartfield.

Tim, you are drunk.

Timothy.

Plague take you, captain. Oh—Lord, you made me—

Seatbrist.

'Sdeath, my son's name! Tim, do you call him?

Salewit.

He'll answer to no name but that.

Quartfield.

And, Tim, what think you of a wench now?

Timothy.

Oh, I'm sick; where is she? oh—

Seatbrist.

I'll lay my life, this fish is some confederate rogue.

Quartfield.

I drink to you, Timothy, in sack.

Timothy.

Oh, oh!

Quartfield.

A health, Tim.

Timothy.

I can drink no more,—oh!

Salewit.

What, not pledge your mistress!

Timothy.

Oh, let me alone.

*Salewit.*He is not in the mood now;
Sometimes you'd wonder at him.*Quartfield.*He is tired
With talking all this day. That, and the heat
Of company about him, dull him.*Warehouse.*Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle,

To hear a fish speak thus.

Quarfield.

So, firs, 't has been to thousands more.

Salewit.

Come now next Michaelmas,

'Tis five year we have shown him in most courts
In Christendom; and you will not believe,
How with mere travelling and observation
He has improved himself, and brought away
The language of the country.

Seathrift.

May not I ask him some questions?

Quarfield.

Sir, you may, but he
Will answer none but one of us.

Mrs. Seathrift.

He's used, and knows their voices. [*Knocking at door.*]

Salewit.

He is so, mistress. Now we'll open door.

Warehouse.

Well, my belief doth tell me,
There is a mist before our eyes.

Mrs. Seathrift.

I mar'l my wife son mis'd this show.

Quarfield.

Good people, we
Do show no more to-day; if you desire

[*They draw the curtain before him.*]

To see, come to us in King's-street to-morrow.

Mrs. Holland.

Come, gossip, let us go, the fish is done.

Mrs. Seathrift.

By your leave, gentlemen. Truly, 'tis a dainty fish.

[*Exit Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland, and 'prentice.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Cypher, like a Waterman.

Cypher.

PRAY, which is Mr. Plotwell?

Plotwell.

I'm he, friend, what is your business?

Cypher.

Sir, I should speak,
With young Mr. Seathrift too.

Plotwell.

Sir, at this time,
Although no crab like you, to swim backward, he is
Of your element.

Cypher.

Upon the water?

Plotwell.

No,
But something that lives in 't. If you but stay
Till he have slept himself a land-creature, you may
Chance see him come ashore here.

Timothy.

Oh—my head—
Oh—Captain—Mr. Francis—Captain—Oh—

Plotwell.

That is his voice, fir.

Seathrift.

Death o' my soul! my son!

Cypher.

He is in drink, fir, is he?

Plotwell.

Surely, friend, you are a witch; he is so.

Cypher.

Then I must tell the news to you; 'tis sad.

Plotwell.

I'll hear 't as sadly.

Cypher.

Your uncle, fir, and Mr. Seathrift, are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Drown'd !

Cypher.

They went i' th' tilt-boat, fir, and I was one
O' th' oars that rowed 'em ; a coal-ship did o'er-run us :
I 'scap'd by swimming ; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.

Bright.

How some men's prayers are heard ! We did invoke
The sea this morning, and see the Thames has took 'em.

Plotwell.

It cannot be ; such good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.

Warehouse.

'Tis very certain, fir.
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.

Seathrift.

We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.

Plotwell.

There, friend, there is
A fare for you ; I'm glad you 'scap'd ; I had
Not known the news so soon else. [Gives him money.

Cypher.

Sir, excuse me.

Plotwell.

Sir, it is conscience ; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.

Cypher.

Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.

Warehouse.

Are you rich Warehouse's heir, fir ?

Plotwell.

Yes, fir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour ; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glafs. I intend to have

A muske

A musket for you, or glass-cannon, with
 A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge
 And discharge with the rich valiant grape
 Of my uncle's cellar; every charge shall fire
 The glass, and burn itself i' th' filling, and look
 Like a piece going off.

Quartfield.

I shall be glad
 To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle-draughts,
 And shall love Scotch-coal for this wreck the better,
 As long as I know fuel.

Plotwell.

Then my poet
 No longer shall write catches, or thin sonnets,
 Nor preach in verse, as if he were suborn'd
 By him that wrote the Whip³¹, to pen lean acts,
 And so to overthrow the stage for want
 Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
 Or persecute his Muse; but I will be
 His God of wine t' inspire him. He shall no more
 Converse with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
 Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour:
 But shall come forth a Sophocles, and write
 Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
 To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steel
 Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall flow
 A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.

Salewit.

Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
 Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
 And death of two rich merchants.

Plotwell.

Gentlemen,
 And now i'faith what think you of the fish?

Warehouse.

Why as we ought, sir, strangely.

³¹ By him that wrote the Whip.] Prynne and his Histriomastrix,
 so often noticed in this play.

Bright.

Bright.

But d' you think it is a very fish.

Saleswit.

Yes.

Newcut.

'Tis a man.

Plotwell.

This valiant captain, and this man of wit,
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr. Timothy!

Timothy.

Plague take you, captain.

Plotwell.

What does your sack work still?

Timothy.

Where am I?

Plotwell.

Come, y' have slept enough.

Bright.

Mr. Timothy!

How in the name of fresh-cod came you chang'd
Into a sea-calf thus?

Newcut.

'Slight, fir, here be

Two fishmongers to buy you; beat the price,
Now y' are awake, yourself.

Timothy.

How's this? my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in fins and scales? Are n't you
Asham'd to make me such a monster? Pray
Help to undress me.

Plotwell.

We have rare news for you.

Timothy.

No letter from the lady, I hope.

Plotwell.

Your father,
And my grave uncle, fir, are cast away.

Timothy.

How?

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon : they are drown'd.

Bright.

Fall down,
And worship sea-coals, for a ship of them
Has made you, fir, an heir.

Plotwell.

This fellow here
Brings the auspicious news : and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.

Cypher.

'Tis too true, fir,

Timothy.

Well,
We are all mortal ; but in what wet case
Had I been now, if I had gone with him !
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike, you might ha' cheapen'd me
In Fish-street ; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid ³². Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which

³² *At the Mermaid.*] A tavern, which used to be frequented by Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other wits of the times, and often mentioned in their works. From the following enumeration of taverns, in an old poem called, *Newes from Bartholmew Fayre*, printed in 4to. B. L. the title page of which is lost, we find it was situate in Cornhill.

- " There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
- " Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
- " In every country, region, and nation ;
- " Chiefely at Billingsgate, at *the Salutation*,
- " And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
- " *The Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
- " *The Miter* in Cheape, and then *the Bull Head*,
- " And many like places that make noses red ;
- " *The Bores Head* in Old Fish-street, *three Cranos* in the Vintree,
- " And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree ;
- " *The Wind-mill* in Lothbury, *the Ship* at the Exchange,
- " *King's Head* in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range ;
- " THE MERMAID IN CORNHILL, *Red Lion* in the Strand,
- " *Three Tuns* Newgate Market, Old Fish-street, at *the Swan*.

Runs

Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune !

[*He feigns to weep.*]

Seathbrift.

Fie, sir ! good truth, it is not manly in you
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.

Timothy.

I do not cry for that.

Seathbrift.

No ?

Timothy.

No, but to think,
My mother is not drowned too.

Seathbrift.

I assure you,
And that's a shrewd mischance.

Timothy.

For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkness.

Plotwell.

You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.

Newcut.

Indeed they say he was
A monument of Paul's.

Timothy.

Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey³³. I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' th' logs.

Plotwell.

He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make

³³ *As constant as Duke Humphrey.*] In the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the ailes was called, *Duke Humfrey's Walk*, in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner affected to loiter. See Mr. Stevens's note on *King Richard III.* vol. 7. p. 124. edit. 1778.

336 THE CITY-MATCH.

A row of new stone-saints, and yet refused
To give to th' reparation ³⁴.

Bright.

I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.

Plotwell.

Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch i' apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ach. This is
True, Mr. Timothy, is 'a not i'?

Timothy.

Yes: then linen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.

Seabrist.

I'll not endure it:
Let's show ourselves.

Warehouse.

Stay, hear all first.

Newcut.

Thy uncle was such another.

Plotwell.

I have heard
He still last left th' Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' th' air in Moor-fields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.

Plotwell.

Surely myself,
Cypher his factor, and an ancient cat,

³⁴ — refused.

[To give to th' Reparation.] About the year 1631, Archbishop Laud, under the patronage of Charles I. undertook the repairing and rebuilding of St. Paul's. On this occasion, the King went to the cathedral, and after divine service was performed, solemnly promised to exert his best endeavours to repair the ruins, which time, or the casualties of weather, had made therein. In consequence of this scheme, many applications were made to noblemen and gentlemen for their assistance, and on their refusal to contribute, some were very severely censured, and even fined.

Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an Epicure
From half an orange. *[They undisguise.]*

Warehouse.

Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'ye know me, sir?

Plotwell.

My uncle!

Seathrift.

And do you know me, sir?

Timothy.

My father!

Warehouse.

Nay,
We'll open all the plot; reveal yourself.

Plotwell.

Cypher the waterman!

Quartfield.

Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming. *[Exit Quartfield and Salewit.]*

Warehouse.

Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?

Seathrift.

Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?

Bright.

It begins to thunder.

Newcut.

We will make bold to take our leaves.

Warehouse.

What, is your captain fled?

Seathrift.

Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!

Bright.

Sir, we have business.

[Exeunt Bright and Newcut.]

VOL. IX.

Z

Seathrift.

Seathrift.

Troth, it is, not kindly done.

Warehouse.

Now, Mr. Seathrift,

You see what mourners we had had, had we
 Been wreck'd in earnest. My griev'd nephew here,
 Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wings
 Had charg'd glass-ordnance, our funerals had been
 Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.

Seathrift.

And at our graves
 Your nephew and my son had made a panegyrick,
 And open'd all our virtues.

Warehouse.

Ungrateful monster!

Seathrift.

Unnatural villain!

Warehouse.

Thou enemy to my blood!

Seathrift.

Thou worse than parricide!

Warehouse.

Next my fins, I do repent I am thy uncle.

Seathrift.

And I thy father.

Warehouse.

Death o' my soul! Did I, when first thy father
 Broke in estate, and then broke from the compter,
 Where Mr. Seathrift laid him in the hole
 For debt, among the ruins of the city,
 And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
 Give thee free education, put thee in
 My own fair way of traffick, nay, decree
 To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate;
 Pardon'd thy former wildness; and could'st thou sort
 Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
 And poets, who must plot before they eat,
 And make each meal a stratagem? Then could none
 But I be subject of thy impious scoffs?
 I swoon at sight of meat! I rise a glutton

From

From half an orange! Wretch, forgetful wretch!
 'Fore Heaven, I count it treason in my blood
 That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
 A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
 Adopt a slave brought from some galley; one
 Which laws do put into the inventory,
 And men bequeath in wills with stools and brass-pots;
 One who shall first be household-stuff, then my heir.
 Or, to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
 Cypher, go find me Banewright; he shall straight
 Provide me a wife. I will not stay to let
 My resolution cool. Be me a wench
 That every day puts on her dowry, wears
 Her fortunes, has no portion, so she be
 Young, and likely to be fruitful; I'll have her:
 By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
 I will about it straight.

Exit Cypher.

I follow you. [*Exeunt Warehouse, Cypher.*]
 And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
 The wond'rous Indian fish caught near Peru,
 Who can be of both elements, your fight
 Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
 And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
 My heir; it would be most unnatural
 To leave a fish land. 'Las! fir, one of your
 Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
 Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps³⁵;
 I know you'll not endure to see my jack
 Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
 Nor fast in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
 Worse than a tempest, quick-sand, pirate, rock,
 Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal³⁶.

Go,

³⁵ Like whales in maps.] Most of our ancient maps will sufficiently illustrate this image. The vacant spaces, occasioned by tracts of sea, are usually ornamented with these monsters spouting water. S.

³⁶ Ay, or a privy-seal.] Among the illegal modes of raising money, adopted by Charles the First, after he determined to govern without a parliament, the borrowing of money by writs of privy-seal, was one not the least burdensome and oppressive. The manner was, to direct these writs to particular

340 THE CITY-MATCH.

Go, let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape, ('tis stale
To be a fish twice) or some active baboon :
And, when you can find money out, betray
What wench i' th' room has lost her maidenhead ;
Can mount to th' king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll see you. So I leave you.

[Exit Seatbrist.]

Plotwell.

Now,

Were there a dextrous beam, and two-pence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.

Timothy.

I have brought myself to a fine pass too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SCENE IV.

Enter Quartfield and Salewit.

Quartfield.

HOW now, mad lads, what ! is the storm broke up ?

Salewit.

What sad, like broken gamesters ! Mr. Timothy,
'Slight, who would think your father should lay wheels²⁷
To catch you thus ?

Timothy.

If ever I be drunk with captains more——

particular persons by name, requiring the loan of money, or plate to the
amount of the money, to be paid or delivered to a particular person, for the
king's use. The form of the writs may be seen in *The Parliamentary*
History, vol. 13, p. 84; where one of them is printed.

²⁷ Lay wheels.] Alluding to a method of catching pikes. S.P.

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Where's Bright and Newcut?

*Salewit.*They were sent for to the Temple; but left word
They would be here at supper.*Plotwell.*

They are sure friends, to leave us in distress!

Quartfield.

What a mad plot

These two old merchants had contriv'd, to feign
A voyage, then to hunt you out disguised,
And hear themselves abused?*Salewit.*

We heard all.

Quartfield.

If I had staid, they had paid me for a captain.

*Salewit.*They had a fling at me. But do you think
Your uncle in this furious mood will marry?*Plotwell.*He deeply swore it: if he do, the sleight
Upon the cards, the hollow die, Park Corner
And Shooter's Hill, are my revenue.*Timothy.*Yes: And as for me, my destiny will be
To fight by th' day, carry my kitchen and
Collation at my back, wear orderly
My shirt in course, after 't has been the shift
Of a whole regiment in the Low Countries;
And, after all, return with half a leg,
One arm, perchance my nose shot off, to move
Compassion in my father; who, in pity
To so much ruin, may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an hospital, to keep me
From bridges, hill-tops, and from selling switches.*Enter Roseclap.**Roseclap.*

Yonder's your uncle at the field-door, talking

Z 3

With

With Banefswright, as hot and earnest for a wench,
As a recover'd Monsieur.

Quartfield.

What is this Banefswright?

Salewit.

A fellow much employ'd about the town,
That contrives matches. One that brings together
Parties that never saw or never met,
Till't be for good and all. Knows to a penny
Estates and jointures: I'll undertake, he has
Now lying by him, unprovided, some twenty
Widows of all fortunes that want husbands,
And men that want wives, and, at an hour's warning,
Can make things ready for the priest.

Quartfield.

Let us

Devise to get him hither and cross the match.

Plotwell.

I have great interest in him; the fellow loves me,
Could I speak with him, and draw him to be
An actor in't, I have a stratagem
That can redeem all, and turn the plot
Upon these sage heads.

Enter Banefswright.

Salewit.

By Minerva, look! here's Banefswright!

Plotwell.

Mr. Banefswright!

Banefswright.

Save you, gallants.

Plotwell.

You are employ'd, I hear, to find a wife out
For my young sprightly uncle.

Banefswright.

Sir, he has

Retain'd me to that purpose. I just now
Came from him.

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed?

Banefwright.

I have a leiger wench
In readiness; he's gone to put himself
Into fit ornaments for the solemnity.
I'm to provide the priest and licence. We go
Some two hours hence to church.

Quartfield.

Death! you pander;
Forbid the bans, or I will cut your wizzel³⁸,
And spoil your isquiring in the dark. I've heard
Of your lewd function, firrah! you prefer
Wenches to bawdy-houses, rascal!

Banefwright.

Good fir,
Threaten me not in my vocation:

Plotwell.

Why, Banefwright, you can be but paid: say I
Procure the wench, a friend of mine; and double
Your bargain: such a fair reward, methinks,
Should make thee of my project. Thou dost know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou may'st be
The happy instrument to recover 'em.
Be my good angel once! I have a plot
Shall make thee famous.

Quartfield.

By Mars, deny, and I
Will act a tragedy upon thee.

Banefwright.

Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit; but more to you, fir,
Of whose misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed this afternoon
A wife of my providing; if you can

³⁸ *Wizzel.*] A corruption probably of *wizard*, or *weazon*. S.

O'er-reach the angry burges, fir, and bring
His wisdom to the gin, show me the way,
I'll help to lay the trap.

Quarfield.

Now thou art
An honest-hearted pimp; thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee³⁹, rascal; I'll begin
A runlet to thee.

Plotwell.

Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my design: You, Salewit, must
Transform yourself to a French deacon. I
Have parts for Bright and Newcut too. Mischief
Upon their absence!

Salewit.

We'll send for 'em.

Plotwell.

And for Mr. Timothy, I have a project,
Shall make his father everlastingly
Admire his wit, and ask him blessing.

Quarfield.

Come, let's in and drink a health to our success.

Timothy.

I'm for no healths, unless the glass be left. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Seathrift, Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Scruple.

Seathrift.

I DID commit her to your charge, that you
Might breed her, Mrs. Scruple, and do require
Her at your hand. Here be fine tricks indeed!

³⁹ *Vine-dee.*] Perhaps he means to say *Vin de Dieu*; i. e. *Lacryma Christi*. S.

My daughter Susan to be stol'n a week,
And you conceal it. You were of the plot,
I do suspect you.

Mrs. Scruple.

Sir, will you but hear me meekly?

Seathrift.

No, I'll never trust again
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechism.
All your devotion's false; Is't possible
She could be gone without your knowledge?

Mrs. Scruple.

Will you

Attend me, Mrs. Seathrift? If my husband,
To wean her from love-courses, did not take
More pains with her than with his Tuesday lectures,
And if I did not every day expound
Some good things to her 'gainst the sin o' th' flesh,
For fear of such temptations, to which frail girls
Are very subject, let me never more
Be thought fit t' instruct young gentlewomen,
Or deal in tent-stitch. Whoe'er 'twas that seduced her,
She took my daughter Emlin's gown and ruff,
And left her own clothes; and my scholars say,
She often would write letters.

Seathrift.

Why 'tis right,
Some silenc'd minister has got her. That I
Should breed my daughter in a conventicle!

Mrs. Seathrift.

Pray, husband, be pleas'd.

Seathrift.

You are a fool.

Mrs. Seathrift.

You hear her mistress could not help it.

Seathrift.

Nor your son help being a fish.

Mrs. Holland.

Why, sir, was he
The first that was abus'd by captains?

Seathrift.

346 THE CITY MATCH.

Seathrift.

Go, you talk like prating gossips.

Mrs. Holland.

Gossips! 'sight, what gossips, fir!

Mrs. Seathrift.

What gossips are we? speak.

Seathrift.

I'll tell you, since you'd know: my wife and you, Shrill Mrs. Holland, have two tongues, that when They're in conjunction, are busier, and make More noise than country-fairs, and utter more tales Than blind folks, midwives, nurses. Then no show, Though 't be a juggler, 'scapes you. You did follow The Elephant so long, and King of Sweden, That people at last came in, to see you. Then My son could not be made a fish, but who Should I find there, much taken with the sight, But you two! I may now build hospitals, Or give my money to plantations. *[Exit Seathrift.]*

Mrs. Seathrift.

Let's follow him: Come, Mrs. Scruple.

Mrs. Holland.

Just as your Sue left her school-mistress, My Pen left me.

Mrs. Scruple.

They'll come again, I warrant you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Plotwell, Aurelia.

Plotwell.

SISTER, 'tis so projected, therefore make No more demurs; the life of both our fortunes Lies in your carriage of things well; think therefore Whether you will restore me, and advance Your own affairs; or else within this week

Fly

Fly this your lodging, like uncustom'd sinners,
And have your coach-horses transform'd to rent;
Have your apparel sold for properties⁴⁰,
And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
If you refuse, all this must happen.

Aurelia.

Well, fir,
Necessity, which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o' th' conspiracy; and, since
We are left wholly to our wits, let's show
The power and virtue of 'em. If your Baneswright
Can but persuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.

Plotwell.

The scene is laid already:
I have transform'd an English poet into
A fine French teacher, who shall join your hands
With a most learned legend out of Rablais.

Aurelia.

But for my true groom, who you say comes hither
For a disguised knight, I shall think I wed
His father's counting-house, and go to bed
To so much bullion of a man; Faith, I've
No mind to him. Brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawful marriage.

Plotwell.

Y' are deceiv'd.
I'll undertake, by one week's tutoring,
And carrying him to plays and ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrel or two, and making
Some captain beat him, to render him a most
Accomplish'd gallant. Or say he be born, sister,
Under the city-planet, pray what wife lady
Desires to match a wise knight? You'd marry some

⁴⁰ For properties.] i. e. To make some of the lesser necessities of a theatre, properties being the usual term for them. So Bottom, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I will draw a bill of properties."

See a note on this passage, last edition, vol. 3, p. 22.

S.

Philosopher

348 THE CITY-MATCH.

Philosopher now, that should every night
Lie with you out of Aristotle, and lose
Your maidenhead by demonstration.
Or some great statesman, before whom you must sit
As silent and reserv'd, as if your looks
Had plots on foreign princes, and must visit
And dress yourself by Tacitus. What he wants
In naturals, his fortunes will make up
In honours, Pen. When he's once made a lord,
Who'll be so saucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wisdom? She that marries
A fool, is an Hermaphrodite: the man
And wife too, sister. Besides, 'tis now too late;
He'll be here presently, and comes prepar'd
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, besides
Two barbers.

Aurelia.

Well, sir, I must then accept him
With all his imperfections. I have
Procured a Sir John yonder.

Plotwell.

Who is't?

Aurelia.

One that preaches the next parish once a week
Asleep, for thirty pounds a year.

Enter a Footman.

Footman.

Here is a knight
Desires your ladyship will give him audience.

Aurelia.

'Tis no knight ambassador?

Footman.

He rather looks like a knight o' th' Sun.

Plotwell.

'Tis he.

Aurelia.

Let him come in.

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

If you be coy now, Pen,
You spoil all.

[*Exit Footman.*]

Aurelia.

Well, fir, I'll be affable.

SCENE III.

Enter Timothy fantastically drest, and a Footman.

Plotwell.

HERE he comes!

Timothy.

Sirrah, wait me in the hall,
And let your feet stink there; your air's not fit
To be endur'd by ladies.

Plotwell.

What! quarrel with your footman, fir?

Timothy.

Hang him, he casts a scent
That drowns my perfumes, and is strong enough
To cure the mother or palsy. Do I act
A knight well?

Plotwell.

This imperiousness becomes you,
Like a knight newly dubb'd, fir.

Timothy.

What says the lady?

Plotwell.

Speak lower; I have prepar'd her; shew yourself
A courtier: now she's your's!

Timothy.

If that be all,
I'll court her as if some courtier had begot me
I' th' gallery at a masque.

Plotwell.

35° THE CITY-MATCH.

Plotwell.

Madam, this gentleman
Desires to kiss your hands.

Timothy.

And lips too, lady.

Aurelia.

Sir, you much honour both.

Timothy.

Ay, I know that,
Else I'd not kiss you. Yesterday I was
In company with ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.

Aurelia.

You cannot cure
The Evil, sir; nor have your lips the virtue
To restore ruins, or make old ladies young.

Timothy.

Faith, all the virtue that they have, is that
My lips are knighted. I am born, sweet lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myself
And footman, as you see, to bear my sword
In querpō after me. I can at court,
If I would, show my gilt⁴ i' th' presence; look
After the rate of some five thousands
Yearly, in old rents; and, were my father once
Well wrapt in fear-cloth, I could fine for sheriff.

Plotwell.

'Heart! you spoil all.

Timothy.

Why?

Plotwell.

She verily believ'd y^e had ne'er a father.

Aurelia.

Lives your father then, sir?
That gentleman told me he was dead.

⁴ Show my gilt—] i. e. The gold on my apparel. So in *King Henry V.*

"Our gayness and our gift are all besmerch'd."

See a note on this passage, last edition, vol. 6, p. 128.

S.

Timothy.

THE CITY-MATCH. 35

Timothy.

'Tis true,
I had forgot myself; he was drown'd, lady,
This morning, as he went to take possession
Of a summer-house and land, in the Canaries.

Plotwell.

Now y' have recovered all.

Timothy.

D' you think I have
Not wit enough to lye?

Plotwell.

Break your mind to her;
She does expect it.

Timothy.

But, lady, this is not
The business which I came for.

Aurelia.

I'm at leisure
To hear your business, sir.

Plotwell.

Mark that!

Timothy.

Indeed,
Sweet lady, I've a motion which was once
Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipt back again for fear.

Aurelia.

Cowards ne'er won
Ladies or forts, sir.

Timothy.

Say then I should feel
Some motions, lady, of affection; might
A man repair Paul's with his heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?

Aurelia.

How mean you, sir?

Timothy.

Why, is your heart a stone or flint?

Aurelia.

Be plain, sir, I understand you not.

Timothy.

Timothy.

Not understand me !
 Y' are the first lady that e'er put a man
 To speak plain English : some would understand
 Riddles and signs. Say, I should love you, lady.

Aurelia.

There should be no love lost, fir.

Timothy.

Say you so?

Then, by this air, my teeth e'en water at you :
 I long to have some offspring by you. We
 Shall have an excellent breed of wits :
 I mean my youngest son shall be a poet ; and
 My daughters, like their mother, every one
 A wench o' th' game. And for my eldest son,
 He shall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
 Let's not defer our joys, but go to bed
 And multiply.

Aurelia.

Soft, fir, the priest must first
 Discharge his office; I do not mean to marry,

Enter Dorcas, out of her Puritan dress.

Like ladies in New England, where they couple
 With no more ceremony than birds choose their mate
 Upon St. Valentine's day.

Dorcas.

Madam, the preacher
 Is sent for to a churching, and doth ask
 If you be ready : he shall lose, he says,
 His chrysome ⁴² else.

Aurelia.

O miracle ! out of
 Your little ruff, Dorcas, and in the fashion !
 Dost thou hope to be saved ?

⁴² *His chrysome.*] The mantle was the white cloth thrown over the new-baptized child. This perhaps was the perquisite of the officiating clergyman. The child itself, however, was sometimes called a *chrysome*. See a note on *King Henry V*, last edition, vol. 6, p. 52.

S.

Dorcas.

Dorcas.

Pray, madam, do not
Abuse me; I will tell you more anon.

Plotwell.

Tell him she's coming.

Aurelia.

Sir, please you, partake
Of a slight banquet?

*[Exit Dorcas.]**Plotwell.*

Just as you are fate
I'll steal the priest in.

Timothy.

Do.

Plotwell.

When you are join'd,
Be sure you do not oversee, but straight
Retire to bed; she'll follow.

Timothy.

'Tis not three o'clock i' th' afternoon.

Plotwell.

'Tis but drawing
Your curtains, and you do create your night.
All times, to lovers and new-married folks,
May be made dark.

Timothy.

I will then. By this room,
She's a rare lady: I do almost wish
I could change sex, and that she might beget
Children on me.

Plotwell.

Nay, will you enter?

Timothy.

Lady, pray will you show the way?

Plotwell.

Most city-like!
'Slid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.

Timothy.

Your arm, sweet lady.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*Bright, Newcut.**Bright.***B**UT are you sure they're they?
Newcut.

I'll not believe

My treacherous eyes again, but trust some dog
To guide me, if I did not see his uncle
Coming this way, and Banefwright with him.*Bright.*

Who?

The fellow that brings love to banns, and banns
To bare thighs 'bout the town.*Newcut.*

The very same, fir ;

The City-Cupid, that shoots arrows betwixt
Party and party. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not see one another till
'They meet i' th' church.*Bright.*What say you now, if Warehouse
Should in displeasure marry?*Newcut.*

'Tis so ; this fellow

In's company confirms me. 'Tis the very business
Why Plotwell has sent for us.*Bright.*

Here they come :

Pr'ythee let's stand and overhear 'em.

Newcut.

Stand close then.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Enter Warehouse, Banefwright.**Warehouse.*

MADAM Aurelia, is her name?
Banefwright.

Her father
 Was, fir, an Irish baron, that undid
 Himself by house-keeping.

Warehouse.

As for her birth,
 I could wish it were meaner. As many knights
 And justices of peace as have been of
 The family are reckoned into the portion.
 She'll still be naming of her ancestors,
 Ask jointure by the herald's book, and I
 That have no Coat, nor can show Azure Lions,
 In Fields of Argent, shall be scorn'd; she'll think
 Her honour wrong'd, to match a man that hath
 No 'scutcheons but them of his company,
 Which once a year do serve to trim a lighter
 To Westminster and back again.

Banefwright.

You are mistaken, fir. This lady, as she is
 Descended of a great house, so she hath
 No dowry but her arms. She can bring only
 Some libbards⁴³ heads, or strange beasts; which, you know,
 Being but beasts, let them derive themselves
 From monsters in the globe, and lineally
 Proceed from Hercules' labours, they will never
 Advance her to a husband equal to
 Herself in birth, that can give beasts too. She
 Aims only to match one that can maintain
 Her some way to her state. She is posselt⁽⁴³⁾

⁴³ libbards.] i. e. leopards.

(⁴³) Posselt.] See note 7. to *The City Night-Cap*, vol. II, p. 309.

What streams of gold you flow in, fir.

Warehouse.

But can she
Affect my age?

Banefwright.

I ask'd her that, and told her
You were about some threescore, fir, and ten;
But were as lusty as one of twenty, (or
An aged eunuch.)

[*Aside.*

Warehouse.

And what replied she?

Banefwright.

She,
Like a true Lucrece, answer'd it was fit
For them to marry by the church-book, who
Came there to cool themselves; but to a mind
Chaste, and endued with virtue, age did turn
Love into reverence.

Bright.

Or fir-reverence.

Newcut.

Pr'ythee observe.

Warehouse.

Is she so virtuous then?

Banefwright.

'Tis all the fault she has; she will out-pray
A preacher at St. Ant'lin's; and divides
The day in exercise. I did commend
A great Precisian to her for her woman,
Who tells me, that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.

Warehouse.

Excellent creature!

Banefwright.

Then, fir, she is so modest.

Warehouse.

Too.

Banefwright.

The least
Obscene word shames her; a lascivious figure

Makes

Makes her do penance ; and she maintains the law,
Which forbids fornication, doth extend
'To kissing too.

Warehouse.

I think the time an age
Till the solemnity be past.

Banefswright.

I have
Prepar'd her, fir, and have so set you out !
Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your nephew ; and, to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconcil'd, before she went
To church, would settle your estate on her,
And on the heirs of her begotten.

Warehouse.

To make all sure,
We'll call upon my lawyer by the way,
And take him with us.

Banefswright.

You must be married, fir,
At the French church ; I have bespoke the priest ;
One that will join you i' th' right Geneva form,
Without a licence.

Warehouse.

But may a man
Wed in a strange tongue ?

Banefswright.

I have brought together
Some in Italian, fir ; the language doth
Not change the substance of the match ; you know
No licence will be granted, all the offices
Are before-hand bribed by your nephew,

Warehouse.

Well,
Let's to the lady straight ; to cross him, I
Would marry an Arabian, and be at charge
To keep one to interpret, or be married
In China language, or the tongue that's spoke
By the Great Cham. [Exeunt Warehouse and Banefswright.

A a 3

Bright.

358 THE CITY-MATCH.

Bright.

Now, Newcut, you perceive
My divination's true ; this fellow did
Portend a wedding.

Newcut.

Plague o' th' prognostication !
Who'd think that madam were the party ?

Bright.

Oh, fir,
She'll call this wit to wed his bags, and lie
With some Platonick servant.

Newcut.

What if we,
Before we go to Plotwell, went to her,
And strived to dissuade her ?

Bright.

Let's make haste,
They'll be before us else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Enter Timothy unbuttoning himself, Aurelia, Plotwell,
Dorcas, Footmen.*

Timothy.

BY this hand, lady, you shall not deny me :
Since we are coupled, I shall think the priest
Has not done all, as long as I'm a virgin.

Aurelia.

Will you not stay till night, fir ?

Timothy.

Night ! No faith ;
I've sworn to get my first child by day, you may
Be quick by night.

Plotwell.

Madam, your knight speaks reason.

Timothy.

Timothy.

I will both speak, and do it.

Aurelia.

Well, fir, since

There is no remedy, your bed's prepared ;
By that time you are laid, I'll come. Mean time,
I'll pray that gentleman to conduct you. There's
My footman to pluck off your stockings.

Plotwell.

Come, fir.

Timothy.

Sweet lady, stay not long.

Plotwell.

I'll promise for her.

[Exeunt Timothy, Plotwell, and Footman.]

Dorcas.

Faith, I admire your temperance, to let
Your bridegroom go to bed, and you not follow.
Were I in your case, I should ha' gone first,
And warm'd his place.

Aurelia.

Well, wench ; but that thou hast
Reveal'd thyself unto me, I'd admire
To hear a saint talk thus. To one that knows not
The mystery of thy strange conversion, thou
Would'st seem a legend.

Dorcas.

Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my school-mistress, who taught me
To confute curling-irons, and why I put
Myself on this adventure.

Aurelia.

Well, wench, my brother
Has had his plots on me, and I'll contribute
My help to work thy honest ones on him :
Do but perform thy task well, and thou winn'st him.

Dorcas.

Let me alone ; never was man so fitted
With a chaste bride, as I will fit his uncle.

Enter Footman.

Footman.

Madam, your knight doth call most fiercely for you. [*Ex.*]

Aurelia.

Pr'ythee, go tell him some business keeps me yet,
And bid him stay himself with this kiss.

SCENE VII.

As they kiss, Enter Bright, Newcut.

Bright.

BY your leave, madam, what for practice sake
Kissing your woman? Lord, how a lady's lips
Hate idleness, and will be busied, when
The rest lies fallow; and rather than want action
Be kind within themselves, an't be t' enjoy
But the poor pleasure of contemplation!

Newcut.

And how do you find her, madam?

Aurelia.

Stay, wench.

Newcut.

Lord!

Does it not grieve you now, and make you sigh,
And very passionately accuse Nature,
And say she was too hard to make your woman
Able to kiss you only, and do no more?

Bright.

Is it not pity, but, besides the gift
Of making caudles, and using of her pencil,
She had the trick o' th' other sex?

Aurelia.

Methinks

Your own good breeding might instruct you that
My house is not a new foundation, where

You

You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedom to your unwash'd mouths.

Dorcas.

My lady

Keeps no poor nuns that sin for victuals, for you,
With whom this dead vacation you may trade
For old silk stockings and half-shirts. They say
You do offend o' th' score, and sin in chalk,
And the dumb walls complain you are behind
In pension; so that your distressed vestals
Are fain to foot their stockings, pay the brewer,
And landlord's rent in woman-kind, and long
More earnestly for the term than Norfolk lawyers.

Bright.

Why, you have got a second, lady; your woman
Doth speak good country language.

Newcut.

Offers at wit, and shews teeth for a jest.

Bright.

We hear you are to marry an old citizen.

Aurelia.

Then surely you were not deaf.

Newcut.

And do you mean his age,
Which hath seen all the kingdom buried thrice,
To whom the heat of August is December; [*Exit Dorcas.*]
Who, were he but in Italy, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts, shall freeze between
Your melting arms? Do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.

Aurelia.

But he is rich, sir.

Bright.

Then,
In wedding him, you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of: He has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.
Half his diseases in the city bill

Kill

362 THE CITY-MATCH.

Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hospital
Were but enough for him.

Newcut.

Besides,

He has a cough that nightly drowns the bell-man;
Calls up his family; all his neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,
Can dead it.

Aurelia.

Yet he is still rich.

Bright.

If this

Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome counsel, and will marry
One, who by th' course of nature ought t' have been
Rotten before the Queen's time, and in justice
Should now have been some threescore years a ghost;
Let pity move you. In this match you quite
Destroy the hopes and fortunes of a gentleman,
For whom had his penurious uncle starv'd
And pin'd himself his whole life, to increase
The riches he deserves t' inherit, it
Had been his duty.

Aurelia.

You mean his nephew Plotwell,
A prodigal young man; one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to th' inns of court,
And would in time ha' made him barrister;
And rais'd him to his sattin cap and biggon⁴⁴,
In which he might ha' sold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price,
Than some their manors. But he did neglect
These thriving means, followed his loose companions;
His Brights and Newcuts; two, they say, that live
By the new herefy, Platonick love;

⁴⁴ — and biggon.] A biggon was a kind of quouif formerly worn by men. It is now only in use for children. See a note on *K. Hen. IV.* Part 2. page 570. S.

Can take up filks upon their strengths, and pay
Their mercer with an infant.

Bright.

Newcut !

Newcut.

Ay, I do observe her character. Well, then,
You are resolved to marry ?

Aurelia.

Were the man
A statue, so it were a golden one,
I'd have him.

Bright.

Pray then, take along to church
These few good wishes. May your husband prove
So jealous, to suspect that when you drink
To any man, you kiss the place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge meetings. Let him
Think you do cuckold him by looks ; and let him
Each night, before you go to rest, administer
A solemn oath, that all your thoughts were chaste
That day, and that you sleep with all your hairs.

Newcut.

And, which is worse ; let him forget he lay
With you himself ; before some magistrate
Swear 'twas some other ; and have it believ'd
Upon record.

Enter Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Sister, I've left your bridegroom
Under this key lock'd in, t' embrace your pillow.
Sure he has eat Eringoes, he's as hot —
He was about to fetch you in his shirt.

Bright.

How's this ? His sister !

Newcut.

I conceive not this.

Plotwell.

My noble friends, you wonder now to hear
Me call her sister.

Bright.

Bright.

Faith, fir, we wonder more,
She should be married.

Newcut.

If 't be your sister, we
Have labour'd her she should not match her uncle,
And bring forth riddles; children that should be
Nephews to their father; and to their uncle, sons.

Plotwell.

I laugh now at your ignorance; why these
Are projects, gentlemen; fine gins, and projects.
Did Roseclap's boy come to you?

Bright.

Yes.

Plotwell.

I have
A rare scene for you.

Newcut.

The boy told us you were
Upon a stratagem.

Plotwell.

I've sent for Roseclap,
And Captain Quartfield to be here. I have
Put Salewit into orders; he's inducted
Into the French Church; you must all have parts.

Bright.

Pr'ythee speak out of clouds.

Plotwell.

By this good light
'Twere justice now to let you both die simple,
For leaving us so scurvily.

Newcut.

We were
Sent for in haste by th' Benchers, to contribute
To one of 'em that's Reader ⁴⁵.

Plotwell.

⁴⁵ Sent for in haste by th' Benchers, to contribute
To one of 'em that's Reader.] From Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*,
p. 207, &c. we learn that the office of a Reader at the Middle Temple,
was held at a great charge to the person who executed it. "His ex-
pences,"

Plotwell.

Come with me,
I'll tell you then. But first I'll show you a fight
Much stranger than the fish.

*Enter Dorcas.**Dorcas.*

Madam, here's Baneswright,
And an old merchant, do desire access.

Aurelia.

Bid 'em come in.

*[Exit Dorcas.]**Plotwell.*

Gentlemen, fall off:
If we be seen, the plot is spoil'd. Sister,
Now, look you do your part well.

Aurelia.

I am perfect,

[Exeunt Plotwell, Bright, Newcut.]

SCENE VIII.

*Enter Baneswright, Warehouse, Dorcas.**Baneswright.*

MADAM, this is the gentleman I mention'd,
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview; if you
Be ready, the church and priest are.

"pences," says that author, "during this time of reading are very great; insomuch, as some have spent above six hundred pounds in two dayes less then a fortnight, which now is the usual time of reading." It appears also, that many gentlemen, who were put by their reading, were removed from the Bar table, unto a table, called The Ancients Table; "And it is no disgrace," says the same author, "for any man to be removed hither; for by reason of the excessive charge of readings, many men of great learning and competent practise, as well as others of less learning, but great estates, have refused to Read, and are here placed." To relieve the gentlemen who undertook this expensive office, it seems to have been usual to call upon the students for their assistance; and this circumstance is alluded to in the text.

Aurelia.

Aurelia.

Is this, fir,
The wealthy merchant ?

Banefswright.

Madam, this is he,
That if you'll wear the price of baronies,
Or live at Cleopatra's rate, can keep you.

Aurelia.

Come you a suitor, fir, to me ?

Warehouse.

Yes, lady,
I did employ my speaker there, who hath,
I hope, inform'd you with my purpose,

Aurelia.

Surely,
Your speaker then hath err'd ; I understood
Him for my woman ; if you can like her, fir,
It being, for aught I hear, all one to you,
I've woo'd her for you. But for myself, could you
Endow me with the stream that ebbs and flows
In waves of gold, I hope you do not think
I'd so much stain my birth, as to be bought
To match into a company. Sir, plainly,
I'm match'd already.

Warehouse.

Banefswright, did not you
Tell me she'd have me ?

Banefswright.

Faith, fir, I have ears
That might deceive me ; but I did dream waking,
If she were not the party. Madam, pray you
One word in private.

Aurelia.

I'll prevent you : 'Tis true,
My brother laid the scene for me ; but since
We've chang'd the plot, and 'tis contriv'd, my woman
Shall undertake my part.

Banefswright.

I am instructed.
I was mistaken, fir ; indeed the lady
Spoke to me for her gentlewoman. How

Do you affect her, sir? you see she is
As handsome as her lady; and her birth
Not being so high, she will more size with you.

Warehouse.

I say, I like her best. Her lady has
Too much great house in her.

Banefwright.

'Tis right; this you
May govern as you list. I'll motion't: lady,
Pray pardon our mistake; indeed our errand
Was chiefly to your gentlewoman.

Aurelia.

Sir,
She's one, whose fortune I so much intend;
And your's, sir, are so fair, that though there be
Much disproportion in your age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and she shall refer
Herself to be dispos'd by me.

Warehouse.

You much oblige me, madam.

Aurelia.

Dorcas, this is the merchant
I have provided for you; he is old;
But he has that will make him young, much gold.

Dorcas.

Madam, but that I should offend against
Your care, as well as my preferment, I'd
Have more experience of the man I mean
To make my husband. At first sight to marry,
Must argue me of lightness.

Aurelia.

Princes, Dorcas,
Do woo by pictures and ambassadors,
And match in absent ceremonies.

Dorcas.

But
You look for some great portion, sir?

Warehouse.

Fair mistress,
Your virtues are to me a wealthy dowry:

368 THE CITY-MATCH.

And if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the Indies.

Dorcas.

But, sir, 't may be
You'll be against my course of life. / I love
Retirement, must have times for my devotion,
Am little us'd to company, and hate
The vanity of visits.

Warehouse.

This makes me
Love you the more.

Dorcas.

Then I shall never trust you
To go to sea, and leave me ; I shall dream
Of nought but storms and pirates. Every wind
Will break my sleep.

Warehouse.

I'll stay at home.

Dorcas.

Sir, there
Is one thing more ; I hear you have a nephew,
You mean to make your heir. I hope you will
Settle some jointure on me.

Warehouse.

He's so lost
In my intents, that to revenge myself,
I take this course. But, to remove your doubts,
I've brought my lawyer with blank deeds :
He shall put in your name ; and I, before
We go to church, will seal 'em.

Dorcas.

On these terms.
Where is your priest, sir ?

Warehouse.

He expects me at
The French church, mistress.

Aurelia.

Come, when you have seal'd, sir ;
I'll bear a part in the solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Plotwell, Aurelia, Bright, Newcut, Quartfield, Roselap,
two Footmen, Cypher.*

Plotwell.

WELL, sister, by this hand I was afraid
You had marr'd all ; but I am well content
You have outreach'd me : If she do act it well now,
By Jove I'll have her.

Aurelia.

She hath studied all
Her cues already.

Plotwell.

Gentlemen, how do
You like the project ?

Bright.

Theirs was dull and cold,
Compar'd to ours.

Newcut.

Some poet will steal from us,
And bring 't into a comedy.

Quartfield.

The jest
Will more inspire than sack.

Plotwell.

I have got Cypher
Over to our side too ; he has been up and down
To invite guests to th' wedding.

Enter Salewit like a Curate.

How now, Salewit, are they gone home ?

Salewit.

Yes, faith, for better for worse ;
I've read a fiction out of Rablais to 'em,
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good French liturgy. When I had done,
There came a christening.

VOL. IX.

B b

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

And didst thou baptize
Out of thy Rablais too?

Salewit.

No, faith; I left 'em
In expectation of their pastor.

Bright.

Newcut,
Who does he look like in that dress?

Newcut.

Hum! why
Like a Geneva weaver, in black, who left ⁴⁶
The loom, and enter'd into th' ministry
For conscience sake.

Plotwell.

Well, gentlemen, you all
Do know your parts; you Captain, and Baneswright,
Go get your properties. For you two, these
Two mules shall carry you in greater state,
And more ease than the Fistula. You, sister,
We'll leave unto your knight, to come anon.
Roseclap and I will thither straight. You, Cypher,
Know what you have to do.

Salewit.

And as for me,
I'm an invited guest, and am to bless
The venison in French, or in a grace
Of broken English.

Quartfield.

Before we do divide
Our army, let us dip our rosemaries ⁴⁷

⁴⁶ Like a Geneva weaver, &c.] Dr. Warburton observes (note to 1st Part Henry IV, A. 2. S. 4.) that in the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II, those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These being Calvinists were joined by those of the same persuasion from other countries, and amongst the rest from Geneva.

⁴⁷ — our rosemaries.] Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was therefore distributed at marriages and funerals. See a note on *Hamlet*, last edit. vol. x. p. 355.

THE CITY-MATCH.

371

In one rich bowl of sack to this brave girl,
And to the gentleman that was my fish.

All.

Agreed, agreed.

Plotwell.

Captain, you shall dip first.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Warehouse, Dorcas.

Warehouse.

MY dearest Dorcas, welcome. Here you see
The house you must be mistress of, which with
This kiss I do confirm unto you.

Dorcas.

Forbear, sir.

Warehouse.

How! wife, refuse to kiss me?

Dorcas.

Yes, unless

A sweeter air came from you; y' have turn'd my stomach.
I wonder you can be so rude to ask me,
Knowing your lungs are perish'd.

Warehouse.

This is rare,
That I should live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten!

Dorcas.

I shall never
Endure your conversation: I hope you have
Contriv'd two beds, two chambers, and two tables:
It is an article, that I should live
Retir'd; that is apart.

Warehouse.

But pray you, wife, are you in earnest?

Dorcas.

D' you think I'll jest with age?

B b 2

Warehouse.

Warehouse.

Will you not lie with me then ?

Dorcas.

Did ever man
Of your hairs ask such questions ? I do blush
At your unreasonableness.

Warehouse.

Nay, then——

Dorcas.

Is't fit I should be buried ?

Warehouse.

I reach you not.

Dorcas.

Why, to lie with you, were a direct emblem
Of going to my grave.

Warehouse.

I understand you.

Dorcas.

I'll have your picture set in my wedding-ring
For a Death's head.

Warehouse.

I do conceive you.

Dorcas.

I'd

Rather lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An ancestor than you. D' you think I'll come
Between your winding-sheets ? For what ? To hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your last groan ; and
I' th' morning find a deluge on the floor ;
Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
Upon the arras.

Warehouse.

I am married ——

Dorcas.

Then,

For your abilities, should twelve good women
Sit on these reverend locks, and on your heat,
And natural appetite, they would just find you
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
As th' fultry winter that froze o'er the Thames ;
They say the hard time did begin from you.

Warehouse.

Warehouse.

Good, I am made the curse of watermen.

Dorcas.

Your humours come frost from you, and your nose
Hath icicles in June.

Warehouse.

Assist me, Patience!

Why, hear you, mistress; you that have a fever,
And dog-days in your blood, if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?

Dorcas.

Ha, ha, ha!

Warehouse.

She laughs.

Dorcas.

That your experienc'd ach (⁴⁷), that hath felt springs
And falls this forty years, should be so dull
To think I have not them that shall supply
Your cold defects!

Warehouse.

You have your servants then,
And I am fork'd? hum!

Dorcas.

Do you think
A woman young, high in her blood —

Warehouse.

And hot
As goats or marmosites —

Dorcas.

Apt to take flame at
Every temptation —

Warehouse.

And to kindle at
The picture of a man —

Dorcas.

Would wed dust, ashes,
A monument, unless she were —

Warehouse.

Crack'd, tried, and broken up? —

(⁴⁷) *ach*] So all the editions. Mr. Doddsley reads *age*.

Dorcas.

Right, fir, or lack'd a cloak?

*Warehouse.*Mischief, and hell! and was there none to make
Your cloak but I?*Dorcas.*

Not so well lin'd.

*Warehouse.*O you
Staid for a wealthy cuckold: your tame beast
Must have his gilded horns?*Dorcas.*Yes, fir; besides,
Your age being impotent, you would, I knew,
In conscience wink at my stol'n helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad.*Warehouse.*Yes, yes, yes, yes!
You shall be comforted: I will maintain
A stallion for you.*Dorcas.*I will have friends come to me;
So you'll conceal ———*Warehouse.*Alas! I'll be your pander;
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.*Dorcas.*

I'll have a woman shall do that.

*Warehouse.*O impudence!
Unheard-of impudence!*Dorcas.*Then, fir, I'll look
Your coffers shall maintain me at my rate.*Warehouse.*

How's that?

*Dorcas.*Why, like a lady. For I do mean
To have you knighted.*Warehouse.*

THE CITY-MATCH. 373

Warehouse.

I shall rise to honour.

Dorcas.

D' you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?

Warehouse.

No, you shall have your usher, dame, to stalk
Before you, like a buskin'd prologue ⁴⁸, in
A stately, high, majestick motion, baré.

Dorcas.

I do expect it : yes, fir, and my coach,
Six horses and postillion : four are fit
For them that have a charge of children : you
And I shall never have any.

Warehouse.

If we have,
All Middlesex is father.

Dorcas.

Then I'll have
My footman to run by me when I visit,
Or take the air sometimes in Hyde-park.

Warehouse.

You,
Besides being chaste, are good at races too :
You can be a jockey for a need?

Dorcas.

Y' are pleasant, fir.

Warehouse.

Why, hark you, hark you, mistress, you told me
You lov'd retirement, loved not visits, and bargain'd
I should not carry you abroad.

Dorcas.

You ! no.

⁴⁸ Before you, &c.] The stately step, and pompous manner used by the prologue speakers of the times, are still retained in delivering the few lines used as a prologue in *Hamlet*. These particularities seem to have been delivered traditionally to the present race of actors, from their brethren in the last century.

376 THE CITY-MATCH.

Is't fit I should be seen at court with you ?
Such an odd sight, as you would make the ladies
Have melancholy thoughts.

Warehouse.

You bound me too
I should not go to sea : you lov'd me so,
You could not be without me.

Dorcas.

Not if you staid
Above a year ; for should I, in a long voyage,
Prove fruitful, I should want a father to
The infant.

Warehouse.

Most politickly kind,
And, like a whore, perfect i' th' mystery !
It is beyond my sufferance.

Dorcas.

Pray, sir, vex ;
I'll in, and see your jewels, and make choice
Of some for every day, and some to wear
At masques.

Warehouse.

'Tis very good. Two days
Of this I shall grow mad ; or, to redeem
Myself, commit some outrage——O—O—O !

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Plotwell and Roseclap.

Plotwell.

SIR, I am sorry such a light offence
Should make such deep impressions in you ; but that
Which more afflicts me than the loss of my
Great hopes, is that y' are likely to be abused, sir.
Strangely abused, sir, by one Banefswright. I hear
You are to marry ———

Warehouse.

Did you hear so?

Warehouse.

Madam Aurelia's woman.

Plotwell.

What of her, fir?

Warehouse.

Plotwell.

Why, fir, I thought it duty to inform you,
That you were better match a ruin'd bawd;
One ten times cured by sweating, and the tub⁴⁹,
Or pain'd now with her fiftieth ach, whom not
The pow'r of usquebaugh, or heat of fevers
Quickens enough to wish; one of such looks
The judges of affize, without more proof,
Suspect, arraign, and burn for witchcraft.

Warehouse.

Why, pray?

Plotwell.

For she being past all motions, impotence
Will be a kind of chastity, and you
Might have her to yourself; but here is one
Knows this to be ———

Warehouse.

An arrant whore?

Rosclap.

I see
You have heard of her, fir. Indeed she has
Done penance thrice.

Warehouse.

How say you, penance?

Rosclap.

Yes, fir; and should have suffer'd—

Warehouse.

Carting, should she not?

Rosclap.

The marshal had her, fir.

⁴⁹ ——— and the tub.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, edition 1778,
vol. 8, p. 409. S.

378 THE CITY-MATCH.

Warehouse.

I sweat, I sweat !

Rosclap.

She's of known practice, fir : the clothes she wears
Are but her quarter's fins : she has no linen,
But what she first offends for.

Warehouse.

O blest'd Heaven !
Look down upon me.

Plotwell.

Nay, fir, which is more,
She has three children living ; has had four.

Warehouse.

How ! Children ! Children, say you ?

Plotwell.

Ask him, fir.
One by a Frenchman.

Rosclap.

Another by a Dutch.

Plotwell.

A third by a Moor, fir, born of two colours,
Just like a serjeant's man.

Warehouse.

Why, she has known then
All tongues and nations ?

Rosclap.

She has been lain with farther
Than ever Coryat travell'd, and lain in
By two parts of the map, Afrique and Europe,
As if the state maintain'd her to allay
The heat of foreigners.

Warehouse.

O, O, O, O !

Plotwell.

What ail you, fir ?

Warehouse.

O nephew, I am not well, I am not well.

Plotwell.

I hope you are not married.

Warehouse.

Warehouse.
It is too true.

Rosclap.
God help you then.

Warehouse.
Amen. Nephew, forgive me.

Rosclap.
Alas! good gentleman!

Plotwell.
Would you trust Banefwright, fir?

Warehouse.
Nephew, in hell,

There's not a torment for him. O that I could
But see that cheating rogue upon the rack now;
I'd give a thousand pound for every stretch
That should enlarge the rogue through all his joints,
And but just shew him hell, and then recall
His broking soul, and give him strength to suffer
His torture often. I would have the rascal
Think hanging a relief, and be as long
A dying as a chopt eel, that the devil
Might have his soul by pieces. Who's here? a sailor?

SCENE IV.

Enter Cypher, like a sailor.

Cypher.
ARE you, fir, Warehouse, the rich merchant?
Warehouse.
Sir, my name is Warehouse.

Cypher.
Then you are not, fir,
So rich by two ships as you were.
Warehouse.

How mean you?

Cypher.
Your two ships, fir, that were now coming home
From

380 THE CITY-MATCH.

From Ormus, are both cast away ; the wreck
And burden on the place was valued at
Some forty thousand pound. All the men perish'd
By th' violence of the storm, only myself
Preserv'd my life by swimming, till a ship
Of Bristol took me up, and brought me home
To be the sad reporter.

Warehouse.

Was nothing sav'd ?

Cypher.

Two small casks, one of blue figs, the other
Of pickled mushrooms ; which serv'd me for bladders,
And kept me up from sinking. 'Twas a storm,
Which, sir, I will describe to you. The winds
Rose of a sudden with that tempestuous force —

Warehouse.

Pr'ythee, no more, I've heard too much. Would I
Had been i' th' tempest.

Cypher.

Good your worship, give
A poor sea-faring man your charity,
To carry me back again. I'm come above
A hundred mile to tell you this.

Warehouse.

Go in,
And let my factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee : stay and sup too.

Cypher.

Thank your worship.

[Exit Cypher.]

Warehouse.

Why should I not now hang myself ? Or, if
It be a fate that will more hide itself,
And keep me from discredit, tie some weight
About my neck, to sink me to the bottom
O' th' Thames, not to be found, to keep my body
From rising up and telling tales. Two wrecks,
And both worth forty thousand pound there ! Why,
That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myself ; I nothing have to do
Now in this world but drown myself.

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Fie, these
Are desperate resolutions. Take heart, fir,
There may be ways yet to relieve you.

Warehouse.

How?

Plotwell.

Why, for your lost ships, say, fir, I should bring
Two o' th' Assurance-office that should warrant
Their safe return? 'Tis not known yet. Would you
Give three parts to secure the fourth?

Warehouse.

I'd give ten to secure one.

Plotwell.

Well, fir, and for your wife,
Say I should prove it were no lawful match;
And that she is another man's: you'd take
The piece of service well?

Warehouse.

Yes, and repent
That when I had so good an heir begot
Unto my hand, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own dotage.

Plotwell.

Say no more, fir;
But keep the sailor that he stir not. We'll
About it straight.

[Exeunt Plotwell and Roseclap.]

Warehouse.

How much I was deceiv'd,
To think ill of my nephew! In whose revenge
I see the heavens frown on me; seas and winds
Swell and rage for him against me: but I will
Appease their furies, and be reconciled.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Enter Seathrift, Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland,
Mrs. Scruple.*

Mrs. Seathrift.

MUCH joy to you, fir; you have made quick
dispatch.

I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,
All in an hour. My husband was so long
A getting me, so many friends consents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to church,
'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.

Mrs. Holland.

I look'd to find you a-bed, and a young sheriff
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From church, by this time had his caudle; I
Had not a garter left, nor he a point.

Mrs. Scruple.

Surely, all that my husband did the first
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought caps more, to allay his rheum.

Mrs. Holland.

We hear y' have match'd a courtier, fir, a gallant;
One that can spring fire in your blood, and dart
Fresh flames into you.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Sir, you are not merry:
Methinks you do not look as you were married.

Mrs. Holland.

You rather look as you had lost your love.

Mrs. Scruple.

Or else, as if your spouse, fir, had rebuk'd you.

Seathrift.

How is it, fir? You see I have brought along
My fidlers with me; my wife and Mrs. Holland

Are good wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on sadness.

Warehouse.

You, fir, have no cause.

Seathrift.

Not I! Ask Mrs. Scruple. I have lost
My daughter, fir, she's stol'n. Then fir, I have
A spendthrift to my son.

Warehouse.

These are felicities
Compar'd to me. You have not match'd a whore, fir,
Nor lost two ships at sea.

Seathrift.

Nor you, I hope.

Warehouse.

Truth is, you are my friends. I am abus'd,
Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a few;
The noted'st woman o' th' town.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Indeed, I heard
She was a chambermaid.

Mrs. Holland.

And they by their place
Do wait upon the lady, but belong
Unto the lord.

Seathrift.

But is this true?

Warehouse.

Here was

My nephew just now, and one Roseclap, who tell me
She has three children living; one dapple-grey,
Half Moor, half English. Knows as many men
As she that sinned by th' kalendar, and divided
The nights o' th' year with several men.

Seathrift.

Bless me, goodness!

Warehouse.

Then, like a man condemn'd to all misfortunes,
I have estated her in all I have.

Seathrift.

How!

Warehouse.

Warehouse.

Under hand and seal, fir, irrecoverably.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Salewit.**Mrs. Holland.***L**OOK, Mrs. Scruple, here's your husband.
Salewit.

Be the leave of the fair companée.

Mrs. Scruple.

My husband!

His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be some Dutch elder.*Salewit.*

Where is

The breed an breedgroom? Oh, monsieur, I'm com't
To give you zhoy, and blest your capon; where
Is your fair breed?*Warehouse.*O, Monsieur, you have join'd me
To a chaste virgin. Would when I came to you
Y' had used your ceremonies about my funeral.*Salewit.*

Fooneral? Is your breed dead?

*Warehouse.*Would she were,
I'd double your fee, Monsieur, to bury her.*Salewit.*

Ee can but leetle English.

Warehouse.

No, I see you are but new come over.

Salewit.

Dover! Tere Ee landed.

*Warehouse.*Ay, fir, pray walk in; that door
Will land you in my dining-room.*Salewit.*

Salerwit.

Be tank you.

[*Exit.*

Warehouse.

This is the priest that married us.

Seabrist.

This is a Frenchman, is 't not ?

Warehouse.

'Twas at the French church.

SCENE VII.

*Enter two Footmen bearing the frame of a great picture.
Curtains drawn.*

1st Footman.

SET 'em down gently ; so.

2d Footman.

They make me sweat.

Pictures, quoth you ; 'sight, they have weight enough
To be the parties.

1st Footman.

My lady, fir, has sent
A present to your wife.

Warehouse.

What lady, pray ?

1st Footman.

Madam Aurelia, fir.

Warehouse.

Oh ———

2d Footman.

Sir, they are
A brace of pictures, with which my lady prays
She will adorn her chamber.

Warehouse.

Male pictures, pray ;
Or female ?

1st Footman.

Why d' you ask ?
Vol. IX.

C c

Warehouse.

Warehouse.

Because, methinks,
 It should be Mars and Venus in a net;
 Aretine's postures, or a naked nymph
 Lying asleep, and some lascivious satyr
 Taking her lineaments. These are pictures which
 Delight my wife.

2d Footman.

These are night-pieces, sir.

Mrs. Holland.

Lord, how I long to see 'em! I have at home
 The finest ravish'd Lucrece!

Mrs. Scruple.

So have I
 The finest fall of Babylon! There is
 A fat monk spewing churches; save your presence,

Mrs. Holland.

Pray, will you open 'em?

1st Footman.

My lady charged us
 None should have sight of 'em, sir, but your wife.

Warehouse.

Because you make so dainty, I will see 'em.

[*Draws the curtain, within are discovered Bright and Newcut.*]

2d Footman.

'Tis out of our commission.

Warehouse.

But not of mine. Hell and damnation!

1st Footman.

How d' you like 'em, sir?

Mrs. Holland.

Look, they are pictur'd in their clothes!

Mrs. Seatbrift.

They stir too.

2d Footman.

Sir, they are drawn to life; a master's hand
 Went to 'em, I assure you.

Warehouse.

Out varlets, bawds,

Panders,

Panders, avoid my house! O devil! are you
My wife's night-pieces? [They come out.]

Bright.

Sir, you are rude, uncivil,
And would be beaten.

Newcut.

We cannot come in private
On business to your wife, but you must be
Inquisitive, sir? Thank God 'tis in your own house;
The place protects you.

Bright.

If such an insolence
'Scape unreveng'd, henceforth no ladies shall
Have secret servants.

Newcut.

Here she comes, we'll ask
If she gave you commission to be so bold.

Warehouse.

Why this is far beyond example rare.
Now I conceive what is Platonick love;
'Tis to have men like pictures, brought disguised,
To cuckold us with virtue. [They whisper.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dorcas.

Dorcas.

HE would not offer 't, would he?
Bright.

We have been
In danger to be search'd; hereafter we
Must first be question'd by an officer,
And bring it under hands we are no men,
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obtain access.

Newcut.

We do expect
In time, your husband, to preserve you chaste,

C c 2

Should

Should keep you with a guard of eunuchs ; or
 Confine you, like Italians, to a room
 Where no male beast is pictur'd, lest the sight
 Of aught that can beget, should stir desires.

Dorcas.

I mar'l, sir, who did license you to pry,
 Or spy out any friends that come to me ;
 It shews an unbred curiosity,
 Which I'll correct hereafter ; you will dare
 To break up letters shortly, and examine
 My taylor, lest when he brings home my gown,
 There be a man in 't. I'll have whom I list,
 In what disguise I list, and when I list ;
 And not have your sour eyes so saucy, to peep,
 As if you, by prevention, meant to kill
 A basilisk.

Warehouse.

Mistress, do what you list,
 Send for your couch out, lie with your gallants there
 Before us all. Or, if you have a mind
 To fellows that can lift weights, I can call
 Two footmen too.

Seathrift.

You are too patient, sir ;
 Send for the Marshal, and discharge your house.

Mrs. Seathrift.

Truly, a handsome woman ! what pity 'tis
 She is not honest !

Mrs. Holland.

Two proper gentlemen, too.
 Lord, that such pictures might be sent to me !

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Plotwell and Roseclap, with Banefwright and Quartfield disguised.

Warehouse.

O Nephew, welcome to my ransom ; here
My house is made a new erection ; gallants
Are brought in varied forms. Had I not look'd
By providence into that frame, these two
Had been convey'd for night-pieces and land skips
Into my chaste bride's chamber. Till now, she took
And lett herself out ; now she will be able
To hire, and buy offenders.

Plotwell.

I'll ease you, fir ;
We two have made a full discovery of her.

Roseclap.

She's married to another man, fir.

Warehouse.

Good nephew, thou art my blessed angel.
Who are these two ?

Plotwell.

Two that will secure your ships,
Sent by the office. Seal you, fir : Th' have brought
Th' assurance with 'em.

Warehouse.

Nephew, thou wer't born
To be my dear preserver.

Plotwell.

It is duty, fir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your instruments. Uncle, put your seal,
[*They subscribe, seal, and deliver interchangeably.*]
And write your name here ; they will do the like
To the other parchment. So, now deliver.

Warehouse.

I do deliver this as my act and deed.

Banefwright, Quartfield.

And we this, as our act and deed,

C c 3

Plotwell.

Plotwell.

Pray, gentlemen,
Be witness here. Upon a doubtful rumour
Of two ships wreck'd as they return'd from Ormus,
My uncle covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth secured. And these two here,
[*Seabrist, Roseclap, Bright, and Newcut sub-*
scribe as witnesses.

As delegates of the office, undertake
At that rate to assure them. Uncle, now
Call forth the sailor, and send for the priest
That married you.

Enter Salewit and Cypher.

Warehouse.

Look, here they come.

Plotwell.

First then,
Not to afflict you longer, uncle, since
We now are quiet; know, all this was my project.

Warehouse.

How!

Plotwell.

Your two ships are richly landed; if
You'll not believe me, here's the sailor, who,
[*Cypher undisguist.*
Transform'd to Cypher, can tell you.

Cypher.

'Tis very true, fir.
I hired this travelling case of one o' th' sailors
That came in one of 'em. They lie at Blackwall.
'Tisroth, I in pity, fir, to Mr. Plotwell,
Thought it my duty to deceive you.

Warehouse.

Very well, fir;
What are these maskers too?

Plotwell.

Faith, fir, these
Can change their forms too. They are two friends
[*Exit Cypher.*
[*They undisguist.*
Worth

Worth threefcore thousand pounds, fir, to my use.

Warehouse.

Banefwright, and Captain Quartfield !

Quartfield.

Nay, old boy,

Th' haft a good penny-worth on't. The jest is worth
Three parts of four.

Banefwright.

Faith, fir, we hope you'll pay
Tonnage and poundage into th' bargain.

Warehouse.

O you are a precious rogue ; you ha' preferr'd me
To a chaste Lucrece, firrah !

Banefwright.

Your nephew, fir,
Hath married her with all her faults. They are
New come from church.

Warehouse.

How !

Plotwell.

Wonder not, fir : you
Were married but in jest. 'Twas no church-form
But a fine legend out of Rablais.

Salewit.

'Troth

This reverend weed cast off, I'm a lay poet,

[Salewit undisguises.]

And cannot marry, unless 't be in a play,
In the fifth act or so ; and that's almost
Worn out of fashion too.

Mrs. Seatbrift.

These are the two
That show'd my son.

Mrs. Holland.

Let's have our money back.

Plotwell.

But, uncle, for the jointure you have made her,
I hope you'll not retract. That, and three parts
Of your two ships, besides what you will leave

Us at your death, will make a pretty stock
For young beginners.

Warehouse.

Am I o'er-reach'd so finely!

Seathrift.

But are you married, fir, in earnest?

Plotwell.

Troth,

We have not been a-bed yet, but may go,
And no law broken.

Seathrift.

Then I must tell you, fir,
Y' have wrong'd me; and I look for satisfaction.

Plotwell.

Why, I beseech you, fir?

Seathrift.

Sir, were not you
Betroth'd once to my daughter?

Mrs. Seathrift.

And did not I,
And Mrs. Holland, help to make you sure?

Plotwell.

I do confess it.

Seathrift.

Bear witness, gentlemen, he doth confess it,

Plotwell.

I'll swear it too, fir.

Seathrift.

Why,

Then, have you match'd this woman?

Plotwell.

Why! because
This is your daughter, fir. I'm her's by conquest,
For this day's service.

Seathrift.

Is't possible I should
Be out in my own child so?

Mrs. Seathrift.

I told you, husband.

Mrs.

Mrs. Scruple.

Surely, my spirit gave me it was she;
And yet to see, now you have not your wire,
Nor city-ruff on, mistress Sue, how these
Clothes do beguile! In truth, I took you for
A gentlewoman.

Seathrift.

Here be rare plots, indeed!
Why, how now, fir, these young heads have outgone us.
Was my son o' th' plot too?

Plotwell.

Faith, fir, he
Is married too. I did strike up a wedding
Between him and my sister.

Enter Timothy and Aurelia.

Penelope.

Look, fir!
They come without their maidenheads.

Seathrift.

Why, this
Is better still. Now, fir, you might have ask'd
Consent of parents.

Timothy.

Pray, forgive me, fir.
I thought I had match'd a lady, but she proves —

Seathrift.

Much better, fir: I'd chide you as a fish,
But that your choice pleads for you.

Timothy.

Mother, pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips; nay, you too, Mrs. Holland,
You taught her to make shirts and bone-lace. She's
Out of her time now.

Mrs. Holland.

I release her, fir.

Warehouse.

I took your sister for a lady, nephew.

Plotwell.

I kept her like one, fir. My Temple scores
Went to maintain the title, out of hope
To gain some great match for her ; which you see
Is come to pass.

Warehouse.

Well, Mr. Seathrift,
Things are just fallen out as we contriv'd 'em :
I grieve not I'm deceiv'd. Believe me, gentlemen,
You all did your parts well : 'twas carried cleanly ;
And though I could take some things ill of you,
Fair mistress, yet 'twas plot, and I forget it.
Let's in and make 'em portions.

Seathrift.

Lead the way, fir.

Banefswright.

Pray, stay a little.

Warehouse.

More revelations yet ?

Banefswright.

I all this while have stood behind the curtain :
You have a brother, fir, and you a father.

Plotwell.

If he do live, I have.

Banefswright.

He in his time
Was held the wealthiest merchant on th' Exchange.

Warehouse.

'Tis true, but that his shipwrecks broke him.

Banefswright.

And

The debt for which he broke, I hear you have
Compounded.

Seathrift.

I am paid it.

Banefswright.

Then I thank you.

*[Banefswright undisguised.]**Warehouse.*

My brother Plotwell !

Banefswright.

Banefwright.

Son, I wish you joy.

Plotwell.

O my blest'd stars! my father!

Banefwright.

And to you, fair mistress,

Let it not breed repentance that I have,
For my security, to 'scape your father,
A while descended from myself to this
Unworthy shape. Now I can cast it off,
And be my true self. I have a ship, which fame
Gave out for lost, but just now landed too,
Worth twenty thousand pounds, towards your match.

Seabrist.

Better and better still.

Warehouse.

Well; what was wanting
Unto our joys, and made these nuptials
Imperfect, brother, you by your discovery
Have fully added:

Enter Cypher.

Cypher.

Sir the two sheriffs are
Within, and have both brought their wives.

Warehouse.

The feast
Intended for my wedding shall be your's.

*To which I add, — May you so love, to say,
When old, your time was but one marriage-day.*

THE

THE
E P I L O G U E
A T
W H I T E - H A L L .

*THE Author was deceiv'd ; for, should the parts
And play, which you have seen, plead rules and arts,
Such as strict criticks write by, who refuse
To allow the buskin to the Comic Muse ;
Whose region is the people, every strain
Of royalty being tragic, though none slain ;
He'd now, Great Sir, hold all his rules untrue,
And think his best rules are the Queen and You.
He should have search'd the stories of each age,
And brought five acts of princes on the stage ;
He should have taken measure, and rais'd sport
From persons bright and glorious as your court ;
And should have made his argument to be
Fully as high, and great as they that see.
Here, he confesseth, you did nothing meet
But what was first a comedy i' th' street :
Cheapside brought into verse ; no passage strange :
To any here, that hath been at th' Exchange.
Yet, he hopes none doth value it so low,
As to compare it with my Lord Mayor's Show.
'Tis so unlike, that some, he fears, did fit,
Who, missing pageants, did o'ersee the wit.
Since then his scene no pomp or highness boasts,
And low things grac'd, shew princes princes most ;
Your royal smiles will raise't, and make him say,
He only wrote ; your liking made the play.*

THE

T H E
E P I L O G U E
A T
B L A C K - F R I E R S .

*ONCE more the Author, ere you rise, doth say,
 Though he have publick warrant for his play,
 Yet he to the King's command needs the King's writ
 To keep him safe, not to be arraign'd for wit.
 Not that he fears his name can suffer wrack
 From them who sixpence pay and sixpence crack.
 To such he wrote not ; though some parts have been
 So like here, that they to themselves came in.
 To them who call't reproof to make a face,
 Who think they judge, when they frown i' th' wrong place ;
 Who, if they speak not ill o' th' poet, doubt
 They lose by the play, nor have their two shillings out ;
 He says, he hopes they'll not expect he'd woo,
 The play being done, they'd end their four looks too.
 But, before you, who did true hearers sit,
 Who singly make a box, and fill the pit,
 Who to his comedy read, and unseen,
 Had thronged theatres, and Black-Friers been,
 He for his doom stands ; your hands are his bays,
 Since they can only clap who know to praise.*

E D I T I O N S.

(1.) " The Citye Match : a Comœdye. Presented to
 " the King and Queene, at Whitehall. Acted since at
 " Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. de
 " Arte Poet. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.*
 " Oxford : printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to
 " the University. Anno Dom. mdcxxxix. Fo."

(2.) " Two Plaies : The City Match, a Comœdy ;
 " and the Amorous Warre, a Tragy Comœdy : both long
 " since written. By J. M. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford :
 " reprinted by Hen. Hall, for Ric. Davis. 1658. 4to."

(3.) " The City Match : a Comœdy. Presented to the
 " King and Queene at White-Hall. Acted since at Black
 " Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. de Arte Poet.
 " *Versibus exponi Tragicis res comica non vult.* By J. M.
 " St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Oxford : printed by Henry
 " Hall, Printer to the University, for Rich. Davis. 1659.
 " 8vo."

T H E
QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

THE
MODERN ARABIC

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WILLIAM HABINGTON, the son of * Thomas Habington, of Hendlip, in the county of Worcester, Esq; was born at the seat of his father, on the 4th, or, as others say, the 5th of November, 1605. He received his education at St. Omers and Paris; and at the former of these places was earnestly solicited to become one of the order of the Jesuits. On his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history, by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, and is charged by *Wood* with running with the times, and being not unknown to Oliver Cromwell. He died the 30th of November, 1654, and was buried in the vault at Hendlip, by the bodies of his father and grandfather.

Besides the play now re-published, he was the author of
1. "*Poems*, under the title of *Castara*, 1635, 12mo." They are divided into three parts, under a different title, suitable to their subject: the first, written when he was suitor to his wife, is ushered in by a character of a mistress, written in prose: the second contains verses written to her after

* This Thomas Habington was born 26 October, 1560, and married Mary, the sister of Lord Mounteagle, the lady who is supposed to have written that letter to her brother, which occasioned the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. For harbouring Garnet and Alchorne, two Popish priests, he is said to have been condemned to die, but by the intercession of Lord Monteagle, he was reprieved and pardoned. He lived many years afterwards, not dying until the 8th of October, 1647, at the advanced age of 87 years. Wood says, he surveyed the county of Worcester, and made a collection of most of its antiquities. He also translated *The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British author*, 12mo. 1638, and had a considerable hand in the *History of Edward the 4th*, published by his son.

marriage ; after which is a character of a friend, before several funeral elegies : and the third consists of Divine Poems, preceded by the portrait of a holy man.

2. " Observations upon history," 8vo. 1641.

3. " History of Edward the 4th, King of England," fo. 1640 ; written and published at the desire of King Charles the First.

Wood observes, that the MSS. which our author and his father left, were then in the hands of the former's son, and might be made useful for the public, if in the possession of any other person.

T H E

P R O L O G U E at C O U R T.

*H*AD not obedience o'er-rul'd the author's fear,
 And judgment too, this humble piece had ne'er
 Approach'd so high a majesty : not writ
 By the exact and subtil rules of wit ;
 Ambitious for the splendor of this night ;
 But fashion'd up in haste for his own delight ;
 This, by my lord, with as much zeal as e'er
 Warm'd the most loyal heart, is offer'd here,
 To make this night your pleasure, although we,
 Who are the actors, fear 'twill rather be
 Your patience ; and if any mirth, we may
 Sadly suspect, 'twill rise quite the wrong way.
 But you have mercy, sir ; and from your eye,
 Bright madam, never yet did lightning fly ;
 But vital beams of favour, such as give
 A growth to all, who can deserve to live.
 Why should the author tremble then, or we
 Distress our hopes, and such tormentors be
 Of our own thoughts ? since in those happy times
 We live, when mercy's greater than the crimes.

T H E

S H I T

P R O L O G U E at the F R I E R S,

*E R E we begin, that no man may repent
 Two shillings and his time ; the author sent
 The prologue, with the errors of his play,
 That who will, may take his money, and away.
 First, for the plot, it's no way intricate
 By cross deceits in love, nor so high in state,
 That we might have given out in our play-bill,
 This day's the Prince, writ by Nick Machiavil,
 The language too is easy, such as fell
 Unstudied from his pen ; not like a spell
 Big with mysterious words, such as enchant
 The half-witted, and confound the ignorant.
 Then, what must needs afflict the amorist,
 No virgin here in breeches casts a mist
 Before her lover's eyes : no ladies tell
 How their blood boils, how high their veins do swell,
 But, what is worse, no bawdy mirth is here,
 (The wit of bottle-ale, and double-beer)
 To make the wife of citizen protest,
 And country-justice swear 'twas a good jest.
 Now, sirs, you have the errors of his wit ;
 Like, or dislike, at your own peril be't.*

D R A M A T I S

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

DECASTRO, *general of the forces of Arragon, in love with the Queen.*

OSSUNA, *friend to Decastro.*

FLORENTIO, *general of the forces of Castile, enamour'd of the Queen.*

VELASCO, *a great commander under Florentio.*

ASCANIO, *the King of Castile disguis'd.*

LERMA, *a nobleman privy to his disguise.*

ONIAE, *a sober courtier.*

SANMARTINO, *a half-witted lord.*

BROWFILDORA, *dwarf to Sanmartino.*

FLORIANA, *wife to Sanmartino.*

CLEANTHA, *a witty court-lady.*

Captain.

Servants.

Several Soldiers.

T H E
QUEEN OF ARRAGON*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Sanmartino and Cleantha.

Cleantha.

MY lord, let's change the subject : love is worn
So thread-bare out of fashion, and my faith
So little leans to vows ———

Sanmartino.

The rage of time,
Or sickness, first must ruin that bright fabrick
Nature took pride to build.

Cleantha.

I thank my youth then
For the tender of your service : 'tis the last
Good turn it did me. But by this, my fears
Instruct me, when the old bald man, call'd Time,
Comes stealing on me, and shall steal away
What you call beauty ; my neglected face
Must be enforc'd to go in quest for a new
Knight-errant.

Sanmartino.

Slander not my constant faith,

* This play being by the author communicated to Philip Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the household to King Charles the First, he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards published, against the author's consent. It was revived at the Restoration, when a Prologue and Epilogue, written by the author of Hudibras, were spoken. See *Butler's Remains*, vol. i. p. 185.

Nor doubt the care Fate hath to stop the motion
Of envious Time, might it endanger so
Supreme a beauty.

Cleantha.

Sure, my lord, Fate hath
More serious business, or divines make bold
T' instruct us in a schism. But grant I could
Induce myself, (which I despair I shall)
To hear and talk that empty nothing, Love;
Is't now in season, when an army lies
Before our city-gates, and every hour
A battery expected? Dear, my lord,
Let's seal our testament, and prepare for heaven:
And, as I am inform'd by them who seem
To know some part o' th' way, Love's not the nearest
Path that leads thither.

Sanmartino.

Madam, he is but
A coward lover, whom or death or hell
Can fright from's mistress. And, for danger now
Threat'ning the city; how can I so arm
Myself, as by your favour, proof against
All stratagems of war?

Cleantha.

Your lordship then
Shall walk as safe, as if a Lapland witch
(You will not envy me the honour of
The metaphor) preserv'd you shot-free. But
Who is your confessor? Yet spare his name;
His function will forgive the glory of it.
Sure he's ill read in cases, to allow
A married lord the freedom of this courtship.

Sanmartino.

Can you think, madam, that I trust my sins
(But virtues are those loves I pay your beauty)
To th' counsel of a cassock? Who hath art
To judge of my confession, must have had
At least a privy chamberer to his father.
We of the court commit not, as the vulgar,

Dull ignorant sins. Then that I'm married, madam,
Is rather safety to our love.

Cleantha.

My heart!
How sick am I o' th' sudden! Good, my lord,
Call your dwarf hither.

Sanmartino.

Garagantua! boy.

Enter Browfildora.

Cleantha.

Pr'ythee, thy pedigree?

Sanmartino.

Madam, what mean you?

Cleantha.

O any thing, but to divert from love.
Another word of courtship, and I swoon.

Browfildora.

My ancestors were giants, madam; giants
Pure Spanish, who disdain'd to mingle with
The blood of Goth or Moor. Their mighty actions
In a small letter, nature printed on
Your little servant.

Cleantha.

How so very little?

Browfildora.

By the decay of time, and being forc'd
From fertile pastures to the barren hills
Of Biscay. Even in trees you may observe
The wonder, which, transplanted to a soil
Less happy, lose in growth. Is not the once
Huge body of the Roman empire, now
A very pigmy?

Cleantha.

But why change you not
That so gigantick name of Browfildora?

Browfildora.

Spite of malignant nature, I'll preserve
The memory of my forefathers: they shall live
In me contracted.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Madam, let's return
To the love we last discours'd on.

Cleantha.

This, my lord,
Is much more serious. What coarse thing is that?

Enter Oniate and Floriana.

Floriana.

I owe you, sir, for the pleasure of this walk.

Oniate.

Madam, it was to me the highest honour. [*Exit Oniate.*]

Cleantha.

Welcome, O welcome, to redeem me. What
Can the best wit of woman fancy, we
Have been discoursing of?

Floriana.

Sure not of love?

Cleantha.

Of that most ridiculous hobby-horse, love;
That fool that fools the world; that spaniel love;
That fawns the more 'tis kick'd!

Sanmartino.

Will you betray me?

Cleantha.

Thy lord hath so protested, Floriana;
Vowed such an altar to my beauty, swore
So many oaths, and such prophane oaths too;
To be religious in performing all
That's impious towards Heaven, and to a lady
Most ruinous.

Floriana.

Good Cleantha, all your detraction
Wins no belief on my suspicion.

Cleantha.

Be credulous, and be abus'd. Floriana!
There's no vice so great as to think him virtuous.
Go mount your milk-white steed, Sir Lancelot,
Your little 'squire attends you there. In suburbs
Inchanted castles are, where ladies wait
To be deliver'd by your mighty hand;
Go and protest there.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

I thank your favour, madam.

*[Exit Sanmartino.]**Cleantha.*

It is not so much worth, sir ; come, we'll follow.

Floriana.

But stay, Cleantha. Pr'ythee what begot
That squeamish look, that scornful wry o' th' mouth,
When Oniate parted ?

Cleantha.

Why, thou had'st
So strange a fellow in thy company,
His garb was so uncourtly, I grew sick.

Floriana.

He is a gentleman ; and, add to that,
Makes good the title.

Cleantha.

Haply he may so,
And haply he's enamour'd of thy beauty.

Floriana.

On mine, Cleantha ?

Cleantha.

Yes, dear Floriana ;
Yet neither danger to thy chastity,
Nor blemish to thy fame. Custom approves it ;
But I owe little to my memory,
If I e'er saw him 'mong the greater ladies :
Sure he's some suburb courtier.

Floriana.

He's noble ;
And hath a soul ; a thing is question'd much
In most of the gay youths, whom you converse with.

Cleantha.

But how disorderly his hair did hang !

Floriana.

Yet 'twas his own.

Cleantha.

How ill turn'd up his beard !
And for his clothes ———

Floriana.

Though not fresh every morning,
Yet in the fashion.

Cleantha.

Cleantha.

Yes, i' th' sober fashion :
Which courtiers wear, who hope to be employ'd,
And aim at business. But he's not genteel ;
Not discomposed enough to court a lady.

Floriana.

His thoughts are much more serious.

Cleantha.

Guard me, Fortune !

I would not have the court take notice that
I walked one hour with that state-aphorism,
Each autumn to renew my youth. Let us
Discourse with lords, whose heads and legs move more
Than do their tongues, and to as good a sense ;
Who, snatching from my hand a glove, can sigh,
And print a kiss, and then return it back ;
Who on my busk ¹, even with a pin, can write
The anagram of my name ; present it humbly,
Fall back, and smile.

Floriana.

Cleantha ! I perceive
There is small hope of thy conversion ;
Thou art resolv'd to live in this heresy.

Cleantha.

Yes ; since 'tis the religion of our sex,
Sweet Floriana, I will not yet suffer,
For unregarded truth, court persecution

Enter Offuna and Oniate, with divers soldiers.

But, what are they appear there ?

Floriana.

We'll away.

[*Exeunt Floriana and Cleantha.*

Offuna.

This is the place for interview. You, who are
Deputed for this service from the lord
Florentio, use such caution as befits
Your charge. Howe'er, your general's person's safe ;
The lord Decastro having pass'd his word.

Oniate.

Yet 'tis my wonder that Florentio,

¹ *busk.*] See note to *Lingua*, A. 2. S. 2. vol. 5.

A soldier

A soldier so exact, practis'd in all
The mysteries of war and peace, should trust
Himself where th' enemies' faith must best secure him.

Offuna.

The great Decastro, sir, whom our late King
Deputed regent at his death, and whom
The kingdom judgeth fit to marry with
His only heir the present Queen (though she
Disdain his love and our desires) hath proved
To time and fortune, that he fears no danger
But what may wound his honour. How can then
Florentio (though he now sit down before
Our city with so vast an army) chuse
A place for interview, by art and nature
So fortified, as where Decastro's faith
Makes it impregnable.

Oniate.

Distrust, my lord,
Is the best counsellor to great designs :
Our confidence betrays us. But between
These two, are other seeds of jealousy :
Such as would almost force religion break
Her tying vows, authorize perjury,
And make the scrupulous casuist say, that faith
Is the fool's virtue. They both love the Queen.
Decastro building on his high deserts,
And vote of Arragon : Florentio, on
The favour he gain'd from her majesty,
When here he lived employed by his great master
King of Castile.

Offuna.

Such politick respects
May warrant the bad statesman to dark actions ;
But both these generals by a noble war
Resolve to try their fate.

Oniate.

But here, my lord,

Enter Salmartino.

Is a full period to all serious thought.

This

This lord is so impertinent, yet still
Upon the whisper.

Offuna.

He's a mischief, fir,
No court is safe from.

Oniate.

What fine tricks he shews
Each morning on his gannet, but to gain
A female vision from some half-op'd window!
And if a lady smile by accident,
Or but in scorn of him, yet he, kind soul,
Interprets it as prophecy to some
Near favour to ensue at night.

Offuna.

I wonder
What makes him thought a wit?

Oniate.

A copper wit,
Which fools let pass for current. So false coin,
Such very alchymy, that who vents him
For aught but parcel-afs, may be in danger.
Look on him, and in little there see drawn
The picture of the youth is so admired
Of the spruce firs, whom ladies and their women
Call the fine gentlemen.

Offuna.

What are those papers,
With such a sober brow he looks upon?

Oniate.

Nor platform, nor intelligence, but a prologue
He comes to whisper to one of the maids
I' th' privy chamber, after supper.

Offuna.

I praise the courage of his folly yet,
Whom fear cannot make wiser.

Sanmartino.

My good lord,
Brave Oniate, saw you not the general?

Oniate.

He's upon entrance here. And how, my lord?

I saw your lordship turning over papers :
What's the discovery ?

Sanmartino.

It may import
Decastro's knowledge. Never better language,
Or neater wit : a paper of such verses,
Writ by th' exactest hand.

Offuna.

In time of business
As serious as our safety, to intrude
The dreams of madmen !

Sanmartino.

My judicious lord !
It, with the favour of your lordship, may
Concern the general. Such high rapture,
In admiration of the Queen, whom he
Pretends to love ! How will her Majesty
Smile on his suit, when in the heat of business
He not neglects this amorous way to woo her ?

Enter Decastro.

Decastro.

No man presume t' advance a foot. My lord
Offuna, I desire your ear.

Sanmartino.

My lord,
I have a piece here of such elegant wit.

Decastro.

Your pardon, good my lord ; we'll find an hour
Less serious to advise upon your papers,
And then at large we'll whisper.

Sanmartino.

As you please.
My lord, you'll pardon the error of my duty.

Exit Sanmartino.

Offuna.

The Queen, my lord, gave free access to what
I spoke o' th' publick ; but when I began
To mention love —————

Decastro.

Decastro.

How did she frown ? Or with
 What murdering scorn heard she Decastro named ?
 Love ! of thy labyrinth of art, what path
 Left I untrodden ? Humbly I have labour'd
 To win her favour ; and when that prevail'd not,
 The kingdom, in my quarrel, vow'd to empty
 The veins of their great body.

Offuna.

Sir, her heart
 Is mightier than misfortune. Though her youth,
 Soft as some consecrated virgin wax,
 Seem easy for impression ; yet her virtue,
 Hard as a rock of diamond, breaks all
 The battery of the waves.

Decastro.

Unkind, and cruel !

Offuna.

She charg'd me tell you, that a faithless Moor,
 Who had gain'd honour only by the ruin
 Of what we hold religious, sooner she
 Would welcome to her bed ; than who t' his Queen,
 And Love, had been a rebel.

Decastro.

How ! a rebel ?
 The people's suffrage, which inaugurates princes,
 Hath warranted my actions.

Offuna.

But she answers,
 The subtle arts of faction, not free vote,
 Commanded her restraint.

Decastro.

May even those stars
 Whose influence made me great, turn their aspects
 To blood and ruin, if ambition rais'd
 The appetite of love. Her beauty hath
 A power more sovereign than the Eastern slave
 Acknowledg'd ever in his idol King.
 To that I bowed a subject. But when I
 Discover'd that her fancy fix'd upon
 Florentio, (General now of th' enemy's army)

I let

I let the people use their severe way :
And they restrain'd her.

Offuna.

But, my lord, their guilt
Is made your crime. Yet all this new affliction
Disturbs her not to anger, but disdain.

Decastro.

She hath a glorious spirit. Yet the world,
The envious world itself, must justify,
That howsoever fortune yielded up
The scepter to my power, I did but kiss it,
And offer'd it again into her hand.

Enter Florentio, Velasco, and others.

Oniate.

My lord, the general of Castile, Florentio !

Decastro.

He's safely welcome. Now let each man keep
At a due distance. I have here attended
Your lordship's presence

Florentio.

O my lord ! are we,
Whom love obligeth to the same allegiance,
Brought hither on these terms ?

Decastro.

They're terms of honour,
And I yet never knew to frame excuse
Where that begot the quarrel.

Florentio.

Yet methinks
We might have found another way to it.
We might have sought out danger, where the proud
Insulting Moor prophanes our holy places :
The noise of war had been no trouble then.
But now, too much 'twill fright the gentle ear
Of her we both are vow'd to serve.

Decastro.

That love
Which arms us both, bears witness, that I had
Much rather have encounter'd lightning, than

Create the least distraction to her peace.
 But, since the vote of Arragon decrees,
 That my long service hath the justest claim
 To challenge her regard ; thus I must stand
 Arm'd, to make good the title.

Florentio.

This vain language
 Scarce moves my pity. What desert can rise
 So high to merit her ? Were each short moment
 O' th' longest-liv'd commander lengthen'd to
 An age, and that exposed to dangers mighty,
 As cowards frame them ; can you think his service
 Might challenge her regard ? Like th' heavenly bounty
 She may distribute favour ; but 'tis sin,
 To say our merits may pretend a title.

Decastro.

You talk, fir, like a courtier.

Florentio.

But, my lord,
 You'll find a soldier in this arm ; which, strengthen'd
 By such a cause, may level mountains high
 As those the giants (emblems of your thoughts)
 Piled up to have scaled heaven.

Decastro.

That must be
 Decided by the sword. And if, my lord,
 Our interview hath no more sober end,
 Than a dispute so froward, let us make
 The trumpet drown the noise.

Florentio.

You shall not want
 That musick. But before we yielded up
 Our reason unto fury, I desired
 We might expostulate the ground of this
 So fatal war ; and bring you to that low
 Obedience nature placed you in.

Decastro.

My ear attends you.

Florentio.

Where is then that humble zeal

You owe a mistress, if you can throw off
That duty which you owe her as your Queen?
What justice (that fair rule of human actions)
Can you pretend for taking arms?

Decastro.

Pray, forward.

Florentio.

I'll not deny (for from an enemy
I'll not detract) during her nonage, when
The publick choice, and her great father's will,
Enthron'd you in the government; you manag'd
Affairs with prudence equal to the fame
You gain'd: and when your sword did fight her quarrel,
'Twas crown'd with victory,

Decastro.

I thank your memory.

Florentio.

But hence ambition and ingratitude
Drew only venom. For by these great actions
You labour'd not t' advance her state or honour;
But subtly wrought upon the people's love:
A love begot by error, following still
Apparency, not truth.

Decastro.

You construe fairly.

Florentio.

The sun is not more visible, when not
One cloud wrinkles the brow of heaven. For
On that false strength you had i' th' multitude,
You swell'd to insolence; dared court your Queen;
Boasting your merit, like some wanton tyrant
I' th' vanity of a new conquest. And,
When you perceiv'd her judgment did instruct her
To frown on the attempt; prophanely 'gainst
All laws of love and majesty, you made
The people in your quarrel seize upon
The sacred person of the fairest Queen
Story e'er boasted.

Decastro.

Have you done, my lord?

Florentio.

Not yet. This injury provok'd my master
 To raise these mighty forces for her rescue ;
 And named me general ; whose aim is not
 A vain ambition, but t' advance her service.
 Ere we begin to punish, take this offer :
 Restore the Queen to liberty, with each
 Due circumstance that such a majesty
 May challenge, freely to make choice of whom
 She shall advance to th' honour of her bed.
 If your deserts bear that high rate you mention,
 Why should you doubt your fortune ? On these terms
 The King, King of Castile, may be induced
 To pardon th' error of your ruin.

Decastro.

Thus,

In short, my answer. How unlimited
 Soe'er my power hath been, my reason and
 My love have circumscrib'd it. True, the Queen
 Stands now restrain'd : but 'tis by the decree
 Of the whole kingdom, lest her error should
 Persuade her to some man less worthy.

Florentio.

How !

Decastro.

Less worthy than myself ; for so they judge
 The proudest subject to a foreign prince.
 But when you mention love, where are your blushes ?
 What can you answer for the practising
 The Queen's affection, when ambassador
 You lay here from Castile ; pretending only
 Affairs importing both the kingdoms ? Nor
 Can you, my lord, be tax'd by your discretion,
 That by the humblest arts of love, you labour
 To win so bright a beauty, and a Queen
 So potent. Your affection looks not here,
 Without an eye upon your profit.

Florentio.

Witness, Love !

E e 2

Decastro.

Decastro.

No protestation. If you will withdraw
Your forces from our kingdom, and permit
Us to our laws and government ; that peace
Which hath continued many ages sacred,
Stands firm between us. But if not ———

Florentio.

To arms.

Decastro.

Pray stay, my lord. Doth not your lordship see
Th' advantage I have in the place ? With how
Much ease I may secure my fortune from
The greatest danger of your forces ?

Florentio.

Ha ! ———

'Twas inconsiderate in me. But I trusted
To th' honour of your word, which you'll not violate.

Decastro.

Go safely off, my lord. And now be dumb
All talk of peace : we'll parley in the drum.

[*Exeunt several ways, the drum beating.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sanmartino, Captain, Soldier, and Browfildora.

Captain.

COME on, you Atlases of Arragon :
You, by whose powers the Castilian cloud
Was forc'd to vanish. We have ferk'd Florentio,
In the right arm : made the enamour'd Don
Retire to doleful tent.

Sanmartino.

We sallied bravely.

Captain.

Captain.

Thou didst i' th' sally fight like lightning, Conde ;
 Let the air play with thy plume, most puissant peer.
 No Conde Sanmartino now ; but Conde
 St. George, that Cappadocian man at arms.
 Thou hast done wonders, wonders big with story,
 Fit to be sung in lofty Epic strain :
 For writing which, the poet shall behold,
 That which creates a Conde, gold : Gold, which
 Shall make him wanton with some suburb muse,
 And Hippocrene flow with Canary billow :
 Th' art high in feat of arms.

Sanmartino.

Captain, I think I did my part.

Captain.

Base is the wight that thinks,
 Let Condes small in spirit drink harsh sherry,
 Then quarrel with promoting knights, and fine for't.
 Thou art in metal mighty, tough as steel,
 As Bilbo or Toledo steel. Fight on,
 Let acres sink, and bank of money melt,
 Forsake thy lady's lap, and sleep with us
 Upon the bed of honour, the chill earth.
 'Tis that will make thee held a potent peer,
 'Mong men o' th' pike, of buff, and bandelier.

Sanmartino.

Thou speakest brave language, Captain.

Captain.

I'll maintain 'tis Arragonian, Conde.

Browfildora.

Captain Cedar,
 Though in thy language lofty, give a shrub
 Leave to salute thee. Sure we two are near
 In blood and great attempt. Don Hercules
 Was, as I read in Chaldean chronicle,
 Our common ancestor : Don Hercules,
 Who rifled nymph on top of Apennine.

Captain.

Small imp, avaunt !

E e 3

Browfildora.

Browfildora.

Stout sturdy oak, that grows
So high in field of Mars, O let no tempest
Shake thee from hence. And now I have with labour
Attain'd thy language, I'll thy truchman ² be,
Interpret for thee to those smaller souls,
Who wonder, when they understand not. Souls!
Whom courtiers' gaudy outside captivates,
And plume of coronel.

Captain.

I must expire;
Not talk to fish. Seest thou that man of match;
Though small in stature, mighty he's in soul,
And rich in gifts of mind, though poor in robes:
Reward, like Philip's heir, his daring arm,
Which fetch'd thee off from danger. Once again,
Most doughty Don, adieu.

Browfildora.

Great Don Saltpetre,
I am the servant of thy famed caliver.

Sanmartino.

These are strong lines. Now, friend! art thou o' th'
garrison?

Soldier.

If 't please your lordship.

Sanmartino.

It doth not please me,
It is indifferent: I care not what thou art.
Art thou extremely poor?

Soldier.

If 't please your lordship.

Sanmartino.

No, not that neither. Why should I malign
So far thy fortune, as to wish thee poor?
'Twere safer for my purse, if thou wert rich:
Then all reward were base.

Soldier.

If 't please your lordship.

² *I'll thy truchman be.*] i. e. thine interpreter. Truckeman, Fr. See
Cotgrave, S,

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

O, no more prologue. Pr'ythee, the first scene ;
To the business, man.

Soldier.

Then I must tell your lordship,
I scorn that wealth makes you thus wanton, and
That wit which fools you. Did the royal favour
Shine but on you, without enlarging warmth
To any other, I in this torn outside
Should laugh at you, if insolent,

Sanmartino.

This is saucy.

Soldier.

I tell thee, petulant lord, I'll cut thy throat,
Unless thou learn more honour.

Sanmartino.

What shall I do ?

Enter Floriana and Cleantha.

But see Cleantha ! Not to be made Grandee,
Would I she should discover me in parley
With such coarse clothes. There, fellow, take that gold,
And let me see thy face no more. Away !

Soldier.

There 'tis again. I will not owe one hour

[Throws back the money.]

Of mirth to such a bounty. I can starve
At easier rate, than live beholden to
The boast of any giver. Lord ! I scorn
Thee, and that gold which first created thee. *[Ex. Soldier.]*

Floriana.

That soldier seem'd to carry anger in
His look, my lord.

Sanmartino.

What should his anger move me ?

Cleantha.

O no, my lord : the world speaks wonders of
Your mighty puissance.

Florentio.

'Tis my joy y' are safe.
But why adventured you into this quarrel ?

E 3 4

Cleantha.

Cleantba.

The Queen will hardly thank your valour ; since
They of Castile profess'd themselves her soldiers.

Sanmartino.

The Queen must pardon courage : men who are
Of daring spirit, so they may but fight,
Examine not the cause.

Floriana.

She doth expect us.

Cleantba.

I will attend her here, for here she gives
Decastro audience. I must not lose
This lord yet, it so near concerns my mirth.

Sanmartino.

Madam, I wonder with what confidence
You, after such an injury, dare endanger
Discourse with me.

Cleantba.

I injure you, my lord !
Whose favour I have courted with more zeal
Than well my sex can warrant : Triumph not
Too much upon my weakness, 'cause you have
Got victory o'er my heart ; take not delight
To make my grief your sport.

Sanmartino.

Be witty still,
And keep me for a trophy of your pride :
I hope to see that beauty at an ebb ;
Where will be then your overflow of servants ?
You'll then repent your pride.

Cleantba.

O never, never.
If you'll particularize your vows to me ;
You who to th' title of the courtly lord,
Have added that of valiant. And beshrew me,
She's no good housewife of her fame, that wants
A daring servant.

Sanmartino.

This perhaps may work.

Cleantba.

If she live single ; he preserves her name,

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

45

And scarce admits a whisper, that the jealous
May construe points at her. And if she marry;
He awes the husband, if by chance or weakness
She have offended.

Sanmartino.

This cannot be fiction.

Cleantha.

Then, if she use but civil compliment
To a courtier batchelor; he straight bespeaks
The licence, and the favours, and calls in
Some wit into his counsel for the poesy:
While I feel no temptation to such folly
But with a married lord.

Sanmartino.

How, gentle madam?

Cleantha.

Our walks are privileg'd, our whispers safe,
No fear of laying contracts to my charge,
Nor much of scandal. And if there be cause,
Who is so fond a gamester of his life,
As merely out of spleen to stake it? But,
My lord, I now suspect you constru'd ill
That language I used to your lady, when
I told her of your love. But I presume
You were not so dull-sighted as in that
Not to discern the best disguise for love.

Sanmartino.

What a suspicious ass was I? How captious?
I ne'er mistrusted my own wit before.
Mischief, how dull was I?

Cleantha.

Pray turn your face
Away. Now know, when worth and valour are
Led on by love, to win my favour. — But
The Queen!

Enter Queen, Decastro, Offuna, Floriana, &c.

Sanmartino.

Divine Cleantha! Noblest lady!

Decastro.

Offuna, let me beg thy care; though we

Bravely.

Bravely repuls'd the enemy; they seem.
To threaten a new assault.

Offuna.

Command your servant.

Decastro.

Bear then a vigilant eye, and by your scouts
Learn if they any new attempt prepare. [*Exit Offuna.*]
May 't please your Majesty, command these many
Ears from your presence.

Queen.

Good, my lord! you who
Have power to guide your Queen, may make our presence
Or full or empty as you please.

Decastro.

Then with
Your licence, madam, they may all withdraw.

Queen.

Not with our licence. If your usurped greatness
Will banish all attendance from our person,
I must remain alone. But not a man
Stir hence with our good liking.

Decastro.

If your will
(Averse from sober counsel) would submit
To safe advice ———

Queen.

You have instructed it
To more obedience, than I guess my birth
Did e'er intend. But pray, my lord, teach me
To know my fault, and I will find amendment,
If not repentance for it.

Decastro.

Then, great madam,
I must acquaint you, that the supreme law
Of princes is the people's safety; which
You have infring'd, and drawn thereby into
The inward parts of this great state, a most
Contagious fever.

Queen.

Pray, no metaphor.

Decastro.

Decastro.

You have invited war to interrupt,
 With its rude noise, the musick of our peace :
 A foreign enemy gathers the fruit,
 The sweat and labour of your subjects planted.
 In the cool shadow of the vine we prun'd
 He wantonly lies down, and roughly bids
 The owner press the grape ; that with the juice
 His blood may swell up to lascivious heats.

Queen.

My lord, I answer not th' effects of war ;
 But I must pay Castile all thankful service
 For his fair charity.

Decastro.

Do you then, madam,
 Reckon on mischief as a charity ?

Queen.

Yes, such a mischief as is merciful,
 And I a Queen oppress'd. But how dares he,
 Whose duty ought with reverence obey,
 And not dispute the counsels of his princefs,
 Question my actions ? Whence, my lord, springs this
 Ill-tutor'd privilege ?

Decastro.

From the zeal I owe
 The honour of our nation ; over which
 Kings rule but at the courtesy of time.

Queen.

You are too bold ; and I must tell your pride,
 It swells to insolence. For, were your nature
 Not hood-wink'd by your interest, you would praise
 The virtue of his courage, who took arms
 To an injured lady's rescue.

Decastro.

'Twas ambition,
 Greedy to make advantage of that breach
 Between you and your people, arm'd Castile.
 Unpitied else you might have wept away
 The hours of your restraint.

Queen.

Queen.

Poor erring man !
 Could thy arts raise a tempest blacker yet,
 Such as would fright thyself, it could not for
 One moment cloud the splendor of my soul.
 Misfortune may benight the wicked : she
 Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.

Decastro.

Your majesty mistakes the humble aim
 Of my address. I come not to disturb
 Th' harmonious calm your soul enjoys. May pleasure
 Live there enthron'd, till you yourself shall woo
 Death to enlarge it ! May felicities,
 Great as th' ideas of philosophy,
 Wait still on your delight ! May fate conspire
 To make you rich and envied !

Queen.

Pray, my lord,
 Explain the riddle. By the cadence of
 Your language, I could guess you have intents
 Far gentler than your actions.

Decastro.

If your care,
 Great madam, would convey into your heart
 The story of my love. My love, a flame —

Queen.

Leave off this history of love and flame,
 And honestly confess your fears, my lord,
 Lest Castile should correct you.

Decastro.

Correct me !
 No, madam, I have forc'd them t' a retreat,
 And given my fine young general cause to wish
 He had not left his amorous attempts
 On ladies, to assault our city.

Queen.

But he is not wounded ?

Decastro.

Not to death, perhaps ;

But

But certainly w' have open'd him a vein,
Will cure the fever of his blood.

Queen.

O stay!

Decastro.

Torment! And doth she weep? I might have fall'n
Down from some murdering precipice to dust,
And miss'd the mercy of one tear, though it
Would have redeem'd me back to life again.
Accurs'd be that felicity, that must
Depend on woman's passion.

Queen.

Florentio!

If in my quarrel thou too suddenly
Art lost i' th' shades of death; O let me find
The holy vault where thy pale earth must lie,
There will I grow and wither.

Decastro.

This is strange!

My heart swells much too big to be kept in.

Queen.

But if that providence, which rules the world,
Hath, to preserve the stock of virtue, kept
Thee yet alive——

Decastro.

And what, if yet alive?

Pray recollect your reason, and consider
My long and faithful service to your crown:
The fame of my progenitors, and that
Devotion the whole kingdom bears me. How
Hath nature punish'd me, that bringing all
The strength of argument to force your judgment,
I cannot move your love?

Queen.

My lord, you plead
With so much arrogance, and tell a story
So gallant for yourself, as if I were
Expos'd a prize to th' cunning'st orator.

Decastro.

No, madam, humbler far than the tann'd slave

Ty'd

Ty'd to th' oar, I here throw down myself,
 And all my victories. Dispose of me
 To death, for what hath life, merits esteem?
 What tye, alas, can I have to the world,
 Since you disdain my love?

[Kneels.]

Floriana.

Will you permit
 The general kneel so long?

Queen.

Fear not, Floriana;
 My lord knows how to rise, though I should strive
 To hinder it.

Decastro.

Here, statue-like, I'll fix
 For ever, till your pity (for your love
 I must despair) inforce a life within me.

*Alarum, and enter Offuna.**Offuna.*

O my lord!
 To arms, to arms! The enemy, encouraged
 By a strange leader, wheel'd about the town,
 And desperately surpriz'd the careless guard:
 One gate's already theirs.

Decastro.

Have I your licence?

Queen.

To augment your own command, and keep me still
 An humble captive.

Decastro.

Madam, your disdain
 Distracts me more than all th' assaults of fortune!

*[Exeunt all but the Queen, Floriana, and Cleantha.]**Queen.*

My fate! O whither dost thou lead me? Why
 Is my youth destin'd to the storms of war?
 What is my crime, you heavenly Powers! that it
 Must challenge blood for expiation?

Cleantha.

Madam!

Queen.

Queen.

Fortune ! O cruel ! for, which side foe'er
Is lost, I suffer ; either in my people,
Or slaughter of my friends. No victory
Can now come welcome : the best chance of war
Makes me howe'er a mourner.

Cleantha.

Madam, you
Have lost your virtue, which so often vow'd
A clear aspect, what cloud soever darken'd
Your present glory.

Queen.

I had thoughts, Cleantha,
But they are vanish'd. What shall we invent
To take off fear and trouble from this hour ?
Poor Floriana ! thou art trembling now
With thought of wounds and death, to which the courage
Of thy fierce husband, like a headstrong jade,
May run away with him. But clear thy sorrows :
If he fall in this quarrel, thou shalt have
Thy choice 'mong the Castilian lords. And give
My judgment faith : there be brave men among them.

Floriana.

Madam, I have vowed my life to a cloister,
Should I survive my lord.

Queen.

And thou art fearful
Thou shalt be forc'd to make thy promise good.
Alas, poor soul ! inclosure and coarse diet,
Much discipline and early prayer, will ill
Agree with thy complexion. There's Cleantha !
She hath a heart so wean'd from vanity,
To her a nunnery would be a palace.

Cleantha.

Yes, if your majesty were abbess, madam ;
But cloister up the fine young lords with us,
And ring us up each midnight to a masque,
Instead of mattins ; and I stand prepar'd
To be profess'd without probation.

[*Drum beats.*]*Floriana.*

Floriana.

Hark ! What noise is that ?

Queen.

'Tis that of death and mischief.
 My griefs ! but I'll dissemble them. Yet why,
 Cleantha, being the sole beauteous idol
 Of all the superstitious youth at court,
 Remain'st thou yet unmarried ?

Cleantha.

Madam, I
 Have many servants ; but not one so valiant,
 As dares attempt to marry me.

Queen.

There's not a wit, but under some feign'd name
 Implores thy beauty : sleep cannot close up
 Thy eyes, but the sad world benighted is,
 Or else their sonnets are apocryphal.
 And when thou wak'st, the lark salutes the day,
 Breaking from the bright east of thy fair eyes.
 And if 'mong thy admirers there be some
 Poor drossy brain, who cannot rhyme thy praise,
 He wooes in sorry prose.

*Enter Servant.**Servant.*

Half of the city
 Already is possess'd by th' enemy ;
 Our soldiers fly from the assailants, who
 With moderation use their victory.
 So far from drawing blood, th' abstain from spoil.

Queen.

My comforts now grow charitable. This
 Is the first dawning of some happier fortune.

Floriana.

Where did you leave my lord ?

Servant.

Retiring hither.

Queen.

And your good-nature will in time, Cleantha,
 Believe all flattery for truth.

Cleantha.

Cleantha.

In time

shall not. But for th' present, madam, give
 leave to my youth to think I may be prais'd,
 and merit it. Hereafter, when I shall
 be art my beauty, I shall grow perhaps
 suspicious there's small faith in poetry.

Queen.

Can'st thou think of hereafter? Poor Cleantha!
 Hereafter is that time th' art bound to pray
 against: Hereafter, is that enemy,
 that without mercy will destroy thy face;
 and what's a lady then?

Cleantha.

A wretched thing!
 A very wretched thing! So scorn'd and poor,
 I will scarce deserve man's pity. And I'm sure
 no alms can e'er relieve it.

Queen.

Florianà,
 you yield too much to fear: Misfortune brings
 sorrow enough. 'Tis envy to ourselves,
 that augment it by prediction.

*Enter Sanmartino.**Cleantha.*

See, your lord!

Sanmartino.

Fly, madam, fly. The army of Castile,
 conducted by an unknown leader, masters
 the town. Decastro, yielding up his fate
 to the prevailing enemy, is fled.

Cleantha.

And shall the Queen fly from her friends, my lord?

Sanmartino.

You have reason, madam. I begin to find
 Which way the gale of favour now will blow.
 I will address to the most fortunate. *[Exit Sanmartino.]*

Queen.

Some musick there; my thoughts grow full of trouble.

Vol. IX.

F f

P'll

I'll recollect them.

Cleantha.

May it please you, madam,
To hear a song presented me this morning ?

Queen.

Play any thing.

S O N G.

NOT the Phoenix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But O ! Marriage makes the spell :
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies,
(When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail, and cut their mast,)
Shine not welcome, as her eyes.
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

Then, for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But O no ! For if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze, and die.

During the song, enter Ascanio, Lerma, Sanmartino, &c.

Ascanio.

Cease the uncivil murmur of the drum :
Nothing sound now, but gentle ; such as may not
Disturb her quiet ear. Are you sure, Lerma,
Th' obedient soldier hath put up his sword ?

Lerma.

The citizen and foldier gratulate
Each other, as divided friends new meeting.
Nor is there execution done, but in pursuit
Of th' enemy without the walls.

Ascanio.

Ascanio.

'Tis very well. My lord, is that your Queen ?

Sanmartino.

It is the Queen, fir,

Ascanio.

Temper'd like the orbs,
Which, while we mortals weary life in battle,
Move with perpetual harmony. No fear
Eclipseth the bright lustre of her cheek :
While we, who infants were swath'd up in steel,
And in our cradle lull'd asleep by th' cannon,
Grow pale at danger.

Sanmartino.

I'll acquaint her, fir,
That you attend here.

Ascanio.

Not for a diamond
Big as our Apennine. She's heavenly fair ;
And, had not nature plac'd her in a throne,
Her beauty yet bears so much majesty,
It would have forc'd the world to throw itself
A captive at her feet. But see, she moves !
I feel a flame within me, which doth burn
Too near my heart : and 'tis the first that ever
Did scorch me there.

Sanmartino.

Madam, here's that brave soldier
Which reinforc'd the army of Castile.
His name as yet unknown.

Ascanio.

And must be so.
Nor did I merit name before this hour
In which I serve your majesty. Enjoy
The fortune of my sword, your liberty :
And, since your rebel subjects have denied
Obedience, here receive it from us strangers.

Queen.

I know not, fir, to whom I owe the debt,
But find how much I stand oblig'd.

F f 2

Ascanio.

Ascanio.

You owe it
 To your own virtue, madam, and that care
 Heaven had to keep part of itself on earth
 Unruin'd. When I saw the soldier fly,
 Sent hither from Castile to force your rescue ;
 Their general hurt almost to death, I urg'd
 Them with the memory of their former deeds ;
 Deeds famed in war. And so far had my voice
 (Speaking your name) power to confirm their spirits,
 That they return'd with a brave fury, and
 Yield you up now your own humbled Arragon.

Queen.

My ignorance doth still perplex me more :
 And to owe thanks, yet not to know to whom,
 Nor how to express a gratitude, will cloud
 The glory of your victory, and make
 Me miserable however.

Ascanio.

I must penance
 My blood with absence ; for it boils too high. [Aside.
 When we have order'd your affairs, my name
 Shall take an honour from your knowledge, madam.

Queen.

You have corrected me. Sir, we'll expect
 The hour yourself shall name, when we may serve.

Ascanio.

I'm conquer'd in my victory. But I'll try
 A new assault ; and overcome, or die. [Exeunt.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Velasco, and Oniate.**Oniate.*

MY lord, it shews a happy discipline,
Where the obedient soldier yields respect
To such severe commands; now when victory
Gives licence to disorder.

Velasco.

Sir, our general,
The lord Florentio, is a glorious master
In th' art of war. And though time makes him not
Wise at th' expence of weakness or diseases; yet
I have beheld him, by the easy motion
But of his eye, repress sedition,
When it contemn'd the frown of majesty;
For never he, who by his prince's smile
Stood great at court, attain'd such love and awe
With that fierce viper, the repining people.

Oniate.

Our kingdom owes its safety to that power.
For how dejected look'd our magistrate,
When conquest gave admittance to the soldier!
But how their fears forsook them, when they saw
Your entry with such silence!

Velasco.

Sir, Castile
Aim'd not at spoil or ruin in this war,
But to redress that insolence, your Queen
Did suffer under in Decastro's pride.

Oniate.

And yet auxiliaries oft turn their swords
To ruin, whom they come to rescue.

Velasco.

The barbarous keep no faith in vows. But we,
We of Castile, though flattering advantage
Persuade to perjury, have still observ'd
Friendship inviolate: no nation suffering,

F f 3

To

To which we give our oath.

Oniate.

You speak, my lord,
Your glories nobly. And it is our joy,
Your general's wound but frightened us.

Velasco.

The surgeons
Affirm there is no danger, and have licensed
His visit to the Queen.

Oniate.

'Tis thought, howe'er,
His love had not obey'd such a restraint,
Though death had threaten'd him. But in his health
Consists the common safety, since those forces
Decastro in the morning did expect,
Ere you the town assaulted, are discover'd,
To which he fled, expel'd the city.

Velasco.

Sir,
We shall condemn, and with ease break that army,
Whose general we have vanquish'd : having won
The city and your Queen into our power.

Enter Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Save you, my lord. Sir, your most obedient.
And how likes your good lordship the great acts
Of the strange cavalier ? Was not his conduct
Most happy for you, in the late assault ?

Velasco.

He happily supplied the office of
Our general. Howe'er, your city had
Been ours. For though our Spanish forces may
At first seem beaten, and we to retreat
A while, to animate a giddy enemy ;
Yet we recover by our art and patience
What fortune gives away. This unknown leader
(I know not how to style him) press'd among
Our soldiers, as they were returning back
After a small repulse ; encouraged them,

(Though

(Though it was much superfluous) and got honour,
Perhaps not so deservingly : But 'twas well.

Oniate.

Your soldiers speak his glory even with wonder.

Velasco.

The ignorant are prone to it. But, sir,
I think in our whole army there fought none,
But who had equal spirit. Fortune may
Bestow success according to her dotage :
I answer not for that.

Sanmartino.

This is pure Castile.
But what is his birth, country, quality,
And whither is he bound ?

Velasco.

I seldom trouble
My language with vain questions. Some report
(It not imports who are the authors) that
His country's Sicily ; his name Ascanio ;
(Or else some sound like that) that he's a lord :
(But what's an island lord ?) and that he came
Into our continent to learn men and manners.
And well he might : for the all-seeing sun
Beholds no nation fiercer in attempt,
More stay'd in counsel.

Oniate.

He's of a brave presence,
I never saw more majesty in youth :
Nor never such bold courage in a face
So fashion'd to delight.

Sanmartino.

The Queen commends him
Almost with wonder.

Velasco.

Did the Queen regard
A man unknown ?

Oniate.

His merits spoke his worth,
And well might challenge a particular eye.

Sanmartino.

But his, as if in that dumb oratory

He hoped to talk all the history of love,
Still fix'd upon her.

Velasco.

Your most humble servant.

[*Exit Velasco.*

Oniate.

This is abrupt,

Sanmartino.

What most politick flea
Is got into his Donship's ear?

Oniate.

Now must
The Junto sit till midnight, till they rack
Some strange design from this intelligence.

Enter Cleantha, and offers to go out.

Sanmartino.

Nay : on my honour, madam !

Cleantha.

Good my lord !

Sanmartino.

Benight us not so soon. That short-liv'd day,
That gives the Russian in the winter hope
Of heat, yet fails him ; not so suddenly
Forsakes the firmament. Stay, fairest madam,
That we may look on you and live.

Cleantha.

My lord, I fear you two were serious.

Sanmartino.

Never I, upon my conscience, madam.

Oniate.

No, I'll swear ;
Nor none of the whole form of you at court,
Unless the stratagem be for a mistress,
A fashion, or some cheating match at tennis.

Cleantha.

But happily ³ that gentleman had business;
His face betrays my judgment, if he be
Not much in project.

³ *happily.*] Peradventure. Dr. Johnson observes, that in this sense *happily* is written erroneously for *baply*.

"One thing more I shall wish you to desire of them, who *happily*
" may peruse these two treatises." *Digby.*

Sanmartino.

You mistake him, madam.

Though he talk positive, and bustle 'mong
The sober lords, pretend to embassies
And state-designs all day ; he's one of us
At night : he'll play, he'll drink, — you guess the rest ;
He'll quarrel too, then underhand compound.
Why, for a need he'll jeer and speak profane ;
Court, and then laugh at her he courted. Madam,
Forgive him his pretence to gravity,
And he's an absolute cavalier.

Cleantha.

My lord,

He owes you for this fair certificate ;
Yet I fear your character's beyond his merit.

Oniate.

Madam, dissemble not so great a virtue ;
Nor, to obey the tyranny of custom,
Become the court's fair hypocrite. I know
This vanity for fashion-sake you wear,
And all those gaities you seem t' admire,
Are but your laughter.

Cleantha.

Sir, your charity
Abuseth you extremely.

Oniate.

Come, you cannot
Disguise that wisdom, which doth glory in
The beauteous mansion it inhabits. Madam,
This soul of mine, how coarse soe'er 'tis cloath'd,
Took the honour to admire you, soon as first
You shin'd at court. Nor had a timorous silence
So long denied me to profess my service,
But that I fear'd I might be lost i' th' croud
Of your admirers.

Cleantha.

Nor can I perceive
Any strong hope now to the contrary.

Oniate.

Nor I. But give me licence t' undeceive
The world, that so mistakes you. This young lord
Flatters his folly, that indeed you are

Sick

Sick of that humour, you but counterfeit :
Believes y' are frail and easy ; since if not,
His courtship were without design.

Cleantha.

My lord,
What means the gentleman ? He hopes to talk me
Into a virtue I ne'er practis'd yet,
And much suspect I never shall.

Sanmartino.

Pray, madam,
Pardon his ignorance : 'tis want of breeding.

Oniate.

Pardon your mirth, fair madam, and brush off
This honour'd dust, that soils your company ;
This thing whom nature carelessly obtruded
Upon the world, to teach, that pride and folly
Make titular greatness th' envy but of fools,
The wise man's pity.

Sanmartino.

Sir, your words are rude.

Oniate.

Sure no, my lord. Perhaps in times of yore
They might be constru'd so, when superstition
Worshipp'd each lord an idol. Now we find
By sad experience, that you are mere men,
If vice debauch you not to beasts.

Sanmartino.

The place is privileg'd, sir.

Oniate.

I know it is, and therefore speak thus boldly.
If you grow hot, you have your grots, my lord,
And in your villa you may domineer
O'er th' humble country-gentleman, who stands
Aloof and bare.

Cleantha.

My lord, leave off the combat ;
Y' are hard match'd. And see, the lord Florentio !

Enter Florentio and Velasco.

The Queen attends his coming. Sir, you'll find

A more

A more convenient school to read this lecture.

Oniate.

But none so beautiful to hear me.

[Exeunt several ways Sanmartino, Cleantha, and Oniate.]

Florentio.

And are you sure, my lord, he durst presume
To look up at her?

Velasco.

Yes, and she commends
His person and his spirit.

Florentio.

'Twas too much
T' observe his person. Sure, his spirit's great,
And well may challenge the Queen's memory.
I have not seen him yet.

Velasco.

Nor I, my lord.

Florentio.

He had a fortune gentler far than mine.
In envy of that service which I vowed
To Arragon, Heaven used a stranger's arm
In this great action: I was judged a thing
Unfit for use.

Velasco.

Your glory was the greater,
Your courage even opposing 'gainst your fate
In the attempt.

Florentio.

But yet, mistaking man
Esteems the happy only valiant.
And if the Queen, Velasco, should smile on
His merits, and forget that love I have
With such religion paid her——But these doubts
Are impious; and I sin, if I but listen
To their disloyal whispers. And behold,

Enter the Queen, Floriana, Cleantha, &c.

She opens like a rock of diamond
To th' curious search of th' almost bankrupt merchant!
So doth the pilot find his star, when storms

Have

Have even sunk his bark. Divinest madam !

Queen.

Welcome, my lord ! But pardon me my joys,
If I must interrupt you with a sigh,
I cannot look upon Florentio's arm,
But I must grieve it bled for me.

Florentio.

O spare

The treasure of those tears ! Some captive king,
Whom fortune hath lock'd up in iron, wants
One such to buy his freedom. Madam, all
Those streams of blood which flow to warm my earth,
Lest it congeal to death, cannot compare
For value with the least drop shed for you ;
By such a quarrel made inestimable,

Queen.

The war I see hath only been the field
To exercise your fancy. Your discourse
Shews that the court was kept beneath your tent ;
Yet cannot I, my lord, be jealous, but
'Tis mingled with some love.

Florentio.

'Tis a pure love,
Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me,
And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune ;
And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daughter
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty *. Then I might

* *And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daughter
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty.]*

Habington has the same thought, in his *Castara*, edit. 1640, p. 51.

“ ——— would Castara were

“ The daughter of some mountain-cottager,

“ Who, with his toil worn out, could dying leave

“ Her no more dowry than what she did receive

“ From bounteous nature ; her would I then lead

“ To th' temple, rich in her own wealth.”

S.

Have

Have shewed a flame untainted with ambition ;
And courted you. But now the circumstance
Of greatness seems to challenge more than I
Have power to give : and working up my love,
I serve my fortune.

Queen.

You have not, my lord,
Found me uneasy to your vows. And, when
The troubled stream of my tempestuous state
Shall meet a perfect calm ; you then shall know
How worthy I esteem your virtue.

Florentio.

Speak but those words again, and seat me in
An orb above corruption ! O confirm
Your thoughts but with a promise.

Queen.

How, a promise !
I shall repent my favour, if I hear
A syllable which sounds like that. Upon
My marriage-day I have vowed to bring myself
A free oblation to the holy altar.
Not, like a fearful debtor, tender love
To save my bond. My lord, I must not hear
One whisper of a promise.

Florentio.

I'm silent ;
And use me as your vassal ; for a title
More glorious I shall never covet. But——

Queen.

No jealousy, my lord.

Enter Lerma.

Lerma.

Your majesty
Is great in mercy ; and I hope a stranger
Shall meet it, if his speech be an offence.

Queen.

Your pleasure, sir ?

Lerma.

The lord Ascanio charg'd

[*Kneels.*
Me

Me fall yet lower, if the earth would licence ;
 For to so high a majesty, obedience
 Cannot bend down enough. Then he commanded,
 I, in his name, should beg the honour for him,
 Before he take his journey from your country,
 To kiss your hand.

Queen.

Pray, sir, let's know the hour ;
 But let it not be sudden. Years should sweat
 In preparation for his entertainment,
 And poets rack invention, till it reach
 Such praises as would reach the victories
 Of th' old heroes.

Lerma.

Madam, if his arm
 Did actions worthy memory, it receiv'd
 An influence from your quarrel : in the which
 A dwarf might triumph o'er an army. But
 He humbly craves his audience may not be
 With croud and noise, as to embassadors ;
 But with that silence which befits his business ;
 For 'tis of moment.

Queen.

Sir, we will obey
 His own desires, though ours could wish his welcome
 With a full ceremony. I attend him. [*Exit Lerma.*]

Florentio.

Madam, this stranger —

Queen.

Pray, my lord, let love
 Not interrupt your business. I believe,
 The army which Decastro so expected
 Being now arriv'd, your soldier tired, the city
 Ill settled in her faith, much counsel will
 Be needful. When your leisure shall permit,
 Our joy shall be to see you.

Florentio.

I'm all obedience.

[*Excunt Queen and Florentio at several doors.*]

Manst

Manet Sanmartino, and Cleantha.

Sanmartino.

And when, sweet madam, will you crown our joys ?
Let's not, like riotous gamblers, throw away
The treasure of our time. Appoint the hour,
The hour which must wear garlands of delight,
By which we'll make it the envy of the age.

Cleantha.

My lord, what mean you ?

Sanmartino.

What all fine lords mean,
Who have plenty, youth, and title.

Cleantha.

But my fame !

Sanmartino.

'Tis the fool's bugbear.

Cleantha.

Then my conscience !

Sanmartino.

A scarecrow for old wives, whom wrinkles make
Religious.

Cleantha.

What will the court say ?

Sanmartino.

Why nothing.
In mercy to themselves, all other ladies
Will keep your counsel.

Cleantha.

But will you not boast it ?

Sanmartino.

I'll be degraded first.

Cleantha.

Well, I'm resolv'd.

Sanmartino.

But when, sweet madam ? Name
The moment.

Cleantha.

Never. For now I weigh things better ;
The antidote 'gainst fear is innocence.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Will you delude my hopes then? Pity, madam,
A heart that withers, if denied this favour.

Cleantha.

In pity I may be induced to much;
And, since you urge compassion, I will meet.

Sanmartino.

Where, excellent madam?

Cleanthe.

I' th' sycamore-walk.

Sanmartino.

The minute, O the minute!

Cleantha.

An hour hence.

Sanmartino.

Felicity! fit for thy envy, Love!
You will not fail now, madam?

Cleantha.

To be such,
As you shall count that hour your happiest.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Browfildora, and Oniate.

Oniate.

'This is a challenge! Pr'ythee, my small friend,
May not a man take th' height of my lord's spirit,
Looking on thee?

Browfildora.

Pray, sir, leave off your mirth,
And write my lord your answer.

Oniate.

Little sir,
I never learnt that pretty quality;
I cannot write. Only by word of mouth.

Browfildora.

Your place, sir?

Oniate.

The market-place.

Browfildora.

'Tis fantastick: and my lord will take it ill.
Your weapons, sir.

Oniate.

Oniate.

Two English mastives, which
Are yet but whelps, and not transported hither :
So that the time will be I know not when.

Browfildora.

Your sport is dangerous. If my lord forgive you ;
I must resent th' affront as to myself,
And will expect a most severe account.

Oniate.

Thou less thought angrier thing than wasp, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen and Ascanio.

Queen.

I am inform'd, my lord, that you have business,
And 'tis of moment ?

Ascanio.

Great as that of Nature's
In her most mighty work, Creation.
For to preserve from dissolution, equals
The gift of our first being. Not to hold
Your majesty in riddles, 'tis to beg
Your pardon for a soldier doom'd to die ;
Inevitably doom'd : unless your mercy
Step between him and death.

Queen.

My lord, we use
T' examine well the fact, for which he is
To suffer, ere we pardon. There be crimes
Of that black quality, which often makes
Mercy seem cruel.

Ascanio.

That's the fear which frights
Me to this paleness : sure his crime is great ;
But fondly I, presuming on the service
My fortune lately did you, gave my vow
Ne'er to forsake your ear with earnest prayers,
Till you had granted.

Queen.

Would you had not vowed ;

For, by the practice of my enemies,
 My fame is 'mong the people yet unsettled,
 And my capacity for government
 Held much too feeble. Should I then by this
 Provoke them to disdain me, I might run
 Apparent hazard even of ruin, now
 War so distracts our kingdom. But, my lord,
 Your merits are too ponderous in the scale,
 And all respects weigh light; you have his pardon.

Ascanio,

Your hand on that. The down on the swan's bosom,
 [Kisses, and holds it,

Not white and soft as this: here's such a dew
 As drops from bounteous heaven in the morning,
 To make the shadowy bank pregnant with violets.

Queen.

My lord!

Ascanio.

I kiss'd it, and the Phoenix seem'd
 (The last of the whole race) to yield a perfume
 More sweet than all his dying ancestors
 Breath'd from their funeral piles. O shrink not back!
 My life is so concomitant with love,
 That if you frown on either, both expire;
 And I must part for ever hence.

Queen.

How strange appears this extasy! My lord, I fear
 Your brain feels some disturbance: if I cause it,
 I will remove the object.

Ascanio.

Pardon, madam,
 The error of my fancy (which oft seems
 To see things absent) if my tongue did utter
 What misbecame your ear: and do not forfeit
 Your servant to perpetual misery,
 For want of a short patience.

Queen.

No, my lord;
 I have the memory of your great deeds
 Ingrav'd so deep, no error can have power
 To raze them from a due respect. You beg'd

To have a pardon : speak th' offender's name.

Ascanio.

Th' offender's name is, Love. His crime high treason ;
A plot, how to surprize and wound your heart :
To this conspirator I have given harbour,
And vow'd to beg your mercy for him.

Queen.

How !

Ascanio.

And if you break your grant, I will hereafter
Scorn all your sex, since the most excellent
Is cruel and inconstant.

Queen.

Pray, my lord,
Go recollect your reason, which your passion
Hath too much scatter'd. Make me not have cause
To hate, whom I would ever strive to honour.

Ascanio.

Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth
Of which I stand compacted : and because
I cannot add a splendor to my name,
Reflective from a royal pedigree ;
You interdict my language. But be pleas'd
To know, the ashes of my ancestors,
If intermingled in the tomb with kings,
Could hardly be distinguish'd. The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.

Queen.

And what hence infer you ?

Ascanio.

That no distinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.

Queen.

But yet Heaven hath made
Subordination, and degrees of men,
And even religion doth authorize us

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

To rule ; and tells the subject 'tis a crime,
And shall meet death, if he disdain obedience.

Ascanio.

Kind Heaven made us all equal, till rude strength
Or wicked policy usurp'd a power :
And for religion, that exhorts t' obey
Only for its own ease.

Queen.

I must not hear
Such insolence 'gainst majesty : and yet
This less offends than love.

Ascanio.

If reason bends
You not to mercy ; let my passion plead,
And not meet death from her, in whose fair quarrel
I could each moment bring a life to th' hazard.
Philosophy hath taught me, that content
Lives under the coarse thatch of labourers
With much more quiet, than where the fam'd hand
Of artists, to the life have richly drawn
Upon the roofs the fictions of the gods,
How happy then might I lengthen my life,
With some fair country girl, so ignorant
She knew not her own beauties ; rather than
Indanger death and scorn in your denial,
And in your grant nothing but pomp and envy !

Queen.

My lord, be wise, and study that best content.
This bold presumptuous love hath cancell'd all
The bonds I owed your valour : henceforth hope
Not for that usual favour I shew strangers,
Since you have thus abused it : would I might
With safety have appear'd more grateful.

[Exit.]

Ascanio.

She's gone, as life from the delinquent, when
Justice sheaths up her sword. I fain would have
Conceal'd love's treason, but desire t' obtain her
Put me to th' torture, till each nerve did crack,
And I confess'd, then dy'd upon the rack.

[Exit.]

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Enter Cleantha and Floriana.**Floriana.*

TH Y pride is such a flatterer of thy beauty,
That no man sighs by accident, but thou
Dost pity as enamour'd.

Cleantha.

Floriana!

Not so kind-natured surely. I have put
The sighs of courtiers in a scale, and find
Some threescore thousand may weigh down a feather.
I have tried their tears, which, though of briny taste,
Can only season the hearts of fools, not women.
Their vows are like their duels, ever ground'd
Upon the idlest quarrel.

Floriana.

This, experience
Perhaps instructs you to. But yet your pride
I fear is over-easy to believe.
'Tis merely to fly idleness, that my lord
Hath troubled you with courtship. If the Queen
Would make a statesman, she might cure a lover.
Want of employment made him dream on beauty,
And yours came first t' his fancy.

Cleantha.

I begin
To think his making love but vanity,
And a mistake in wit.

Floriana.

And you begin
Perhaps to fear it?

Cleantha.

True, perhaps I do.
For though we care not for the lover, yet
We love the passion. Though we scorn the offering,
We grieve to see it thrown away, and envy,

G g 3

If

If consecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injury of custom,
Which gives man superiority, but thus
To fool him to subjection.

Floriana.

Yet, Cleantha,
I could have wish'd your charity had spared
This triumph o'er my lord.

Cleantha.

You see I take
The next way to redeem him. This the hour,
And this the place. Here he resolves to raise
A trophy in my ruin. And behold

Enter Sanmartino, winding up his watch.

The just man of his promise! Not a minute
He fails, when sin's the payment.

Floriana.

I'll endanger
His virtue to a blush: and happily
Convert an infidel.

Cleantha.

This is my province,
Nor shall you envy me the honour of
A work so meritorious. Let him walk
A while, and sin with his own fancy: then
I'll undertake him; and if there be need,
Be you prepared to assist me.

Floriana.

Thou dost build
Such forts on the opinion of thy wit!

[Exeunt Floriana and Cleantha]

Sanmartino.

'Tis a full hour, and half a minute over;
And yet she not appears! How we severe
Strict creditors in love, stand on the minute!
But yet the payment never comes unwelcome;
Until the gold through age grow foul and rusty,
We stand not on a grain or two too light.

Enter Browfildora.

Now your discovery?

Browfildora.

Browfildora.

My lord, I have
 Made search in every alley, every arbour,
 Not left a bush, wherein my littleness
 Could creep, without due scrutiny ; and yet
 No whispering of taffaty : no dazzling
 Of your bright mistress forc'd me to a wink.
 I saw no mortal beauty.

Sanmartino.

Sure she'll not
 Be so unworthy to delude me now ?

Browfildora.

But I had a more prosperous fate in love ;
 My lord, I met my mistress.

Sanmartino.

You, a mistress !

Browfildora.

A mistress, to whose beauty I have pay'd
 My vows, most fervent vows, e'er since I was
 Of stature fit to be an amorist.

Sanmartino.

One of the maids of honour to queen Mab ?

Browfildora.

Your lordship guesses near ; for she is one
 O' th' chamberers to her Fairy Majesty ;
 A lady of most subtle wit ! who while
 She puts a handkerchief or gorget on
 Her little highness, holds intelligence
 Abroad, and orders payment for the spies.
 She raiseth factions, and unites the angry ;
 She's much upon design.

Sanmartino.

Where found you her ?

Browfildora.

Walking alone under the shadow of
 A tulip, and inveighing 'gainst court-arts,
 'Cause one of Oberon's grooms had got from her
 The monopoly of transporting gnats ;
 A project she long aim'd at.

G g 4

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

No more fooling :
I am grown angry with my patience.
Boy, sing those verses, were presented me
This morning.

Brownfildora,

I will creep behind a bush,
And then for voice, vie with the nightingale :
If seen, I am so bashful.

Sanmartino.

Take your way.

S O N G without.

FINE young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart.
For we courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool ;
T' are not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms and wondring stand ;
Holding parley with your eye :
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires ;
All is but a handsome lye,

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit ;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk, to shew my wit.

Therefore, madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud ;
For in sooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your clothes that set you out.

Yet

*Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow I love in jest :
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am :
Bedlam ! this is pretty sport.*

As the Song ends, enter Cleantha veil'd.

She breaks forth like the morning in a cloud.
'Tis for the safety of my eyes, you veil
The glory of your beauties, which else might
Dazzle, not catch the sight. But I discern
A fair Cleantha through this gloominess.
Appear, and speak, bright madam. Why such silence ?
O famish not my ear, which greedily
Longs to devour the musick of your language :
Is it to teach me, that delight must be
Intomb'd in secrecy ? or else to shew
How mad a spendthrift I'm, to talk away
The treasure of this hour. Come, Fair, unveil.

Cleantha.

O give me leave, yet to retain my blushes.

Sanmartino.

Deceit of timorous modesty ! Traitors
To love, your blushes are. Your fears are envious
Of your delights. Let's vanish hence, and ne'er
To th' vulgar eye appear till we,
Grown old in pleasure, be transform'd t' a vine,
Or ivy, so for ever to entwine.

Cleantha.

Then I unveil.

Sanmartino.

O fly into my arms,
As a rich odour to the ravish'd sense ;
Perfume me with thy kisses.

Cleantha.

Stay, my lord :
Actions of moment, (as I take this is)
Must be maturely thought on. I have call'd
My reason to account.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Your reason, madam !

Cleantha.

Yes, my good lord. That only doth distinguish
A woman from brute beasts ; or, what's more sensual,
A vain loose man. What sin scandals my carriage,
To give encouragement to this presumption ?
What privileg'd this attempt ?

Sanmartino.

That tempting beauty.

Cleantha.

It is a traitor then to my pure thoughts ;
And, to preserve your eye, would it were wrinkled ;
I could much easier suffer the reproach
Of age, than your bold courtship. If a lady
Be young and sportive, use curiosity,
And perhaps art, to help where nature seem'd
Imperfect in her work ; will you, from the
False argument of your own loose blood, conclude
Her guilty ? Or, if she select a friend,
Whose innocence gives warrant to her faith,
Will you infer their whispers have no aim
But that of brothels ? 'Cause you find yourself
Nought but loose flesh, will you turn heretick,
And thence deny the soul ?

Sanmartino.

This language, madam,
Sounds nothing to the purpose of our meeting.

Cleantha.

More to the benefit. But in your patent,
'Mong all the privileges of a Conde,
Where find you lust inserted ? Without which,
Till age hath made you wise, or impotent,
You think your honour is defective. 'Cause
Your clothes are handsome, and mine too ; must we
Deform our minds ? Is it sufficient motive
To sin, if opportunity and youth
Persuade us ? Such as you, are those foul plagues,
Infect the air which breathes our fame, and make
The cautious sirs o' th' country shun us.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Madam !

Cleantha.

When we admit you to our bed-chamber,
Powder, or haply bathe before you ; what
Of honour's here, more than a groom may boast,
Our maids are tired with ? Yet this with a smile,
Is whisper'd to your friend, and you infer
How easy a more near approach will be.
My lord, learn virtue, and your wit may then
Not serve you to so fond a purpose. If
That courage you are fam'd for be no slander,
Go to the wars. 'Twill be a far less maim
To lose an eye there, than your honour here.
If peace enamour you, and the court, live honest ;
And hope the heir who shall succeed you, may
Be yours. Revenge destroys more chastity,
Than all the temptings of such lords as you.

Sanmartino.

You shall not talk me, madam, from that pleasure
This hour doth promise me.

Cleantha.

You'll not commit
A rape, my lord ?

Sanmartino.

That is a question as
Yet unresolv'd ; for force is my last refuge.

Cleantha.

Think on the danger ; for the sin, I see,
Little distracts your conscience.

Sanmartino.

I propose
Felicity, which none can merit, who
Refuse so poor a venture. Here I vow,
No prayer or art shall free you. If you will
Hazard a life devoted to your service,
I'll die your martyr.

Cleantha.

Come, my lord, I'll free you
From all such hazard.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

There spoke harmony!

Cleantha.

I'll not be cruel. You shall have kisses, such
As will melt your soul into your lips. And what
Is sweetest, no repentance shall be th' issue

Enter Floriana and Oniate.

Of your delight. Look here, my lord! She's yours.

Sanmartino.

No halter now? Nor tree convenient? O!
A steeple would be precious for my purpose!
But Oniate's there. I'll fight with him,
Be kill'd, and be redeem'd. Sir, you receiv'd
A challenge from me! but return'd no answer.

Oniate.

My lord, I had other business: you'll excuse me.

Sanmartino.

What satisfaction do men give when challeng'd?

Oniate.

According to their spirit. If they be
Regardless of their fame, then they submit.
If not, they fight.

Sanmartino.

What, sir, will you then do?

Oniate.

Let me consider. Neither.

Sanmartino.

Come, you shall fight.

Oniate.

My lord, I will not.

Sanmartino.

Then you shall subscribe
Yourself a coward.

Oniate.

Not for the whole world:
Such an apparent lye would be a sin
Too heavy to my conscience. I subscribe
Myself a coward! If I should, no soldier
Would think, but that my hand were counterfeited.

Sanmartino.

Sanmartino.

Then you must fight.

Oniate.

My lord, on no condition. Hope not for it.

Sanmartino.

Then you shall swear never to speak my name
But with respect.

Oniate.

Hereafter, if you can,
Deserve it. For the present, I must crave
Your pardon, with much mirth to laugh at you.

Sanmartino.

Sir, I shall meet you.

Oniate.

It shall contradict
All my endeavours then.

Sanmartino.

I go, sir. But ———

[Exit Sanmartino.]

Cleantha.

For mercy sake, go with thy lord. Repentance
May turn to desperation.

Floriana.

I'll preserve him.

[Exit.]

Cleantha.

Have you no business, sir, imports you more,
Than t' hold discourse with me? Troth, I shall pity:
You want employment.

Oniate.

Madam, what can be
More serious?

Cleantha.

Nothing more, if your design
Be to convert me: for I know you hold
All ladies in a schism, who are young and proud.

Oniate.

Your pardon, madam. I believe in cunning,
Court-ladies choose some petty venial errors,
To set perfection off. For should you not
Usurp a handsome pride, your fame would lie,
Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey
Of each invading youth. Did you not shew

A scorn,

A scorn, you would deserve it.

Cleantha.

Sir, take heed.

Hope not to win my favour by extolling,
What in our better thoughts we ourselves condemn.
I am so wearied out with vows and oaths,
With impious praises, and most tedious flattery,
That nothing but plain speaking truth, can gain
On my affection.

Oniate.

Madam ! your affection ?

Cleantha.

Pray, sir, do not comment upon the word ;
It doth portend no danger to you.

Oniate.

And if it did, where's the beatitude ?
For though I grant your virtues great as beauty
Can entertain ; and foolish I resolv'd
To captivate my stock of life t' a woman :
Yet would I not adventure on you, if
You did not vow to perform articles.

Cleantha.

Suppose the business come to articles ?

Oniate.

I' th' first then, you should covenant love, not squinting
On every finer youth, or greater lord ;
But looking straight on me.

Cleantha.

To the second, sir.

Oniate.

No dotage on the court, so far that my
Estate must rue it : and no vanity
Be started up, but my fond lady must
Be melancholy, and take physick, till
She get into it.

Cleantha.

Why ! You envy then
Us our own trouble ; keep us from the expence,
And leave us to our discontent for penance.

Oniate.

No ! I would have the mind serene ; without

All

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

463

All passion, though a masque should be presented,
And you i' th' country. I must have you wise,
To know your beauty mortal: which you must
Preserve to warm my eye; not aid by arts,
To keep the courtier's wit in exercise.
From his so practis'd flattery, your ear
Must turn with a brave scorn; and, when his eye
Doth offer parley, seem so ignorant,
As not to understand the language.

Cleantha.

Sir,
You haply will debar us our she-friends too?

Oniate.

As secret enemies, who'll first betray you.

Cleantha.

You'll not allow us, wearied of our husbands,
To send them on discovery of new worlds?
Or if we take a toy ourselves to travel,
Perhaps to Barbary, or Tartary,
Or the remotest parts?

Oniate.

To Bedlam sooner.

Cleantha.

Or, if our sex should warrant it by custom,
To play at tennis, or run at the ring,
Or any other martial exercise;
I fear me, scrupulous sir, you will condemn it
As dangerous to my honour?

Oniate.

Sure I should.

Cleantha.

I then perceive small hope of our agreement.

Oniate.

But I a confidence; for I discern
How much you loath these follies, you pretend.

Cleantha.

Good sir, no more of this so kind mistake;
You'll find some other lady more deserves it,
And I aspire not to the honour.

Oniate.

I'll try yet farther.

[*Exeunt Oniate and Cleantha.*

Enter

Enter Lerma, and Velasco.

Lerma.

My lord, you offer nobly.

Velasco.

'Tis a step

Beneath Florentio's greatness, whether you
His birth consider, or his place. Sir, the Queen
By nature's seated, and her high deserts,
Where only mighty souls (such as the general's)
May offer to aspire.

Lerma.

My lord, your lapse
To this proud language is so injurious, that
I must be forc'd to purge the humour. That
The Lord Florentio offers by a duel
To shew no man can have fairer pretence
To serve the Queen, must be allowed : but that
You dare cast disregard upon this lord,
Although a stranger, urgeth me t' intreat
You'd draw your sword.

Velasco.

It hath seen light, and made
Way through an army, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies. It hath done wonders,
When the thick troops of Moors invaded us :
It fears no opposition.

Lerma.

Shew th' effect of 't.

Velasco.

Not in a cause so trivial. Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters :
But winds must arm themselves, ere the large sea
Is seen to tremble. Pray your pardon, sir :
I must not throw away my courage on
A cause so trivial.

Lerma.

As you please, my lord ;
But, to omit all circumstance, you bring
A challenge to my lord Ascanio :

The

The reason of the Lord Florentio's anger,
A rivalry in love.

Velasco.

You speak it right.

Lerma.

I'll bring you back his resolution,
Before you have attended many minutes.

Velasco.

Sir, 'twill be decent, for my nature knows
Not how to wait. And if no delays
Be used, 'twill shew a fierce valour in him,
And happily prevent discovery.
For you may easily conjecture, that
A general's absence soon will wake the eye
Of the suspicious soldier.

Lerma.

Is my lord
In readiness ?

Velasco.

He walks not far from hence.

Lerma.

You shall have use then but of a short patience. [Exit.

Velasco.

It will be grateful to us, sir—My lord !

Enter Florentio.

Florentio.

And will Ascanio meet ?

Velasco.

Immediately.

Florentio.

I had no other way ; yet this is rough,
And justice whispers, 'tis unsafe to tread it.
If to love her be sinful, what am I ?
How dare I call his passion to the bar,
And nourish it myself ? Why may not he,
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertain
As bold a love ; and in the fate of war
Having outgone my service, why not then
Present it to the self-same altar ? But

We cannot harbour both in the same port ;
Or he or I am shipwreck'd : for the storm
Is rais'd, and to appease it, death must be
The sacrifice.

Enter Lerma.

Velasco.

My lord, here is the second.
This stranger dares not meet with your great spirit.

Florentio.

Suspect him not, my lord ; he hath a courage
Above the sense of fear. Well, sir, your answer ?

Lerma.

My lord Ascanio could have wish'd his life
Might have been destin'd to a happier purpose ;
And charged me tell your lordship, that he had
Much rather have been lost with common dust,
In the cheap churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duel.

Florentio.

Sir, explain his reasons.

Lerma.

He calls to his sad thoughts, the mischiefs which
This kingdom needs must fall into, when you
Shall perish by his sword ; for certainly
You cannot 'scape it, thus provoking death.
Then, to what ruin may the Queen, whose safety
You both have labour'd, be engag'd ? He could
With patience almost suffer on his name
The infamy of coward, rather than
Hazard the quiet of her estate. But you——

Florentio.

Let me consider ; 'tis an idle rage
That heats me to this quarrel. Let her fate
Remain unshaken, though she choose my foe
Into her love and bosom. If she live
Above the fear of ruin, I am mighty,
Mighty enough, though by my griefs grown feeble,
And weaken'd too : diseases fright the healthy.
I will refer my cause and life to her,

And

And ne'er dispute it by the sword.

Velasco.

My lord !

Florentio.

Velasco, I am safe enough against
The taint of coward. — Spain bears witness that
I dare, as far as honour dares give warrant.
But in this cause —

Velasco.

My lord, you'll lose the glory
Of all your former actions ; and become
The mirth of courtiers, empty things, who brawl,
Not fight, if you return after a challenge
Without performance.

Florentio.

'Tis a serious truth.

Velasco.

Moreover, this young gentleman hath hope
To talk you from your resolution :
The lord Ascanio will too much exult,
If this way too he can o'ercome you.

Florentio.

It must not be, sir ; tell my lord I wait
His leisure.

Lerma.

And your lordship shall not have
Reason to think it long. Prepare yourself ;
His only prayer is now, that when he comes,
There may be no discourse to take up time ;
He hath desire the business may be all :
What he can say, hath been by me delivered.

[Exit.

Florentio.

We will obey him. Tyrant Love ! why is
Thy cruelty so wanton, to delight
In murder ? Like that impious Roman prince,
Thou joy'st to smother, whom thou lov'st, in roses,
And stifle them with the choicest perfumes. But
This is no place for reason ; she may hold
Dispute in sober schools, where study raises
The soul to knowledge. Here's the theatre

H h 2

For

For the brute part of man to fight his last.
 I must redeem the laurel Fortune crown'd.
 His temples with, or perish in th' attempt :
 My fate decrees it.

Enter Ascanio and Lerma.

Lerma.

Here's my lord Ascanio.

Florentio.

Why doth he turn his face away, as if
 He durst not look on danger ? Do his fears
 Now triumph o'er his courage ?

Lerma.

Put it to the trial.

[They fight.]

Florentio.

He's more than mortal sure. He strikes like lightning,
 Himself not passive. But I'll try again,
 And disenchant the sorcerer. Ay, there
 I reach'd him home ! You bleed ; open your doublet ;
 The wound, perhaps, is dangerous.

Ascanio.

But a scratch.

Florentio.

Sure I have heard that voice, and seen that face !
 Velasco, 'tis the King.

Ascanio.

My lord, what mean you ?

Florentio.

Some planet strike me dead, and fix this arm
 A monument to tell posterity
 The treason of my error ! Mighty sir,
 Shew mercy to your creature, that my death
 (Which hastily steals on me) may not be
 Too foul for after-story.

Ascanio.

Rise, Florentio,
 This act cannot endure the name of treason.

Florentio.

Some surgeons, quick, to search the wound ! O sir ;
 How do you feel yourself ? Speak life, or I
 Shall sink down to my centre.

Ascanio.

Ascanio.

Not a man
 Stir hence ; thy sword was loyal as thy thoughts,
 And scarce hath pierc'd the skin. O my Florentio !

Florentio.

My lord and king ! But why did you engage
 Your sacred person into danger ? 'Twas not well ;
 How many thousand lives depend on yours !

Ascanio.

Envy o' th' greatness I possess'd, without
 The merit, and desire to know those perils
 We wantonly our subjects cast upon,
 On every weak exception ; wrought my youth
 Into this action. Nor can I repent
 Th' experience of this war.

Florentio.

But oh, great sir,
 Why did your majesty suffer this duel ?
 'Twas cruel and unkind. How easily
 This hand might have committed sacrilege !
 The very thought whereof, like some pale vision,
 Congeals my blood.

Ascanio.

Search not that wound too deep.
 Florentio ! I shall blush, blush like some lady
 Surpriz'd in sin, if you too far examine.

Florentio.

Conceal it not, great sir, though in the speaking
 Poison steal through my ear. Be confident,
 Unveil your thoughts,

Ascanio.

You needs must hate me then :
 And will have justice to throw off that duty
 You owe me as a subject. Let it be
 Unspoken still, though smothering it be death,

Florentio.

Good Heaven defend ! What is an army of us
 Exposed to certain slaughter, if compared
 To th' shortest moment that should serve your quiet ?
 And shall I live, and see my sovereign wear

H h 3

A sorrow

A sorrow on his brow ?

Ascanio.

Florentio ! thou
Art glorious in thy virtue. So was I,
Till looking on the Queen I grew, o' th' sudden,
Darker than midnight.

Florentio.

O my cruel fate !

Ascanio.

I grew a thief, a most ungrateful thief
In my designs, and labour'd to have stole
The jewel of thy life from thee ; a jewel,
Myself so freely had bestow'd upon
The merits of thy youth.

Florentio.

My soul foresaw this.

Ascanio.

How justly had I perish'd by thy sword !
How happy for my safety ! Then had I
Been lost in my disguise ; or died, my crime
Unknown unto the world. Now, if I live,
I must wade through a sea of injuries,
T' attain an unsafe haven.

Enter the Queen.

Florentio.

Cheer yourself,
Dread sir : though, as I give the legacy,
I breathe my last ; yet will I shew a heart
Thankful to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereign of Castile.

Queen.

You have
Been cruel in your kindness, sir, to keep
So long your sacred person hid from us.

Florentio.

He is your lover, madam, and deserves
The title : whether you observe his youth,
So beauteous, nature doats upon her work :
Or weigh his greatness powerful to defend you,

Should fate and all mankind conspire your ruin ;
 And add to that, he merits you, his sword
 Having restored your freedom, when poor I
 Was judg'd, like some old instrument of war,
 Unfit for service. All my interest
 I here resign to th' author of my fate ;
 My love I cannot, which must still remain,
 Companion to my life : but I'll take heed
 My wound appear not, though it inward bleed: [Exit,

Ascanio.

I wait here, madam, and attend your sentence ;
 For 'tis my doom.

Queen.

Sir, I am that sad wretch,
 Stands trembling at the bar. I know your merit,
 And know a gratitude, great as e'er was owing,
 By an injured soul reliev'd. I duly weigh
 That double tie, which doth oblige me yours.
 First, when you sent your soldiers to my rescue ;
 Then, by exposing your most sacred person
 To th' dangers of a war.

Ascanio.

A trivial nothing.

Queen.

What honour can come equal to my state,
 As by so high a match ? And 'gainst your person
 The envious cannot find a quarrel.

Ascanio.

Madam,
 All this is circumstance, the politick
 Busy their fancy with. I bring a love,
 An humble love, which is of value to
 Enoble the parch'd labourer, and force
 An empress listen to his vows. Consider
 In me nothing of fortune, only look
 On that, to which love new created me.
 If once receiv'd your servant, what's Castile
 In the comparison ? For princes are
 Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory,
 To enter competition with those treasures

H h 4

A lover

A lover aims at in his mistress' favour.

May I not hope your smile?

Queen.

You must command it.

Ascanio.

Then give me leave to whisper to my hopes
What strange felicities I shall enjoy.

Queen.

But, sir, consider how you gave away
To your Florentio all that claim you might
Have to me, as so great a neighbouring prince.

Ascanio.

It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cozen'd in. For had my eye been honour'd
With sight of such a beauty, safer he
Might have petition'd for my scepter: and
The grant had not so soon begot repentance.

Queen.

But promises of princes must not be
By after-arts evaded. Who dares punish
The breach of oath in subjects, and yet slight
The faith he hath made them keep?

Ascanio.

But my Florentio
Hath given me back his interest.

Queen.

That gift
Was like a vow extorted, which religion
Cancels, as forc'd from conscience.

Ascanio.

But yourself
Are free, and never by an oath made his.

Queen.

My resolution, grounded on his service,
Ties more than formal contracts.

Ascanio.

I'll not urge
You farther, but by these, which never yet
Found passage through my eyes, not he, nor all
Mankind contracted to one heart, can harbour

A love

A love that equals that I burn with. Madam,
Think on't : and let your thoughts find out that path
Which leads to mercy. *[Exit Ascanio.]*

Queen.

How I am dazzled,
Plac'd on a precipice by tyrant Love !
The king is noble, and his merits claim
A retribution great as I can make.
He loves me ; and yields only to Florentio,
In the priority of service. My sad soul !

Enter Florentio, looks on the Queen, sighs, and goes in again.
Between these two I might stand distracted !
But, virtue, guide me : Nor can I e'er stray
While that directs, and honour leads the way. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Decastro and his Army.

Decastro.

MY fortune yet forsakes me not. There's something
Whispers my soul, that though a storm did cloud
My morning, I shall set the envy of
My yet prevailing enemy. Had you,
My fellow-soldiers, not been three hours march
From aiding us, when the Castilian army
Made the assault, we had given their fate a check,
And taught them how unsafe it is to court
Dangers abroad. I must entreat your courage
To suffer for some moments ; a short time
Will bring us the Queen's answer. If she yield
(As reason may persuade her) we shall spare
Much loss of blood ; if not, your valour will
Have liberty to shew itself. Yet still
Remember, that the city's forc'd t' obey
A stranger ; in their votes they fight for us.

Did

Did no man see the lord Ossuna, since
Our fight i' th' morning?

Captain.

He appear'd not since
We left the city to the enemy;
Which hath bred jealousy, my lord, that he
Chang'd with the present fortune.

Decastro.

Doubt him not:
He hath a heart devoted to the greatness
And safety of his country. Well, he may
Be lost i' th' number of the slain; but fate
Cannot enforce him stoop beneath the vow
Of rescuing Arragon from foreign arms.

Enter two common Soldiers, baling Ossuna in as a Hermit.

What insolence is this? Unhand the man;
Methinks his habit should beget respect.

Soldier.

My lord, we guess he is some spy, he came
Sculking from th' enemy's camp. Pray guard
Your person; mischief often lurks in shapes
As holy.

Decastro.

I allow your care, and thank it:
Leave him to me; and for a while retire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ossuna.

Your lordship knows me not?

Decastro.

Ossuna, welcome!
Bless'd be thy better angel, who preserv'd thee!
How happy to the fortune of this war
Art thou restor'd! I should have fought unarm'd,
Had I not had the fate t' embrace thee thus.
How was my friend preserv'd?

Ossuna.

By virtue of
This sacred habit. In the midst of war
Disguis'd I thus escaped, though close pursued
By some of the Queen's faction. To this weed
I owe my safety.

Decastro.

Decastro.

Quickly throw it off,
 And re-invest thy body in that steel,
 With which thou still hast triumph'd. O my lord !
 How oft have we, all bath'd in blood and sweat,
 Through clouds of dust, found out the way to force
 Back victory to our side, when Fortune seem'd
 To doat on th' enemy ! We two have grown
 Like cedars up together, and made all
 Seem shrubs to us, no man sleeping secure
 But in our shadows.

Offuna.

Yes, we have been happy.

Decastro.

Thou speak'st so hollow, as there were a doubt
 We might not be so still.

Offuna.

But there's no faith
 In human fate. An emperor ⁺ did serve
 As footstool to the conqueror : and are we
 Better assured of destiny ?

Decastro.

What strange
 Unworthy faintness weakens his great soul,
 Who heretofore ne'er understood the language
 Danger speaks in ? Hath one defeat lost you
 That mighty courage, which hath fix'd upon
 Your name a glorious memory ? Reassume
 Yourself, my lord : let no degenerate fear
 Benight the lustre of your former acts.

Offuna.

I call yourself and Arragon to witness,
 My life hath yet been such, the reverend shades
 Of my great ancestors need not look pale,
 Or blush, to know my story. To yourself,
 To whose brave youth I tied my youth a servant,
 I ever have perform'd all offices
 Due to so brave a friendship.

Decastro.

'Tis confes'd.

⁺ An emperor, &c.] Bajazet and Tamerlane.

Offuna.

Offuna.

And here I vow, setting aside those fears
 Distract me as a Christian, I could smile,
 Smile like some wanton mistress, upon death,
 Whatever shape it wears.

Decastro.

My lord, this war
 Is warranted by casuists for lawful :
 But they (you'll say) flatter the present state,
 And make divinity serve human ends.
 But in itself it's just : a war, your judgment
 Gave approbation to, and urg'd me first
 To undertake. Therefore make good your own,
 And throw off this unuseful habit.

Offuna.

Never.

Decastro.

What said my friend ?

Offuna.

By all things sacred, never.
 In this I will grow old, and with the weight
 Of years bend to the earth. In this I'll breathe
 A happier air, than you in all your soft
 And varied silks.

Decastro.

Some coward devil sure
 Possesseth him.

Offuna.

My lord, I am instructed
 T' a patience far above your injuries ;
 Nor shall your scorn or anger triumph o'er
 My resolution. I'm fix'd here, unmov'd
 As is the centre.

Decastro.

I was much to blame ;
 This may be a brave virtue. Pray, my lord,
 Give me your reasons why you tread this path,
 So little beaten by the feet of courtiers ?
 I would not have the world mistake your aim,
 And construe it to fear or melancholy.

Offuna.

Offuna.

That cannot shake me. He, who by the card
 O' th' world's opinion steers his course, shall harbour
 In no safe port. But to your ear, my lord,
 I give this free account. Seven winters past,
 When I set sail from Sicily, a storm
 O'ertook the ship, so powerful that the pilot
 Gave up the stern to th' ordering of the waves;
 His art and hand grown useless: Those kind stars
 The sailors used t' invoke, were lost i' th' tempest,
 And nothing but a night not to be seen
 Was seen by us. When every one began
 T' advance himself toward death, as men condemn'd
 To th' axe, when hope of pardon is shut out;
 I, spite o' th' envious cloud, look'd up to heaven,
 And darted my faith thither; vowing to
 Forake the flatter'd pomp and business of
 The faithless world, if I with safety might
 Attain the land.

Decastro.

Was not I there, my lord?

Offuna.

You were.

Decastro.

And made not I the self-same vow?

Offuna.

Heaven hath recorded, that we both did vow it.
 O' th' sudden, night forsook us, and the loud
 Unruly winds fled to their unknown dwellings;
 When a soft breath 'gan whisper to our sails,
 A calm was to ensue.

Decastro.

My memory
 Afflicts me much. But these are feeble vows,
 Made only by our fears: We ought to have
 Our reason undismay'd, whene'er a promise
 Can force performance.

Offuna.

I dispute it not.
 Soon as I reach'd the shore, I courted on

I

Those

Those vanities which had my youth enamour'd,
 Yet still with some remorse. Honours betray'd me
 Into a glorious trouble, and I grew
 Proud of my burthen. But if Heaven had been
 Severe to my delays, in this diseas'd
 Surfeit of pomp, my soul might have been call'd
 T' her last account: and, O my lord, where then
 Had breach of vow been safe?

Decastro.

These are sad thoughts.

Offuna.

But necessary. When the morning's loss
 Made me search out a shape for flight, this habit
 Itself presented, and again redeem'd me:
 And know, I am resolv'd ne'er to forsake it,
 Till in the vault my earth and it together
 Shall wear away to dust.

Decastro.

My lord, you have
 Good title to your virtue. Pray retire
 Into my tent. This sudden change, if known,
 May much amaze the soldier, and endanger
 The glory of th' attempt. I shall entreat
 Your prayer, since you deny your arm.

Offuna.

My lord, may Heaven direct you!

[Exit *Offuna*.]

Decastro.

What have I obtain'd
 By all this sweat of business? Like the wind,
 Prosperous ambition only swell'd my sail,
 To give me courage to encounter with
 A tempest. Early cares, and midnight frights,
 Faint hopes, and causeless fears, successively,
 Like billows, have moved in me. What a fool
 Is human wisdom; what a beggar, wealth;
 How scorn'd a nothing, that proud state we doat on?
 Time laughs us out of greatness, and shuts up
 Our wide designs in a dark narrow room:
 Whence, when the valiant monarch shall creep forth,
 He will, like some poor coward, hide his eyes,

And

And hope to sculk away. But these are thoughts ;
And now 'tis time for action.

Enter Soldier.

Soldier.

If your lordship
Will please, for some few moments to retire
Into your tent, her majesty in person
Will give you parley here.

Decastro.

In person, sir ?
The favour bears some omen ! She who in
The tempest of misfortune still did spread
Her sails at large, why doth she strike them now,
The wind so prosperous ? This is a descent
Beneath her greatness.

Soldier.

I reach not, my lord,
The mysteries of princes ; but this message
She charg'd me to return.

Decastro.

The acts of princes
Are govern'd often by as frail a passion
As those are of the vulgar ; the same rage
That stirs two footmen to a fray, creates
War between kingdoms : but the zealous subject,
Gazing afar on th' actions of the proud,
Finds towers and lions in an empty cloud.
But I'll obey her leisure. Watch you here,
Till you discover her advanc'd this way. [*Exit Decastro.*]

Enter Ascanio, Florentio.

Florentio.

Sir, you created me, and rais'd me up
To th' state of duke, when I was common dust ;
And, had not fortune given me interest
I' th' favour of the Queen, I had continued
In the worst fate of man, ingratitude.
Now, I can boast, I have restored you back
A love rich as the bounty you shower'd on me ;

'Tis

'Tis all the stock of my poor life.

Ascanio.

Sad fate !

That I must wound thee to the heart, to cure
My leprosy with thy blood. Florentio, search
I' th' stock of women, there's some other beauty.

Florentio.

O no ! no other.

Ascanio.

I'll endow her with
The wealth of all Castile.

Florentio.

Poor empty nothing !

Ascanio.

If sovereignty be th' idol of thy soul,
I will divide my kingdom : Thou shalt reign
As independent as myself.

Florentio.

Great sir,
Continue but your favour, and my stars
Cannot afford a greatness equals it.
The treasures of th' ambitious, are the scorn
Of those who seriously contemplate life :
My fortune's high enough. And now my thoughts
Grow temperate ; not for th' empire of the East,
(Which yet retains the treasures man enjoy'd
Ere he grew black with sin) would I have wanted
This blest occasion to express the zeal
I owe my prince. Here, with as free a soul
I give her to your arms, as e'er you threw
A smile upon my service.

Ascanio.

Thanks, dear friend !
(That word must speak our loves) by this great gift
Thou hast redeem'd me from the torture, and
Possess'd me of the fairest.

Florentio.

O !

Ascanio.

The fairest, nature e'er made for wonder.

Florentio.

Florentio.

She is fair.

Ascanio.

Enjoying her, thy King shall live, who else
 Were desperate beyond cure. He shall be envied :
 And every year, as age threatens decay,
 He shall regain new life from her. Florentio,
 Believe't, there's miracle in such a beauty.

Florentio.

Surely there is.

Enter Queen, Sanmartino, Oniate, Cleantha, Floriana.

And see, sh' appears ! how like some heavenly vision,
 That kills with too much glory !

Ascanio.

Stand still, and wonder with me.

Queen.

Cleantha ! O the prodigy ! And how
 Wilt thou endure his serious face ? Can'st thou,
 Whom nothing tempted but wit, parcel gilt,
 And the last fashion, suffer Oniate ?

Cleantha.

Madam, I undertake him for a penance :
 Perhaps, he was enjoin'd me.

Queen.

It was Love
 You went to shrift with then. And yet how that
 Young wanton Idleness should counsel you
 To this conversion, still is more my riddle.

Cleantha.

The court is full of wonders, Madam ; and
 'Tis handsome to do things extravagant.

Queen.

But how, in th' heat of war, your thoughts should be
 So apt for love's impression ?

Cleantha.

Love will dance
 As nimbly to the trumpet, fife, or drum,
 As to those many violins which play

So loud at court. Moreover, it concern'd
My safety : I so straitly was besieg'd,
And by so strong a Cæsar.

Queen.

O, my lord !
I am inform'd with how fierce a spirit
You do assault our ladies.

Sanmartino.

Pray, your mercy ;
And if your Majesty will please to banish
The art of making love quite from the court ;
I'll not be out of fashion.

Queen.

For your sake,
I will contrive it so : And, good my lord,
Will you begin th' example ; you will see
How soon the fine young lords will follow you.—
Your pardon, sir ; had I but seen your Highness,
I had not lost so much of language, from
A most expressive gratitude.

Ascanio.

Madam, you pay a trivial debt with too great interest ;
For how contemn'd a slightness was my life
Until employ'd to serve you ?

Florentio.

She glanced this way,
And love's artillery play'd from her eye.
Unhappy bankrupt, what a kingdom have
I forfeited ! So, often, in a calm,
Some vessel rich in freight, and proud in sail,
Doth spring a sudden leak, and sinks for ever.

Ascanio.

But, Madam, is there hope your heart can yield
To an exchange in love ? My title's good,
Florentio having given up his claim.

Enter Decastro, &c.

Queen.

But, sir, th' estate is still my own ; nor have
I need to sell it. But Decastro's here ;

And

And if your Majesty will deign your presence
Unto the parley, 'twill advance the honour
And purpose of our meeting.

Ascanio.

I'm your servant.

Queen.

My lord, you see how near the safety of
Our subjects toucheth us. We can stoop thus
Beneath our majesty, and enter parley
Even with a rebel.

Decastro.

Madam, 'tis in vain
To hold dispute 'gainst what you will condemn :
And it were insolence to boast my power,
Or speak my right, now when the hearts of all men
Confirm the justice of my taking arms.
Cast but your eye on this vast body, which
The kingdom doth unite in my defence,
And see how ruinous is your error, that
Must lean to foreign succours.

Queen.

'Tis a refuge
Your practice forc'd me to.

Decastro.

But would your Highness
Had lent a gentler ear to the safe counsel
Of him who had no crime, but too much love !

Florentio.

My lord, that word fell rudely from your tongue,
And, I may say, unmannerly : 'Tis duty
You owe the Queen.

Decastro.

Right, sir ; an humble duty,
Ambitious to expose my life to dangers,
Greater than any other soul dares fancy.

Ascanio.

Pray stay, Florentio ; this is now my cause,
And I (proud man) will tell you, your great heart
Doth want expansion to receive a love
Worthy her scorn.

Decastro.

And I will answer you
 (Proud monarch of Castile) what mould
 Soever nature casts me in, my mind
 Is vaster than your empire ; and I can
 Love equally with him, whose name did conquer
 Kingdoms as large as your's.

Ascanio.

Your Majesty
 Must license here my rage, to teach his folly
 (Presumptuous folly) a submissive repentance.

Decastro.

Sir, here I stand prepar'd.

*[A shout within.]**Queen.*

What noise is that ?

Oniate.

The city's all in mutiny ; and vow
 To perish in the Lord Decastro's cause.
 They're ready now to lay rude hands upon
 The garrisons of Castile. Your Majesty
 Should hinder mischief, if you suddenly
 Return, and by your presence stop their fury.

Decastro.

Pray, Oniate, take this signet ; tell
 The magistrates, her Majesty and I
 Are now accorded, with a due regard
 To th' publick safety. Take some of my army,
 To give authority to what you say.
 Assure them all is well.

*[Exit Oniate.]**Ascanio.*

What means this wonder ?

Florentio.

This speaks him noble, even to our envy.

Queen.

My lord, in this you have oblig'd us : Pray
 Inform us of your thoughts, that we may study
 To make this parley happy.

Decastro.

Mighty lady,
 I find my love hath not been dress'd so smooth

To tempt your liking ; and I must confess,
 My passion (like the spleen of witches) hath
 Begot whirlwinds and thunder. Would I might
 Have found a softer way t' have wrought my ends ;
 For by your beauty (the most sacred oath
 A lover can swear by) that was the mark,
 The sole fair mark I aim'd at. For if pride
 Had overway'd my love, I could have stood
 O' th' level with that Prince ; so much your people
 Were vowed to my devotion.

Queen.

Oh ! my Lord,
 You fairly speak your virtues.

Decastro.

And but view
 The vastness, and good order of my camp ;
 Your best towns sworn to run my fortune, and
 You'll say, 'twas love did beg this interview.

Ascanio.

My lord, your language cannot fright us from
 The Queen's defence.

Decastro.

Great sir, she needs it not.
 Down on your knees, my fellow-soldiers, and,
 With me, bow to your Sovereign : Swear with me
 Never to lift your arm 'gainst her command.
 Thus, as your subject : As your lover, thus ;
 Thus to the earth I fall, and with my lips
 Seal my obedience. *[Kisseth the ground.]*

Queen.

Pray rise up, my lord.
 Would I could merit thus much favour ; but ———

Decastro.

Pardon, I interrupt you. But you cannot
 Find love to answer mine ;—nor will I force it.
 Be happy in your choice ; and wheresoe'er
 You fix, shine ever glorious. From this hour
 I'll never more disturb you.

Queen.

Now beshrew me,

I i 3

Methinks

Methinks I feel compassion. Good, my lord,
Write in that blank all your demands, and by
The honour of a Princess, I'll deny
Nothing you shall insert. [*He looks on it, and returns it.*
Decastro.

There 'tis again,
The paper innocent as when you gave it.

Queen.

My lord, you have writ nothing.

Decastro.

And 'tis nothing,
Now I have miss'd your self, I can demand ;
Fortune, contract thy treasure from all nations,
And gild it o'er with honour and with beauty ;
Yet hast thou not the power to force one wish,
Now I have lost this lady.

Ascanio.

A great spirit !

Decastro.

One humble prayer I have, which must not be
Denied : And 'tis, your Majesty will give
Me leave ne'er more to see you.

Queen.

O, my lord —

Decastro.

My vow 's irrevocable. I shall secure
Your kingdom best by absence, and my eye
Will never brook so rich a treasure made
The purchase of another. To a cave,
Some undiscover'd cave, to which no path
Doth lead the wandering lover, I have vowed
The remnant of my days.

Enter Offuna.

Florentio.

A strange conversion !
And 'twill behove my fate to follow him.

Decastro.

My lord Offuna here, and I, have sworn
Our lives to solitude, which we'll observe

Religiously ; and since I cannot prove
Possessor, I'll be conqueror in love.

Ascanio.

Pray stay, my lord. Behold Florentio there,
He hath out-done you. He, for love of me,
Hath done what you for love of heaven. All
The interest he had in that bright Queen
He hath resign'd to me.

Decastro.

He hath paid you for your favours.

Florentio.

'Tis confess'd ; what's mine is your's.

Ascanio.

Thanks, my Florentio. For with her my youth
May be still happy, and my age disdain
To know a weakness. From her eyes I may
Draw still new vital heat, and find what fools
Have studied for, th' elixir. In her arms
I may be safe 'gainst all invasion from
Abroad, or civil dangers, nurs'd at home.

Queen.

Your Highness' pardon. I confess how high
Your merits rise in my esteem ; but must not,
To honour your deserts, myself become
Unworthy after-story, blemish'd with
That scorn which still defames our sex, register'd
A most inconstant woman ; or, what's much
More infamous, one who reserves her love
To serve her profit, and exposeth it
To the merchant that bids fairest.

Ascanio.

Madam, spare that breath to clear
The air, when poison'd by contagion.
I know your settled thoughts, and that my power
Or title weighs not in your love. Florentio,
I will no longer rack you :—though the Queen
Be th' only fire e'er warm'd this heart, and I
Despair ever to love again, I will
Disdain to be unjust. I will not be
O'ercome in friendship ; re-assume thy right.

Florentio.

Florentio.

Sir, you undo me : In your injury
I was less wretched ; like a bankrupt, now
Without all hope of payment, I must owe.

Ascanio.

Th' ambition of my service, and disguise,
Was to advance your fortune, Madam : Nor
Can I attempt you farther, though the conquest
Would wreath my temples with a prouder laurel
Than the addition of the world unto
My scepter. Be safe in your choice, and happy.

Queen.

This goodness grows even to a miracle.
In his behalf, sir, I must vow myself
A subject, and your servant.

Ascanio.

O command ;
For I have nothing, Madam, but obedience.
My kingdom shall be proud to share with your's
In danger ; and I'll glory to be filed
Your soldier.

Florentio.

I am lost in wonder ! Sir,
I know not how to entertain this blessing ;
I fear my joys will be my ruin.

Decastro.

Be both happy :
And may time never father that black moment,
Which shall appear to you less fortunate !

Ascanio.

Join then your hands for ever. He doth live
Mighty indeed, who hath power, and will, to give.

[*Exeunt.*

The EPILOGUE at Court.

*WE have nothing left us but our blushes now
 For your much penance ; and though we allow
 Our fears no comfort, since you must appear
 Judges corrupt, if not to us severe :
 Yet in your Majesty we hope to find
 A mercy, and in that our pardon sign'd.
 And how can we despair you will forgive
 Them who would please, when oft offenders live ?
 And if we have err'd, may not the courteous say,
 'Twas not their trade, and but the author's play ?*

The EPILOGUE at the Friars.

*WHAT shall the author do ? It madness were
 To intreat a mercy from you, who are severe
 Stern judges, and a pardon never give ;
 For only merit with you makes things live :
 He leaves you therefore to yourselves, and may
 You gently quit, or else condemn the play,
 As in an upright conscience you'll think fit ;
 Your sentence is the life and death of wit.
 The author yet hath one safe plea—that tho'
 A Middlesex jury on his play should go,
 They cannot find the murder wilful, since
 'Twas acted by command, in his own defence.*

EDITION.

THE
QUEENE OF ARRAGON,
A
TRAGI-COMEDIE.

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